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SHAKESPEARE

IN SIXTEEN VOLUMES

VOLUME THIRTEEN

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Starting sc.

ANTONY & CLEOPATRA
Antony, Cleopatra, Eros, Charmian, &c
Act III. Scene IX.

After the Printing of H. Trevelyan.

СНЧВМІАИ, ЕТС.
АИЛОУК, СГЕОРЧІВЧ, ЕВРОЗ,

ЧИЛОУК ЧИД СГЕОРЧІВЧ.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

*ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, EROS,
CHARMIAN, ETC.*

After the Painting by H. Tresham.

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THE WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY

WILLIAM GEORGE CLARK, M. A., AND

WILLIAM ALDIS WRIGHT, M. A.

WITH 171 ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL AFTER THE BOYDELL ILLUS-
TRATIONS; AND SIXTY-FOUR PHOTOGRAVURES
CHIEFLY FROM LIFE

IN SIXTEEN VOLUMES

VOLUME THIRTEEN

PHILADELPHIA

GEORGE BARRIE & SON, PUBLISHERS

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CONTENTS OF VOLUME XIII.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA	I
CYMBELINE	107
PERICLES	213

ILLUSTRATIONS TO VOLUME XIII.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

	PAGE
I ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, EROS, CHARMIAN, ETC. — <i>H. Tresham</i>	Frontispiece
2 MISS FANNY DAVENPORT AS CLEOPATRA.—From life	3
3 MEETING OF ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.— <i>Wertheimer</i>	8
4 ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ETC.— <i>H. Tresham</i>	74
5 Mlle. SARA BERNHARDT AS CLEOPATRA.—From life	94
6 CLEOPATRA, WOMEN, GUARDS, ETC.— <i>H. Tresham</i> .	104

CYMBELINE.

7 IMOGEN (MISS ADELAIDE NEILSON) IN THE CAVE. <i>T. Graham, R. A.</i>	109
8 IMOGEN, POSTHUMUS, QUEEN, CYMBELINE, ETC. — <i>Hamilton</i>	112
9 IMOGEN AND IACHIMO.— <i>Westall</i>	134
10 POSTHUMUS, IACHIMO AND PHILARIO.— <i>Westall</i> . .	142
11 PISANIO AND IMOGEN.— <i>Hoppner</i>	156
12 IMOGEN IN BOY'S CLOTHES.— <i>Westall</i>	166

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MARK ANTONY,	}	triumvirs.
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,		
M. ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS,		
SEXTUS POMPEIUS.		
DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS,	}	friends to Antony.
VENTIDIUS,		
EROS,		
SCARUS,		
DERCETAS,		
DEMETRIUS,		
PHILO,		
MECÆNAS,		
AGRIPPA,	}	friends to Cæsar.
DOLABELLA,		
PROCULEIUS,		
THYREUS,		
GALLUS,	}	friends to Pompey.
MENAS,		
MENECRATES,		
VARRIUS,		
TAURUS, lieutenant-general to Cæsar.		
CANIDIUS, lieutenant-general to Antony.		
SILIUS, an officer in Ventidius's army.		
EUPHRONIUS, an ambassador from Antony to Cæsar.		
ALEXAS,	}	attendants on Cleopatra.
MARDIAN, a Eunuch,		
SELEUCUS,		
DIOMEDES,		
A Soothsayer.		
A Clown.		
CLEOPATRA, queen of Egypt.		
OCTAVIA, sister to Cæsar and wife to Antony.		
CHARMIAN,	}	attendants on Cleopatra.
IRAS,		

Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE: *In several parts of the Roman empire.*



113
 in L'Esprit du Sacerdote

MISS FANNY DAVENPORT at Georgetown.

ANTONY AND GEORGETOWN.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Miss Fanny Davenport as Cleopatra.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Alexandria. A room in Cleopatra's palace.*

Enter DEMETRIUS and PHILO.

Phi. Nay, but this dotage of our general's
O'erflows the measure: those his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and musters of the war
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now
turn,
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front: his captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, reneges* all temper,
And is become the bellows and the fan *Renounces.
To cool a gipsy's lust.

Flourish. Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, her Ladies, the Train, with Eunuchs fanning her.

Look, where they come: to
Take but good note, and you shall see in him
The triple† pillar of the world transform'd †Third.
Into a strumpet's fool: behold and see.

Cleo. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be
reckon'd.

Cleo. I'll set a bourn* how far to be beloved.

Ant. Then must thou needs find out new
heaven, new earth. *Limit.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. News, my good lord, from Rome.

Ant. Grates* me: the sum.

Cleo. Nay, hear them, Antony:
 Fulvia perchance is angry; or, who knows ^{*Offends.} 20
 If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent
 His powerful mandate to you, 'Do this, or this;
 Take in† that kingdom, and enfranchise that;
 Perform't, or else we damn thee.' †Subdue.

Ant. How, my love!

Cleo. Perchance! nay, and most like:
 You must not stay here longer, your dismissal
 Is come from Cæsar; therefore hear it, Antony.
 Where's Fulvia's process? * Cæsar's I would say?
 both? ^{*Summons.}

Call in the messengers. As I am Egypt's queen,
 Thou blushest, Antony; and that blood of thine
 Is Cæsar's homager: else so thy cheek pays
 shame ³¹

When shrill-tongued Fulvia scolds. The mes-
 sengers!

Ant. Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide
 arch

Of the ranged empire fall! Here is my space.
 Kingdoms are clay: our dungy earth alike
 Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of life
 Is to do thus; when such a mutual pair

[*Embracing.*

And such a twain can do't, in which I bind,
 On pain of punishment, the world to weet* ^{*Know.}
 We stand up peerless.

Cleo. Excellent falsehood! 40
 Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?
 I'll seem the fool I am not; Antony
 Will be himself.

Ant. But stirr'd by Cleopatra.
 Now, for the love of Love and her soft hours,
 Let's not confound* the time with conference
 harsh: ^{*Consume.}

There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
 Without some pleasure now. What sport to-night?

Cleo. Hear the ambassadors.

Ant. Fie, wrangling queen!
 Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
 To weep; whose every passion fully strives 50
 To make itself, in thee, fair and admired!

No messenger, but thine; and all alone
To-night we'll wander through the streets and
note

The qualities of people. Come, my queen;
Last night you did desire it: speak not to us.

[Exeunt Ant. and Cleo. with their train.]

Dem. Is Cæsar with Antonius prized so slight?

Phi. Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,
He comes too short of that great property
Which still should go with Antony.

Dem. I am full sorry
That he approves the common liar, who 60
Thus speaks of him at Rome: but I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy!

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *The same. Another room.*

Enter CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, and a Sooth-
sayer.

Char. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any
thing Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where's
the soothsayer that you praised so to the queen?
O, that I knew this husband, which, you say, must
charge his horns with garlands!

Alex. Soothsayer!

Sooth. Your will?

Char. Is this the man? Is't you, sir, that
know things?

Sooth. In nature's infinite book of secrecy
A little I can read.

Alex. Show him your hand. 10

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly; wine
enough
Cleopatra's health to drink.

Char. Good sir, give me good fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray, then, foresee me one.

Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

Char. He means in flesh.

Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid!

Alex. Vex not his prescience; be attentive.

Char. Hush!

21

Sooth. You shall be more believing than beloved.

Char. I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, some excellent fortune! Let me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and widow them all: let me have a child at fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage: find me to marry me with Octavius Cæsar, and companion me with my mistress.

30

Sooth. You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.

Char. O excellent! I love long life better than figs.

Sooth. You have seen and proved a fairer former fortune

Than that which is to approach.

Char. Then belike my children shall have no names: prithee, how many boys and wenches must I have?

Sooth. If every of your wishes had a womb,
And fertile every wish, a million.

Char. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch. 40

Alex. You think none but your sheets are privy to your wishes.

Char. Nay, come, tell Iras hers.

Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.

Eno. Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-night, shall be—drunk to bed.

Iras. There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.

Char. E'en as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth famine. 50

Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear. Prithee, tell her but a worky-day fortune.

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how? give me particulars.

Sooth. I have said.

Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she? 60

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you choose it?

Iras. Not in my husband's nose.

Char. Our worser thoughts heavens mend! Alexas,—come, his fortune, his fortune! O, let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseech thee! and let her die too, and give him a worse! and let worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold! Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good Isis, I beseech thee!

Iras. Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wived, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded: therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!

Char. Amen. 79

Alex. Lo, now, if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores, but they'd do 't!

Eno. Hush! here comes Antony.

Char. Not he; the queen.

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Cleo. Saw you my lord?

Eno. No, lady.

Cleo. Was he not here?

Char. No, madam.

Cleo. He was disposed to mirth; but on the sudden

A Roman thought hath struck him. Enobarbus!

Eno. Madam?

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's Alexas?

Alex. Here, at your service. My lord approaches. 90

Cleo. We will not look upon him: go with us.
[*Exeunt.*]

Enter ANTONY with a Messenger and Attendants.

Mess. Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

Ant. Against my brother Lucius?

Mess. Ay:

But soon that war had end, and the time's state
Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst
Cæsar;

Whose better issue in the war, from Italy,
Upon the first encounter, drave them.

Ant. Well, what worst?

Mess. The nature of bad news infects the
teller. 99

Ant. When it concerns the fool or coward. On:
Things that are past are done with me. 'Tis thus;
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,
I hear him as he flatter'd.

Mess. Labienus—

This is stiff news—hath, with his Parthian force,
Extended* Asia from Euphrates; *Seized.
His conquering banner shook from Syria
To Lydia and to Ionia;
Whilst—

Ant. Antony, thou wouldst say,—

Mess. O, my lord!

Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the general
tongue:

Name Cleopatra as she is call'd in Rome; 110
Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase; and taunt my faults
With such full license as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth
weeds,

When our quick minds lie still; and our ills told us
Is as our earring.* Fare thee well awhile. *Ploughing.

Mess. At your noble pleasure. [Ex.

Ant. From Sicyon, ho, the news! Speak
there!

First Att. The man from Sicyon,—is there
such an one?

Sec. Att. He stays upon your will.

Ant. Let him appear.

These strong Egyptian fetters I must break, 120
Or lose myself in dotage.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

MEETING OF ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

After the Painting by Wertheimer.

After the Passing of Nethermer.

MEETING OF ANTONY AND GREGORY.

ANTONY AND GREGORY.



Enter another Messenger.

What are you?

Sec. Mess. Fulvia thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where died she?

Sec. Mess. In Sicyon:

Her length of sickness, with what else more serious

Importeth thee to know, this bears.

[*Gives a letter.*

Ant.

Forbear me.

[*Exit Sec. Messenger.*

There's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it:

What our contempt doth often hurl from us,

We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,

By revolution lowering, does become 129

The opposite of itself: she's good, being gone;

The hand could pluck her back that shoved her on.

I must from this enchanting queen break off:

Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,

My idleness doth hatch. How now! Enobarbus!

Re-enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. What's your pleasure, sir?

Ant. I must with haste from hence.

Eno. Why, then, we kill all our women: we see how mortal an unkindness is to them; if they suffer our departure, death's the word.

Ant. I must be gone. 140

Eno. Under a compelling occasion, let women die: it were pity to cast them away for nothing; though, between them and a great cause, they should be esteemed nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly; I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment: I do think there is mettle in death, which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning past man's thought. 150

Eno. Alack, sir, no; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love: we

cannot call her winds and waters sighs and tears;
They are greater storms and tempests than almanacs
can report: this cannot be cunning in her;
if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as
Jove.

Ant. Would I had never seen her!

Eno. O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful
piece of work; which not to have been
blest withal would have discredited your travel.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Sir?

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Fulvia!

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice.
When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife
of a man from him, it shows to man the tailors
of the earth; comforting therein, that when old
robes are worn out, there are members to make
new. If there were no more women but Fulvia,
then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be
lamented: this grief is crowned with consolation;
your old smock brings forth a new petticoat:
and indeed the tears live in an onion that should
water this sorrow.

Ant. The business she hath broached in the
state

Cannot endure my absence.

179

Eno. And the business you have broached
here cannot be without you; especially that of
Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light answers. Let our officers
Have notice what we purpose. I shall break
The cause of our expedience* to the queen,
And get her leave to part. For not alone
The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,
Do strongly speak to us; but the letters too
Of many our contriving friends in Rome *Expedition.
Petition us at home: Sextus Pompeius
Hath given the dare to Cæsar, and commands
The empire of the sea: our slippery people,
Whose love is never link'd to the deserver
Till his deserts are past, begin to throw

190

Pompey the Great and all his dignities
Upon his son; who, high in name and power,
Higher than both in blood and life, stands up
For the main soldier: whose quality, going on,
The sides o' the world may danger: much is
breeding, 199
Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life,
And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure,
To such whose place is under us, requires
Our quick remove from hence.

Eno. I shall do't.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. Another room.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and
ALEXAS.*

Cleo. Where is he?

Char. I did not see him since.

Cleo. See where he is, who's with him, what
he does:

I did not send you: if you find him sad,
Say I am dancing; if in mirth, report
That I am sudden sick: quick, and return

[*Exit Alexas.*

Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him
dearly,
You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.

Cleo. What should I do, I do not?

Char. In each thing give him way, cross him
in nothing.

Cleo. Thou teachest like a fool; the way to lose
him. 10

Char. Tempt him not so too far; I wish,
forbear:

In time we hate that which we often fear.
But here comes Antony.

Enter ANTONY.

Cleo. I am sick and sullen.

Ant. I am sorry to give breathing to my
purpose,—

Cleo. Help me away, dear Charmian; I shall fall:
It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature
Will not sustain it.

Ant. Now, my dearest queen,—

Cleo. Pray you, stand farther from me.

Ant. What's the matter?

Cleo. I know, by that same eye, there's some good news.

What says the married woman? You may go: 20
Would she had never given you leave to come!
Let her not say 'tis I that keep you here:
I have no power upon you; hers you are.

Ant. The gods best know,—

Cleo. O, never was there queen
So mightily betray'd! yet at the first
I saw the treasons planted.

Ant. Cleopatra,—

Cleo. Why should I think you can be mine and true,
Though you in swearing shake the throned gods,
Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous mad-
ness,

To be entangled with those mouth-made vows, 30
Which break themselves in swearing!

Ant. Most sweet queen,—

Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going,
But bid farewell, and go: when you sued
staying,

Then was the time for words; no going then;
Eternity was in our lips and eyes,
Bliss in our brows' bent; none our parts so poor,
But was a race of heaven: they are so still,
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

Ant. How now, lady!

Cleo. I would I had thy inches; thou shouldst
know 40

There were a heart in Egypt.

Ant. Hear me, queen:
The strong necessity of time commands
Our services awhile; but my full heart

Remains in use with you. Our Italy
Shines o'er with civil swords: Sextus Pompeius
Makes his approaches to the port* of Rome: *Gate.
Equality of two domestic powers
Breed scrupulous faction: the hated, grown to
strength,
Are newly grown to love: the condemn'd Pompey,
Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace 50
Into the hearts of such as have not thrived
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;
And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge
By any desperate change: my more particular,
And that which most with you should save my
going,
Is Fulvia's death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me
freedom,

It does from childishness: can Fulvia die?

Ant. She's dead, my queen:

Look here, and at thy sovereign leisure read 60
The garboils* she awaked; at the last, best: *Uproar.
See when and where she died.

Cleo. O most false love!
Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill
With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,
In Fulvia's death, how mine received shall be.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepared to
know

The purposes I bear; which are, or cease,
As you shall give the advice. By the fire
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence
Thy soldier, servant; making peace or war 70
As thou affect'st.

Cleo. Cut my lace, Charmian, come;
But let it be: I am quickly ill, and well,
So Antony loves.

Ant. My precious queen, forbear;
And give true evidence to his love, which stands
An honourable trial.

Cleo. So Fulvia told me.
I prithee, turn aside and weep for her;
Then bid adieu to me, and say the tears
Belong to Egypt: good now, play one scene

Of excellent dissembling; and let it look
Like perfect honour.

Ant. You'll heat my blood: no more. 80

Cleo. You can do better yet; but this is
meetly.

Ant. Now, by my sword,—

Cleo. And target. Still he mends;
But this is not the best. Look, prithee, Char-
mian,

How this Herculean Roman does become
The carriage of his chafe.

Ant. I'll leave you, lady.

Cleo. Courteous lord, one word.

Sir, you and I must part, but that's not it:

Sir, you and I have loved, but there's not it;

That you know well: something it is I would,—

O, my oblivion is a very Antony, 90

And I am all forgotten.

Ant. But that your royalty

Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.

Cleo. 'Tis sweating labour

To bear such idleness so near the heart

As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me;

Since my becoming's kill me, when they do not

Eye well to you: your honour calls you hence;

Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly.

And all the gods go with you! upon your sword

Sit laurel victory! and smooth success 100

Be strew'd before your feet!

Ant. Let us go. Come;

Our separation so abides, and flies,

That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,

And I, hence fleeting,* here remain with thee.

Away! *Passing away. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. Rome. Cæsar's house.

Enter OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, *reading a letter*, LEPIDUS,
and their Train.

Cæs. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth
know,

It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate
 Our great competitor: from Alexandria
 This is the news: he fishes, drinks, and wastes
 The lamps of night in revel; is not more man-
 like

Than Cleopatra; nor the queen of Ptolemy
 More womanly than he; hardly gave audience, or
 Vouchsafed to think he had partners: you shall
 find there

A man who is the abstract of all faults
 That all men follow.

Lep. I must not think there are 10
 Evils enow to darken all his goodness:
 His faults in him seem as the spots of heaven,
 More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary,
 Rather than purchased: what he cannot change,
 Than what he chooses.

Cæs. You are too indulgent. Let us grant, it
 is not
 Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy;
 To give a kingdom for a mirth; to sit
 And keep the turn of tippling with a slave; 19
 To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet
 With knaves that smell of sweat: say this be-
 comes him,—

As his composure must be rare indeed
 Whom these things cannot blemish,—yet must
 Antony

No way excuse his soils, when we do bear
 So great weight in his lightness. If he fill'd
 His vacancy with his voluptuousness,
 Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,
 Call on him for't: but to confound* such time,
 That drums him from his sport, and speaks as
 loud

As his own state and ours,—'tis to be chid 30
 As we rate boys, who, being mature in know-
 ledge,

Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
 And so rebel to judgement.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Here's more news.

Mess. Thy biddings have been done: and every
 hour,
 Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report
 How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea;
 And it appears he is beloved of those
 That only have fear'd Cæsar: to the ports
 The discontents* repair, and men's reports
 Give him much wrong'd.

*Malcontents.

Cæs. I should have known no less.
 It hath been taught us from the primal state, 41
 That he which is was wish'd until he were;
 And the ebb'd man, ne'er loved till ne'er worth
 love,
 Comes dear'd by being lack'd. This common
 body,
 Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
 Goes to and back, lackeying the varying tide,
 To rot itself with motion.

Mess. Cæsar, I bring thee word,
 Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,
 Make the sea serve them, which they ear* and
 wound 50
 With keels of every kind: many hot inroads
 They make in Italy; the borders maritime
 Lack blood to think on't, and flush†-youth revolt:
 No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon †Fresh.
 Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes more
 Than could his war resisted.

Cæs. Antony,
 Leave thy lascivious wassails.* When thou once
 Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
 Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
 Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st against,
 Though daintily brought up, with patience more
 Than savages could suffer: thou didst drink 61
 The stale† of horses, and the gilded puddle
 Which beasts would cough at: thy palate then did
 deign
 *Drinking-bouts. †Urine.
 The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;
 Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
 The barks of trees thou browsed'st; on the Alps
 It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh,
 Which some did die to look on: and all this—

It wounds thine honour that I speak it now—
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek 70
So much as lank'd not.

Lep. 'Tis pity of him.

Cæs. Let his shames quickly
Drive him to Rome: 'tis time we twain
Did show ourselves i' the field; and to that end
Assemble we immediate council: Pompey
Thrives in our idleness.

Lep. To-morrow, Cæsar,
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly
Both what by sea and land I can be able
To front this present time.

Cæs. Till which encounter,
It is my business too. Farewell. 80

Lep. Farewell, my lord: what you shall know
 meantime
Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
To let me be partaker.

Cæs. Doubt not, sir;
I knew it for my bond. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and
MARDIAN.*

Cleo. Charmian!

Char. Madam?

Cleo. Ha, ha!

Give me to drink mandragora.

Char. Why, madam?

Cleo. That I might sleep out this great gap of
 time

My Antony is away.

Char. You think of him too much.

Cleo. O, 'tis treason!

Char. Madam, I trust, not so.

Cleo. Thou, eunuch Mardian!

Mar. What's your highness' pleasure?

Cleo. Not now to hear thee sing; I take no
 pleasure

In aught an eunuch has: 'tis well for thee, 10
That, being unseminar'd,* thy freer thoughts

May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections?

Mar. Yes, gracious madam. *Unmanned.

Cleo. Indeed!

Mar. Not in deed, madam; for I can do nothing

But what indeed is honest to be done:

Yet have I fierce affections, and think

What Venus did with Mars.

Cleo. O Charmian,

Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?

Or does he walk? or is he on his horse? 20

O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!

Do bravely, horse! for wot'st thou whom thou movest?

The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm

And burgonet* of men. He's speaking now,

Or murmuring 'Where's my serpent of old Nile?' *Helmet.

For so he calls me: now I feed myself

With most delicious poison. Think on me,

That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,

And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted Cæsar,

When thou wast here above the ground, I was 30

A morsel for a monarch: and great Pompey

Would stand and make his eyes grow in my brow;

There would he anchor his aspect† and die †Looks.

With looking on his life.

Enter ALEXAS.

Alex. Sovereign of Egypt, hail!

Cleo. How much unlike art thou Mark Antony! Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath With his tinct* gilded thee. *Stain.

How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?

Alex. Last thing he did, dear queen, 39
He kiss'd,—the last of many doubled kisses,—

This orient pearl. His speech sticks in my heart.

Cleo. Mine ear must pluck it thence.

Alex. 'Good friend,' quoth he,
'Say, the firm Roman to great Egypt sends
This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot,

To mend the pretty present, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms; all the east,
Say thou, shall call her mistress.' So he nodded,
†And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt steed,
Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have
spoke

Was beastly dumb'd by him.

Cleo. What, was he sad or merry? 50

Alex. Like to the time o' the year between the
extremes

Of hot and cold, he was nor sad nor merry.

Cleo. O well-divided disposition! Note him,
Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man; but
note him:

He was not sad, for he would shine on those
That make their looks by his; he was not merry,
Which seem'd to tell them his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his joy; but between both:

O heavenly mingle! Be'st thou sad or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes, 60
So does it no man else. Met'st thou my posts?

Alex. Ay, madam, twenty several messengers:
Why do you send so thick?

Cleo. Who's born that day
When I forget to send to Antony,
Shall die a beggar. Ink and paper, Charmian.
Welcome, my good Alexas. Did I, Charmian,
Ever love Cæsar so?

Char. O that brave Cæsar!

Cleo. Be choked with such another emphasis!
Say, the brave Antony.

Char. The valiant Cæsar!

Cleo. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with Cæsar paragon again 71
My man of men.

Char. By your most gracious pardon,
I sing but after you.

Cleo. My salad days,
When I was green in judgement: cold in blood,
To say as I said then! But, come, away;
Get me ink and paper:
He shall have every day a several greeting,
Or I'll unpeople Egypt. [Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Messina. Pompey's house.*

Enter POMPEY, MENEKRATES, and MENAS, in warlike manner.

Pom. If the great gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.

Mene. Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay, they not deny.

Pom. Whiles we are suitors to their throne,
decays
The thing we sue for.

Mene. We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise
powers
Deny us for our good ; so find we profit
By losing of our prayers.

Pom. I shall do well :
The people love me, and the sea is mine ;
My powers are crescent, and my auguring hope
Says it will come to the full. Mark Antony II
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make
No wars without doors : Cæsar gets money where
He loses hearts : Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd ; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.

Men. Cæsar and Lepidus
Are in the field : a mighty strength they carry.

Pom. Where have you this ? 'tis false.

Men. From Silvius, sir.

Pom. He dreams : I know they are in Rome
together,
Looking for Antony. But all the charms of love,
Salt* Cleopatra, soften thy waned† lip ! *Lascivious.
Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both !
Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts, †Faded. 23
Keep his brain fuming ; Epicurean cooks
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite ;
That sleep and feeding may prorogue‡ his honour
Even till a Lethe'd dulness ! ‡Defer.

Enter VARRIUS.

How now, Varrius!

Var. This is most certain that I shall deliver:
Mark Antony is every hour in Rome
Expected: since he went from Egypt 'tis 30
A space for further travel.

Pom. I could have given less matter
A better ear. Menas, I did not think
This amorous surfeiter would have donn'd his
helm* *Helmet.

For such a petty war: his soldiership
Is twice the other twain: but let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck
The ne'er-lust-wearied Antony.

Men. I cannot hope
Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together:
His wife that's dead did trespasses to Cæsar;
His brother warr'd upon him; although, I think,
Not moved by Antony.

Pom. I know not, Menas,
How lesser enmities may give way to greater,
Were't not that we stand up against them all,
'Twere pregnant they should square* between
themselves; *Quarrel.

For they have entertained cause enough
To draw their swords: but how the fear of us
May cement their divisions and bind up
The petty difference, we yet not know.
Be't as our gods will have't! It only stands 50
Our lives upon to use our strongest hands.
Come, Menas. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Rome. The house of Lepidus.*

Enter ENOBARBUS and LEPIDUS.

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to entreat your cap-
tain
To soft and gentle speech.

Eno. I shall entreat him
To answer like himself: if Cæsar move him,

Let Antony look over Cæsar's head
 And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
 Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
 I would not shave 't to-day.

Lep. 'Tis not a time
 For private stomaching.

Eno. Every time
 Serves for the matter that is then born in 't. 10

Lep. But small to greater matters must give
 way.

Eno. Not if the small come first.

Lep. Your speech is passion:
 But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
 The noble Antony.

Enter ANTONY and VENTIDIUS.

Eno. And yonder, Cæsar.

Enter CÆSAR, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA.

Ant. If we compose* well here, to Parthia:
 Hark, Ventidius. *Agree.

Cæs. I do not know,
 Mecænas; ask Agrippa.

Lep. Noble friends,
 That which combined us was most great, and let not
 A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,
 May it be gently heard: when we debate 20
 Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
 Murder in healing wounds: then, noble partners,
 The rather, for I earnestly beseech,
 Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,
 Nor curstness* grow to the matter. *Shrewishness.

Ant. 'Tis spoken well.
 Were we before our armies, and to fight,
 I should do thus. [*Flourish.*]

Cæs. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thank you.

Cæs. Sit.

Ant. Sit, sir.

Cæs. Nay, then.

Ant. I learn, you take things ill which are
 not so,
 Or being, concern you not.

Cæs. I must be laugh'd at, 30
If, or for nothing or a little, I
Should say myself offended, and with you
Chiefly i' the world; more laugh'd at, that I
should
Once name you derogately, when to sound your
name
It not concern'd me.

Ant. My being in Egypt, Cæsar,
What was't to you?

Cæs. No more than my residing here at Rome .
Might be to you in Egypt: yet, if you there
Did practise on my state, your being in Egypt
Might be my question.

Ant. How intend you, practised? 40

Cæs. You may be pleased to catch at mine
intent
By what did here befall me. Your wife and brother

Made wars upon me; and their contestation
Was theme for you, you were the word of war.

Ant. You do mistake your business; my brother
never

Did urge me in his act: I did inquire it;
And have my learning from some true reports,*
That drew their swords with you. Did he not
rather

*Reporters.

Discredit my authority with yours;
And make the wars alike against my stomach, 50
Having alike your cause? Of this my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,
As matter whole you have not to make it with,
It must not be with this.

Cæs. You praise yourself
By laying defects of judgement to me; but
You patch'd up your excuses.

Ant. Not so, not so;
I know you could not lack, I am certain on 't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars 60
Which fronted* mine own peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit in such another;

The third o' the world is yours; which with a
snaffle

*Opposed.

You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

Eno. Would we had all such wives, that the
men might go to wars with the women!

Ant. So much uncurbable, her garboils,*

Cæsar,

*Uproars

Made out of her impatience, which not wanted

Shrewdness of policy too, I grieving grant

Did you too much disquiet: for that you must 70

But say, I could not help it.

Cæs.

I wrote to you

When rioting in Alexandria; you

Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts

Did gibe my missive* out of audience. *Messenger.

Ant.

Sir,

He fell upon me ere admitted: then

Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want

Of what I was i' the morning: but next day

I told him of myself; which was as much

As to have ask'd him pardon. Let this fellow

Be nothing of our strife; if we contend, 80

Out of our question* wipe him.

*Conversation.

Cæs.

You have broken

The article of your oath; which you shall never

Have tongue to charge me with.

Lep.

Soft, Cæsar!

Ant.

No,

Lepidus, let him speak:

The honour is sacred which he talks on now,

Supposing that I lack'd it. But, on, Cæsar;

The article of my oath.

Cæs. To lend me arms and aid when I required
them;

The which you both denied.

Ant.

Neglected, rather;

And then when poison'd hours had bound me up 90

From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,

I'll play the penitent to you: but mine honesty

Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power

Work without it. Truth is, that Fulvia,

To have me out of Egypt, made wars here;

For which myself, the ignorant motive, do

So far ask pardon as befits mine honour
To stoop in such a case.

Lep. 'Tis noble spoken.

Mec. If it might please you, to enforce no further

The griefs between ye: to forget them quite 100
Were to remember that the present need

Speaks to atone* you.

*Reconcile.

Lep. Worthily spoken, Mecaenas.

Eno. Or, if you borrow one another's love
for the instant, you may, when you hear no more
words of Pompey, return it again: you shall have
time to wrangle in when you have nothing else
to do.

Ant. Thou art a soldier only: speak no more.

Eno. That truth should be silent I had almost
forgot. 110

Ant. You wrong this presence; therefore speak
no more.

Eno. Go to, then; your considerate stone.

Cæs. I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech; for't cannot be
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions*
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop should hold us stanch, from edge to
edge 115

*Dispositions.

O' the world I would pursue it.

Agr. Give me leave, Cæsar,—

Cæs. Speak, Agrippa.

Agr. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,
Admired Octavia: great Mark Antony 121
Is now a widower.

Cæs. Say not so, Agrippa:
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deserved of rashness.

Ant. I am not married, Cæsar: let me hear
Agrippa further speak.

Agr. To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unslipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife; whose beauty claims 130
No worse a husband than the best of men;
Whose virtue and whose general graces speak

That which none else can utter. By this marriage,
 All little jealousies, which now seem great,
 And all great fears, which now import their dangers,
 Would then be nothing: truths would be tales,
 Where now half tales be truths: her love to both
 Would, each to other and all loves to both,
 Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke;
 For 'tis a studied, not a present thought, 140
 By duty ruminated.

Ant. Will Cæsar speak?

Cæs. Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd
 With what is spoke already.

Ant. What power is in Agrippa,
 If I would say, 'Agrippa, be it so,'
 To make this good?

Cæs. The power of Cæsar, and
 His power unto Octavia.

Ant. May I never
 To this good purpose, that so fairly shows,
 Dream of impediment! Let me have thy hand:
 Further this act of grace; and from this hour
 The heart of brothers govern in our loves 150
 And sway our great designs!

Cæs. There is my hand.
 A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother
 Did ever love so dearly: let her live
 To join our kingdoms and our hearts; and never
 Fly off our loves again!

Lep. Happily, amen!

Ant. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst
 Pompey;
 For he hath laid strange courtesies and great
 Of late upon me: I must thank him only,
 Lest my remembrance suffer ill report;
 At heel of that, defy him.

Lep. Time calls upon's: 160
 Of us must Pompey presently be sought,
 Or else he seeks out us.

Ant. Where lies he?

Cæs. About the mount Misenum.

Ant. What is his strength by land?

Cæs. Great and increasing: but by sea
He is an absolute master.

Ant. So is the fame.
Would we had spoke together! Haste we for it:
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, dispatch we
The business we have talk'd of.

Cæs. With most gladness:
And do invite you to my sister's view, 170
Whither straight I'll lead you.

Ant. Let us, Lepidus,
Not lack your company.

Lep. Noble Antony,
Not sickness should detain me.

[*Flourish. Exeunt Cæsar, Antony,
and Lepidus.*]

Mec. Welcome from Egypt, sir.

Eno. Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Mecæ-
nas! My honourable friend, Agrippa!

Agr. Good Enobarbus!

Mec. We have cause to be glad that matters
are so well digested. You stayed well by 't in
Egypt. 180

Eno. Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of counte-
nance, and made the night light with drinking.

Mec. Eight wild-boars roasted whole at a
breakfast, and but twelve persons there; is this
true?

Eno. This was but as a fly by an eagle: we had
much more monstrous matter of feast, which
worthily deserved noting.

Mec. She's a most triumphant lady, if report
be square to her. 190

Eno. When she first met Mark Antony, she
purs'd up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.

Agr. There she appeared indeed; or my re-
porter devised well for her.

Eno. I will tell you.
The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
The winds were love-sick with them; the oars were
silver,
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made

The water which they beat to follow faster, 201
 As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
 It beggar'd all description: she did lie
 In her pavilion—cloth-of-gold of tissue—
 O'er-picturing that Venus where we see
 The fancy outwork nature: on each side her
 Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
 With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
 To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
 And what they undid did.

Agr. O, rare for Antony! 210

Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
 So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,
 And made their bends adornings: at the helm
 A seeming mermaid steers: the silken tackle
 Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
 That yarely* frame the office. From the barge
 A strange invisible perfume hits the sense *Readily.
 Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
 Her people out upon her; and Antony,
 Enthroned i' the market-place, did sit alone, 220
 Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,
 Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too
 And made a gap in nature.

Agr. Rare Egyptian!

Eno. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
 Invited her to supper: she replied,
 It should be better he became her guest;
 Which she entreated: our courteous Antony,
 Whom ne'er the word of 'No' woman heard speak,
 Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast,
 And for his ordinary pays his heart 230
 For what his eyes eat only.

Agr. Royal wench!

She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed:
 He plough'd her, and she cropp'd.

Eno. I saw her once
 Hop forty paces through the public street;
 And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,
 That she did make defect perfection,
 And, breathless, power breathe forth.

Mec. Now Antony must leave her utterly.

Eno. Never; he will not:

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale 240
 Her infinite variety: other women cloy
 The appetites they feed; but she makes hungry
 Where most she satisfies: for vilest things
 Become themselves in her; that the holy priests
 Bless her when she is riggish.* *Wanton.

Mec. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
 The heart of Antony, Octavia is
 A blessed lottery* to him. *Allotment.

Agr. Let us go.
 Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest 249
 Whilst you abide here.

Eno. Humbly, sir, I thank you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. Cæsar's house.*

Enter ANTONY, CÆSAR, OCTAVIA *between them, and*
Attendants.

Ant. The world and my great office will some-
 times
 Divide me from your bosom.

Oc̃la. All which time
 Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers
 To them for you.

Ant. Good night, sir. My Octavia,
 Read not my blemishes in the world's report:
 I have not kept my square; but that to come
 Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear lady.
 Good night, sir.

Cæs. Good night. [*Exeunt Cæsar and Oc̃lavia.*]

Enter Soothsayer.

Ant. Now, sirrah; you do wish yourself in
 Egypt? 10

Sooth. Would I had never come from thence,
 nor you
 Thither!

Ant. If you can, your reason?

Sooth. I see it in
 My motion, have it not in my tongue: but yet
 Hie you to Egypt again.

Ant. Say to me,
 Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's or mine?

Sooth. Cæsar's.

Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side:
Thy demon, that's thy spirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable, 20
Where Cæsar's is not; but, near him, thy angel
Becomes a fear, as being o'erpower'd: therefore
Make space enough between you.

Ant.

Speak this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee; no more, but when to
thee.

If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou art sure to lose; and, of that natural luck,
He beats thee 'gainst the odds: thy lustre
thickens,

When he shines by: I say again, thy spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him;
But, he away, 'tis noble.

Ant.

Get thee gone: 30

Say to Ventidius I would speak with him:

[*Exit Soothsayer.*

He shall to Parthia. Be it art or hap,
He hath spoken true: the very dice obey him;
And in our sports my better cunning faints
Under his chance: if we draw lots, he speeds;
His cocks do win the battle still of mine,
When it is all to nought; and his quails ever
Beat mine, inhoop'd,* at odds. I will to Egypt:
And though I make this marriage for my peace,
I' the east my pleasure lies. *Enclosed.

Enter VENTIDIUS.

O, come, Ventidius, 40

You must to Parthia: your commission's ready;
Follow me, and receive 't. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The same. A street.*

Enter LEPIDUS, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA.

Lep. Trouble yourselves no further: pray you,
hasten

Your generals after.

Agr.

Sir, Mark Antony

Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we 'll follow.

Lep. Till I shall see you in your soldier's
dress,
Which will become you both, farewell.

Mec. We shall,
As I conceive the journey, be at the Mount
Before you, Lepidus.

Lep. Your way is shorter;
My purposes do draw me much about:
You'll win two days upon me.

Mec. }

Agr. }

Sir, good success!

Lep. Farewell.

[*Exeunt.* 10

SCENE V. *Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and
ALEXAS.

Cleo. Give me some music; music, moody food
Of us that trade in love.

Attend. The music, ho!

Enter MARDIAN the Eunuch.

Cleo. Let it alone; let's to billiards: come,
Charmian.

Char. My arm is sore; best play with Mardian.

Cleo. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd
As with a woman. Come, you'll play with me,
sir?

Mar. As well as I can, madam.

Cleo. And when good will is show'd, though 't
come too short,
The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now:
Give me mine angle; we'll to the river: there,
My music playing far off, I will betray II
Tawny-finn'd fishes; my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an Antony,
And say 'Ah, ha! you 're caught.'

Char. 'Twas merry when
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.

Cleo. That time,—O times!—
 I laugh'd him out of patience; and that night
 I laugh'd him into patience: and next morn, 20
 Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;
 Then put my tires* and mantles on him,
 whilst *Head-dress.
 I wore his sword Philippan.

Enter a Messenger.

O, from Italy!
 Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
 That long time have been barren.

Mess. Madam, madam,—

Cleo. Antonius dead!—If thou say so, villain,
 Thou kill'st thy mistress: but well and free,
 If thou so yield* him, there is gold, and here
 My bluest veins to kiss; a hand that kings *Report.
 Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing. 30

Mess. First, madam, he is well.

Cleo. Why, there's more gold.
 But, sirrah, mark, we use
 To say the dead are well: bring it to that,
 The gold I give thee will I melt and pour
 Down thy ill-uttering throat.

Mess. Good madam, hear me.

Cleo. Well, go to, I will;
 But there's no goodness in thy face: if Antony
 Be free and healthful,—so tart a favour* *Countenance.
 To trumpet such good tidings! If not well,
 Thou shouldst come like a Fury crown'd with
 snakes, 40

Not like a formal† man.

†Man in his senses.

Mess. Will 't please you hear me?

Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee ere thou
 speak'st:
 Yet, if thou say Antony lives, is well,
 Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,
 I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
 Rich pearls upon thee.

Mess. Madam, he 's well.

Cleo. Well said.

Mess. And friends with Cæsar.

Cleo. Thou 'rt an honest man.

Mess. Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.

Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.

Mess. But yet, madam,—

Cleo. I do not like 'But yet,' it does allay 50
The good precedence; fie upon 'But yet!'

'But yet' is as a gaoler to bring forth

Some monstrous malefactor. Prithee, friend,

Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,

The good and bad together: he's friends with
Cæsar;

In state of health thou say'st; and thou say'st
free.

Mess. Free, madam! no; I made no such
report:

He's bound unto Octavia.

Cleo. For what good turn?

Mess. For the best turn i' the bed.

Cleo. I am pale, Charmian.

Mess. Madam, he's married to Octavia. 60

Cleo. The most infectious pestilence upon
thee! [*Strikes him down.*]

Mess. Good madam, patience.

Cleo. What say you? Hence,
[*Strikes him again.*]

Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes

Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head:

[*She hales him up and down.*]

Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd
in brine,

Smarting in lingering pickle.

Mess. Gracious madam,
I that do bring the news made not the match.

Cleo. Say 'tis not so, a province I will give
thee,

And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou
hadst

Shall make thy peace for moving me to rage; 70

And I will boot* thee with what gift beside

Thy modesty can beg.

*Recompense.

Mess. He's married, madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou hast lived too long.

[*Draws a knife.*]

Mess. Nay, then I'll run.
What mean you, madam? I have made no fault.

[*Exit.*

Char. Good madam, keep yourself within yourself:
The man is innocent.

Cleo. Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt.
Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures
Turn all to serpents! Call the slave again:
Though I am mad, I will not bite him: call. 80

Char. He is afraid to come.

Cleo. I will not hurt him.
[*Exit Charmian.*

These hands do lack nobility, that they strike
A meaner than myself; since I myself
Have given myself the cause.

Re-enter CHARMIAN and Messenger.

Come hither, sir.

Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news: give to a gracious message
An host of tongues; but let ill tidings tell
Themselves when they be felt.

Mess. I have done my duty.

Cleo. Is he married?
I cannot hate thee worse than I do, 90
If thou again say 'Yes.'

Mess. He's married, madam.

Cleo. The gods confound thee! dost thou hold
there still?

Mess. Should I lie, madam?

Cleo. O, I would thou didst,
So half my Egypt were submerged and made
A cistern for scaled snakes! Go, get thee hence:
Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me
Thou wouldst appear most ugly. He is married?

Mess. I crave your highness' pardon.

Cleo. He is married?

Mess. Takeno offencethat I would not offend you:
To punish me for what you make me do 100
Seems much unequal: he's married to Octavia.

Cleo. O, that his fault should make a knave
of thee,

That art not what thou'rt sure of! Get thee hence:
The merchandise which thou hast brought from
Rome

Are all too dear for me: lie they upon thy hand,
And be undone by 'em! *[Exit Messenger.*

Char. Good your highness, patience.

Cleo. In praising Antony, I have dispraised
Cæsar.

Char. Many times, madam.

Cleo. I am paid for't now.

Lead me from hence;

I faint: O Iras, Charmian! 'tis no matter. 110

Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him

Report the feature* of Octavia, her years,

Her inclination, let him not leave out

The colour of her hair: bring me word quickly.

*Person in general. *[Exit Alexas.*

Let him for ever go:—let him not—Charmian,

Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,

The other way's a Mars. Bid you Alexas

[To Mardian.

Bring me word how tall she is. Pity me, Char-
mian,

But do not speak to me. Lead me to my chamber.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VI. *Near Misenum.*

Flourish. Enter POMPEY and MENAS at one side,
with drum and trumpet: at another, CÆSAR,
ANTONY, LEPIDUS, ENOBARBUS, MECÆNAS, with
Soldiers marching.

Pom. Your hostages I have, so have you mine;
And we shall talk before we fight.

Cæs. Most meet
That first we come to words; and therefore have
we

Our written purposes before us sent;

Which, if thou hast consider'd, let us know

If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword,

And carry back to Sicily much tall* youth *Brave.

That else must perish here.

Pom. To you all three,

The senators alone of this great world,
 Chief factors for the gods, I do not know 10
 Wherefore my father should revengers want,
 Having a son and friends; since Julius Cæsar,
 Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,
 There saw you labouring for him. What was't
 That moved pale Cassius to conspire; and what
 Made the all-honour'd, honest Roman, Brutus,
 With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous free-
 dom,

To drench the Capitol; but that they would
 Have one man but a man? And that is it 19
 Hath made me rig my navy; at whose burthen
 The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant
 To scourge the ingratitude that despiteful Rome
 Cast on my noble father.

Cæs. Take your time.

Ant. Thou canst not fear* us, Pompey, with thy
 sails; *Affright.

We' ll speak with thee at sea: at land, thou
 know'st

How much we do o'er-count thee.

Pom. At land, indeed,
 Thou dost o'er-count me of my father's house:
 But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself,
 Remain in't as thou mayst.

Lep. Be pleased to tell us—
 For this is from the present—how you take 30
 The offers we have sent you.

Cæs. There's the point.

Ant. Which do not be entreated to, but weigh
 What it is worth embraced.

Cæs. And what may follow,
 To try a larger fortune.

Pom. You have made me offer
 Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must
 Rid all the sea of pirates; then, to send
 Measures of wheat to Rome; this 'greed upon,
 To part with unhack'd edges, and bear back
 Our targes* undinted *Targets.

Cæs. Ant. Lep. That's our offer.

Pom. Know, then, 40
 I came before you here a man prepared

To take this offer: but Mark Antony
Put me to some impatience: though I lose
The praise of it by telling, you must know,
When Cæsar and your brother were at blows,
Your mother came to Sicily and did find
Her welcome friendly.

Ant. I have heard it, Pompey;
And am well studied for a liberal thanks
Which I do owe you.

Pom. Let me have your hand:
I did not think, sir, to have met you here. 50

Ant. The beds i' the east are soft; and thanks
to you,
That call'd me timelier than my purpose hither;
For I have gain'd by't.

Cæs. Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.

Pom. Well, I know not
What counts harsh fortune casts upon my face;
But in my bosom shall she never come,
To make my heart her vassal.

Lep. Well met here.

Pom. I hope so, Lepidus. Thus we are
agreed:
I crave our composition may be written,
And seal'd between us.

Cæs. That's the next to do. 60

Pom. We'll feast each other ere we part;
and let's
Draw lots who shall begin.

Ant. That will I, Pompey.

Pom. No, Antony, take the lot: but, first
Or last, your fine Egyptian cookery
Shall have the fame. I have heard that Julius
Cæsar
Grew fat with feasting there.

Ant. You have heard much.

Pom. I have fair meanings, sir.

Ant. And fair words to them.

Pom. Then so much have I heard:
And I have heard, Apollodorus carried—

Eno. No more of that: he did so.

Pom. What, I pray you? 70

Eno. A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress.

Pom. I know thee now: how farest thou, soldier?

Eno. Well;

And well am like to do; for, I perceive,
Four feasts are toward.

Pom. Let me shake thy hand;
I never hated thee: I have seen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.

Eno. Sir,
I never loved you much; but I ha' praised ye,
When you have well deserved ten times as much
As I have said you did.

Pom. Enjoy thy plainness, 80
It nothing ill becomes thee.

Aboard my galley I invite you all:
Will you lead, lords?

Cæs. Ant. Lep. Show us the way, sir.

Pom. Come.

[*Exeunt all but Menas and Enobarbus.*]

Men. [*Aside*] Thy father, Pompey, would
ne'er have made this treaty.—You and I have
known, sir.

Eno. At sea, I think.

Men. We have, sir.

Eno. You have done well by water.

Men. And you by land. 90

Eno. I will praise any man that will praise
me; though it cannot be denied what I have done
by land.

Men. Nor what I have done by water.

Eno. Yes, something you can deny for your
own safety: you have been a great thief by sea.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. There I deny my land service. But
give me your hand, Menas: if our eyes had
authority, here they might take two thieves
kissing. 101

Men. All men's faces are true, whate'er
their hands are.

Eno. But there is never a fair woman has a
true face.

Men. No slander; they steal hearts.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turned to
a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away
his fortune. 110

Eno. If he do, sure, he cannot weep't back
again.

Men. You've said, sir. We looked not for
Mark Antony here: pray you, is he married to
Cleopatra?

Eno. Cæsar's sister is called Octavia.

Men. True, sir; she was the wife of Caius
Marcellus.

Eno. But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

Men. Pray ye, sir? 120

Eno. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is Cæsar and he for ever knit to-
gether.

Eno. If I were bound to divine of this unity,
I would not prophesy so.

Men. I think the policy of that purpose made
more in the marriage than the love of the parties.

Eno. I think so too. But you shall find, the
band that seems to tie their friendship together
will be the very strangler of their amity: Octavia
is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.* 131

Men. Who would not have his wife so?

Eno. Not he that himself is not so; which is
Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish
again: then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the
fire up in Cæsar; and, as I said before, that which
is the strength of their amity shall prove the im-
mediate author of their variance. Antony will
use his affection where it is: he married but his
occasion here.

*Behaviour. 140

Men. And thus it may be. Come, sir, will
you aboard? I have a health for you.

Eno. I shall take it, sir: we have used our
throats in Egypt.

Men. Come, let's away.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *On board Pompey's galley, off Misenum.*

Music plays. Enter two or three Servants with a banquet.

First Serv. Here they'll be, man. Some o' their plants are ill-rooted already; the least wind i' the world will blow them down.

Sec. Serv. Lepidus is high-coloured.

First Serv. They have made him drink alms-drink.

Sec. Serv. As they pinch one another by the disposition, he cries out 'No more;' reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.

First Serv. But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion. II

Sec. Serv. Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship: I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service as a partisan* I could not heave. *Pike.

First Serv. To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in 't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.

A sennet sounded. Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POMPEY, AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS, ENO-BARBUS, MENAS, with other captains.

Ant. [*To Cæsar*] Thus do they, sir: they take the flow o' the Nile 20

By certain scales i' the pyramid; they know,
By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth
Or foison* follow: the higher Nilus swells, *Plenty.
The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seedsman
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,
And shortly comes to harvest.

Lep. You 've strange serpents there.

Ant. Ay, Lepidus.

Lep. Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud by the operation of your sun: so is your crocodile. 31

Ant. They are so.

Pom. Sit,—and some wine! A health to Lepidus!

Lep. I am not so well as I should be, but I'll ne'er out.

Eno. Not till you have slept; I fear me you'll be in till then.

Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard the Ptolemies' pyramises* are very goodly things; without contradiction, I have heard that. *Pyramids. 41

Men. [*Aside to Pom.*] Pompey, a word.

Pom. [*Aside to Men.*] Say in mine ear: what is 't?

Men. [*Aside to Pom.*] Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain, And hear me speak a word.

Pom. [*Aside to Men.*] Forbear me till anon. This wine for Lepidus!

Lep. What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

Ant. It is shaped, sir, like itself; and it is as broad as it hath breadth: it is just so high as it is, and moves with it own organs: it lives by that which nourisheth it; and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates. 51

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of it own colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a strange serpent.

Ant. 'Tis so. And the tears of it are wet.

Cæs. Will this description satisfy him?

Ant. With the health that Pompey gives him, else he is a very epicure.

Pom. [*Aside to Men.*] Go hang, sir, hang!

Tell me of that? away!

Do as I bid you. Where's this cup I call'd for?

Men. [*Aside to Pom.*] If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me, 61

Rise from thy stool.

Pom. [*Aside to Men.*] I think thou'rt mad.

The matter? [*Rises, and walks aside.*

Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

Pom. Thou hast served me with much faith.

What's else to say?

Be jolly, lords.

Ant. These quick-sands, Lepidus,
Keep off them, for you sink.

Men. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

Pom. What say'st thou?

Men. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world?
That's twice.

Pom. How should that be?

Men. But entertain* it, 69
And, though thou think me poor, I am the man
Will give thee all the world. *Experience.

Pom. Hast thou drunk well?

Men. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.
Thou art, if thou darest be, the earthly Jove:
Whate'er the ocean pales* or sky inclips,†
Is thine, if thou wilt ha't. *Encloses. †Embraces.

Pom. Show me which way.

Men. These three world-sharers, these com-
petitors,
Are in thy vessel: let me cut the cable;
And, when we are put off, fall to their throats:
All there is thine.

Pom. Ah, this thou shouldst have done,
And not have spoke on 't! In me 'tis villany; 80
In thee't had been good service. Thou must know,
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour;
Mine honour, it. Repent that e'er thy tongue
Hath so betray'd thine act: being done unknown,
I should have found it afterwards well done;
But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

Men. [*Aside*] For this,
I'll never follow thy pall'd* fortunes more.
Who seeks, and will not take when once 'tis
offer'd, *Impaired.
Shall never find it more.

Pom. This health to Lepidus! go

Ant. Bear him ashore. I'll pledge it for him,
Pompey.

Eno. Here's to thee, Menas!

Men. Enobarbus, welcome!

Pom. Fill till the cup be hid.

Eno. There's a strong fellow, Menas.

[*Pointing to the Attendant who carries
off Lepidus.*]

Men. Why?

Eno. A' bears the third part of the world, man;
see'st not?

Men. The third part, then, is drunk: would it
were all,
That it might go on wheels!

Eno. Drink thou; increase the reels. 100

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

Ant. It ripens towards it. Strike the vessels,
ho!

Here is to Cæsar!

Cæs. I could well forbear 't.
It's monstrous labour, when I wash my brain,
And it grows fouler.

Ant. Be a child o' the time.

Cæs. Possess it, I'll make answer:
But I had rather fast from all four days
Than drink so much in one.

Eno. Ha, my brave emperor! [*To Antony.*
Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals,
And celebrate our drink?

Pom. Let's ha't, good soldier. 111

Ant. Come, let's all take hands,
Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our
sense

In soft and delicate Lethe.

Eno. All take hands.
Make battery to our ears with the loud music:
The while I'll place you: then the boy shall sing;
The holding* every man shall bear as loud *Chorus.
As his strong sides can volley.

[*Music plays. Enobarbus places them hand
in hand.*

THE SONG.

Come, thou monarch of the vine, 120
Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne!* * Eyes
In thy fats our cares be drown'd,
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd:
Cup us, till the world go round,
Cup us, till the world go round!

Cæs. What would you more? Pompey, good night. Good brother,
 Let me request you off: our graver business
 Frowns at this levity. Gentle lords, let's part;
 You see we have burnt our cheeks: strong Enobarb
 Is weaker than the wine; and mine own tongue
 Splits what it speaks: the wild disguise hath
 almost
 Antick'd us all. What needs more words? Good night. 131

Good Antony, your hand.

Pom. I'll try you on the shore.

Ant. And shall, sir: give's your hand.

Pom. O Antony,
 You have my father's house,—But, what? we are friends.

Come, down into the boat.

Eno. Take heed you fall not.

[*Exeunt all but Enobarbus and Menas.*]

Menas, I'll not on shore.

Men. No, to my cabin.

These drums! these trumpets, flutes! what!

Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell

To these great fellows: sound and be hang'd,
 sound out! [*Sound a flourish, with drums.*]

Eno. Ho! says a'. There's my cap. 141

Men. Ho! Noble captain, come. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A plain in Syria.*

Enter VENTIDIUS as it were in triumph, with SILIUS, and other Romans, Officers, and Soldiers; the dead body of PACORUS borne before him.

Ven. Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck;
 and now

Pleased fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death
 Make me revenger. Bear the king's son's body
 Before our army. Thy Pacorus, Orodes,

Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

Sil. Noble Ventidius,
Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,
The fugitive Parthians follow; spur through
Media,

Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither
The routed fly: so thy grand captain Antony
Shall set thee on triumphant chariots and 10
Put garlands on thy head.

Ven. O Silius, Silius,
I have done enough; a lower place, note well,
May make too great an act: for learn this, Silius;
Better to leave undone, than by our deed
Acquire too high a fame when him we serve's
away.

Cæsar and Antony have ever won
More in their officer than person: Sossius,
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown, 19
Which he achieved by the minute, lost his favour.
Who does i' the wars more than his captain can
Becomes his captain's captain: and ambition,
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss,
Than gain which darkens him.
I could do more to do Antonius good,
But 'twould offend him; and in his offence
Should my performance perish.

Sil. Thou hast, Ventidius, that
Without the which a soldier, and his sword,
Grants scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to
Antony?

Ven. I'll humbly signify what in his name, 30
That magical word of war, we have effected;
How, with his banners and his well-paid ranks,
The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia
We have jaded* out o' the field.

Sil. Where is he now? *Whipped.

Ven. He purposeth to Athens: whither, with
what haste
The weight we must convey with 's will permit,
We shall appear before him. On, there; pass
along! [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *Rome. An ante-chamber in Cæsar's house.*

Enter AGRIPPA at one door, ENOBARBUS at another.

Agr. What, are the brothers parted?

Eno. They have dispatch'd with Pompey, he is gone;

The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps
To part from Rome; Cæsar is sad; and Lepidus,
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled
With the green sickness.

Agr. 'Tis a noble Lepidus.

Eno. A very fine one: O, how he loves
Cæsar!

Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark
Antony!

Eno. Cæsar? Why, he's the Jupiter of men.

Agr. What's Antony? The god of Jupiter. *no*
Eno. Spake you of Cæsar? How! the non-
pareil!

Agr. O Antony! O thou Arabian bird!

Eno. Would you praise Cæsar, say 'Cæsar.'
go no further.

Agr. Indeed, he plied them both with excel-
lent praises.

Eno. But he loves Cæsar best; yet he loves
Antony:

Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets,
cannot

Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho!

His love to Antony. But as for Cæsar,

Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

Agr. Both he loves.

Eno. They are his shards,* and he their beetle.

[*Trumpets within.*] So; *Wing-cases. 20
This is to horse. Adieu, noble Agrippa.

Agr. Good fortune, worthy soldier; and fare-
well.

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, and OCTAVIA.

Ant. No further, sir.

Cæs. You take from me a great part of myself;

Use me well in 't. Sister, prove such a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and as my farthest
band

Shall pass on thy approof. Most noble Antony,
Let not the piece of virtue, which is set
Betwixt us as the cement of our love,
To keep it builded, be the ram to batter 30
The fortress of it; for better might we
Have loved without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cherish'd.

Ant. Make me not offended
In your distrust.

Cæs. I have said.

Ant. You shall not find,
Though you be therein curious, the least cause
For what you seem to fear: so, the gods keep you,
And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends!
We will here part.

Cæs. Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee
well:

The elements be kind to thee, and make 40
Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well.

Oct. My noble brother!

Ant. The April's in her eyes: it is love's
spring,
And these the showers to bring it on. Be cheerful.

Oct. Sir, look well to my husband's house;
and—

Cæs. What,
Octavia?

Oct. I'll tell you in your ear.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor
can
Her heart inform her tongue,—the swan's down-
feather,

That stands upon the swell at full of tide,
And neither way inclines. 50

Eno. [*Aside to Agr.*] Will Cæsar weep?

Agr. [*Aside to Eno.*] He has a cloud in 's face.

Eno. [*Aside to Agr.*] He were the worse for that,
were he a horse;
So is he, being a man.

Agr. [*Aside to Eno.*] Why, Enobarbus,

When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,
He cried almost to roaring; and he wept
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

Eno. [*Aside to Agr.*] That year, indeed, he was
troubled with a rheum;
What willingly he did confound* he wail'd,
Believe 't, till I wept too. *Destroy.

Cæs. No, sweet Octavia,
You shall hear from me still; the time shall not
Out-go my thinking on you.

Ant. Come, sir, come; 61
I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love:
Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,
And give you to the gods.

Cæs. Adieu; be happy!

Lep. Let all the number of the stars give light
To thy fair way!

Cæs. Farewell, farewell! [*Kisses Octavia.*]

Ant. Farewell!

[*Trumpets sound. Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Alexandria. Cleopatra's
palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and
ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is the fellow?

Alex. Half afeard to come.

Cleo. Go to, go to.

Enter the Messenger as before.

Come hither, sir.

Alex. Good majesty,
Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you
But when you are well pleased.

Cleo. That Herod's head
I'll have: but how, when Antony is gone
Through whom I might command it? Come thou
near.

Mess. Most gracious majesty,—

Cleo. Didst thou behold Octavia?

Mess. Ay, dread queen.

Cleo. Where?

Mess. Madam, in Rome;
I look'd her in the face, and saw her led
Between her brother and Mark Antony.

Cleo. Is she as tall as me?

Mess. She is not, madam.

Cleo. Didst hear her speak? is she shrill-
tongued or low?

Mess. Madam, I heard her speak; she is low-
voiced.

Cleo. That's not so good: he cannot like her
long.

Char. Like her! O Isis! 'tis impossible.

Cleo. I think so, Charmian: dull of tongue,
and dwarfish!
What majesty is in her gait? Remember, 20
If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.

Mess. She creeps:
Her motion and her station* are as one;
She shows a body rather than a life, *Act of standing.
A statue than a breather.

Cleo. Is this certain?

Mess. Or I have no observance.

Char. Three in Egypt
Cannot make better note.

Cleo. He's very knowing;
I do perceive 't: there's nothing in her yet:
The fellow has good judgement.

Char. Excellent.

Cleo. Guess at her years, I prithee.

Mess. Madam,
She was a widow,—

Cleo. Widow! Charmian, hark. 30

Mess. And I do think she's thirty.

Cleo. Bear'st thou her face in mind? is't long
or round?

Mess. Round even to faultiness.

Cleo. For the most part, too, they are foolish
that are so.

Her hair, what colour?

Mess. Brown, madam: and her forehead
As low as she would wish it.

Cleo. There's gold for thee.
Thou must not take my former sharpness ill:

I will employ thee back again; I find thee
Most fit for business: go make thee ready; 40
Our letters are prepared. [*Exit Messenger.*

Char. A proper man.

Cleo. Indeed, he is so: I repent me much
That so I harried* him. Why, methinks, by him,
This creature's no such thing. *Harassed.

Char. Nothing, madam.

Cleo. The man hath seen some majesty, and
should know.

Char. Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend,
And serving you so long!

Cleo. I have one thing more to ask him yet,
good Charmian:

But 'tis no matter; thou shalt bring him to me
Where I will write. All may be well enough. 50

Char. I warrant you, madam. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Athens. A room in Antony's house.*

Enter ANTONY and OCTAVIA.

Ant. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,—
That were excusable, that, and thousands more
Of semblable import,—but he hath waged
New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will, and
read it

To public ear:

Spoke scantily of me: when perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly
He vented them; most narrow measure lent me:
When the best hint was given him, he not took't,
Or did it from his teeth.

Oct. O my good lord, 10

Believe not all; or, if you must believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
Praying for both parts:

The good gods will mock me presently,
When I shall pray, 'O, bless my lord and hus-
band!'

Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
'O, bless my brother!' Husband win, win brother,
Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway

'Twixt these extremes at all.

Ant. Gentle Octavia, 20
Let your best love draw to that point, which
seeks

Best to preserve it: if I lose mine honour,
I lose myself: better I were not yours
Than yours so branchless. But, as you re-
quested,

Yourself shall go between 's: the mean time, lady,
I'll raise the preparation of a war
Shall stain your brother: make your soonest
haste;

So your desires are yours.

Oct. Thanks to my lord.
The Jove of power make me most weak, most
weak,

Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would be
As if the world should cleave, and that slain
men 31

Should solder up the rift.

Ant. When it appears to you where this begins,
Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults
Can never be so equal, that your love
Can equally move with them. Provide your
going;

Choose your own company, and command what
cost

Your heart has mind to. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The same. Another room.*

Enter ENOBARBUS and EROS, meeting.

Eno. How now, friend Eros!

Eros. There's strange news come, sir.

Eno. What, man?

Eros. Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars upon
Pompey.

Eno. This is old: what is the success?

Eros. Cæsar, having made use of him in the
wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him rival-
ity;* would not let him partake in the glory of the
action: and not resting here, accuses him of letters
he had formerly wrote to Pompey; upon his own

appeal,† seizes him: so the poor third is up, till death enlarge his confine. *Equal rank. †Accusation.

Eno. Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no more;
And throw between them all the food thou hast,
They'll grind the one the other. Where's Antony?

Eros. He's walking in the garden—thus; and spurns
The rush that lies before him; cries, 'Fool Lepidus!'

And threatens the throat of that his officer
That murder'd Pompey.

Eno. Our great navy's rigg'd. 20

Eros. For Italy and Cæsar. More, Domitius;
My lord desires you presently: my news
I might have told hereafter.

Eno. 'Twill be naught:
But let it be. Bring me to Antony.

Eros. Come, sir. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI. *Rome. Cæsar's house.*

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, and MECÆNAS.

Cæs. Contemning Rome, he has done all this,
and more,
In Alexandria: here's the manner of't:
I' the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd,
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publicly enthroned: at the feet sat
Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son,
And all the unlawful issue that their lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the stablishment of Egypt; made her
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia, 10
Absolute queen.

Mec. This in the public eye?

Cæs. I' the common show-place, where they
exercise.
His sons he there proclaim'd the kings of kings:
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,
He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assign'd
Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia: she
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis

That day appear'd; and oft before gave audience,
As 'tis reported, so.

Mec. Let Rome be thus
Inform'd.

Agr. Who, queasy* with his insolence *Sick, 20
Already, will their good thoughts call from him.

Cæs. The people know it; and have now re-
ceived
His accusations.

Agr. Who does he accuse?

Cæs. Cæsar: and that, having in Sicily
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated* him
His part o' the isle: then does he say, he lent me
Some shipping unrestored: lastly, he frets *Assigned.
That Lepidus of the triumvirate
Should be deposed; and, being, † that we detain
All his revenue. †Inasmuch as.

Agr. Sir, this should be answer'd. 30

Cæs. 'Tis done already, and the messenger
gone.

I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel;
That he his high authority abused,
And did deserve his change: for what I have
conquer'd,

I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
Demand the like.

Mec. He'll never yield to that.

Cæs. Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

Enter OCTAVIA with her train.

Oct. Hail, Cæsar, and my lord! hail, most
dear Cæsar! 39

Cæs. That ever I should call thee castaway!

Oct. You have not call'd me so, nor have you
cause.

Cæs. Why have you stol'n upon us thus? You
come not

Like Cæsar's sister: the wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach
Long ere she did appear; the trees by the way
Should have borne men; and expectation fainted,

Longing for what it had not; nay, the dust
 Should have ascended to the roof of heaven, 49
 Raised by your populous troops: but you are come
 A market-maid to Rome; and have prevented
 The ostentation of our love, which, left unshown,
 Is often left unloved: we should have met you
 By sea and land; supplying every stage
 With an augmented greeting.

Off. Good my lord,
 To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did
 On my free will. My lord, Mark Antony,
 Hearing that you prepared for war, acquainted
 My grieved ear withal; whereon, I begg'd
 His pardon for return.

Cæs. Which soon he granted, 60
 Being an obstruct 'tween his lust and him.

Off. Do not say so, my lord.

Cæs. I have eyes upon him,
 And his affairs come to me on the wind.
 Where is he now?

Off. My lord, in Athens.

Cæs. No, my most wronged sister; Cleopatra
 Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his
 empire

Up to a whore; who now are levying
 The kings o' the earth for war: he hath assembled
 Bocchus, the king of Libya; Archelaus,
 Of Cappadocia; Philadelphos, king 70
 Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian king, Adallas;
 King Malchus of Arabia; King of Pont;
 Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, king
 Of Comagene; Polemon and Amyntas,
 The kings of Mede and Lycaonia,
 With a more larger list of sceptres.

Off. Ay me, most wretched,
 That have my heart parted betwixt two friends
 That do afflict each other!

Cæs. Welcome hither:
 Your letters did withhold our breaking forth; 79
 Till we perceived, both how you were wrong led,
 And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart:
 Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
 O'er your content these strong necessities;

But let determined things to destiny
 Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome;
 Nothing more dear to me. You are abused
 Beyond the mark of thought: and the high gods,
 To do you justice, make them ministers
 Of us and those that love you. Best of comfort;
 And ever welcome to us. 90

Agr. Welcome, lady.

Mec. Welcome, dear madam.

Each heart in Rome does love and pity you:
 Only the adulterous Antony, most large
 In his abominations, turns you off;
 And gives his potent regiment* to a trull,
 That noises it against us. *Government.

Off. Is it so, sir?

Cæs. Most certain. Sister, welcome: pray you,
 Be ever known to patience: my dear'st sister!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *Near Actium. Antony's camp.*

Enter CLEOPATRA and ENOBARBUS.

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

Eno. But why, why, why?

Cleo. Thou hast forspoke* my being in these
 wars, *Spoken against.

And say'st it is not fit.

Eno. Well, is it, is it?

Cleo. If not denounced against us, why should
 not we

Be there in person?

Eno. [*Aside*] Well, I could reply:

If we should serve with horse and mares together,
 The horse were merely lost; the mares would bear
 A soldier and his horse.

Cleo. What is 't you say? 10

Eno. Your presence needs must puzzle Antony;
 Take from his heart, take from his brain, from's
 time,

What should not then be spared. He is already
 Traduced for levity; and 'tis said in Rome
 That Photinus an eunuch and your maids
 Manage this war.

Cleo. Sink Rome, and their tongues rot
That speak against us! A charge we bear i' the
war,

And, as the president of my kingdom, will
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it;
I will not stay behind.

Eno. Nay, I have done. 20
Here comes the emperor.

Enter ANTONY and CANIDIUS.

Ant. Is it not strange, Canidius,
That from Tarentum and Brundusium
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,
And take in* Toryne? You have heard on 't,
sweet? *Conquer.

Cleo. Celerity is never more admired
Than by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well become the best of men,
To taunt at slackness. Canidius, we
Will fight with him by sea.

Cleo. By sea! what else?

Can. Why will my lord do so?

Ant. For that he dares us to 't. 30

Eno. So hath my lord dared him to single fight.

Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey: but these
offers,

Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off;
And so should you.

Eno. Your ships are not well mann'd;
Your mariners are muleters, reapers, people
Ingross'd by swift impress; in Cæsar's fleet
Are those that often have 'gainst Pompey fought:
Their ships are yare;* yours, heavy: no disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea, *Ready. 40
Being prepared for land.

Ant. By sea, by sea.

Eno. Most worthy sir, you therein throw away
The absolute soldiership you have by land;
Distract your army, which doth most consist
Of war-mark'd footmen; leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge; quite forego

The way which promises assurance; and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,
From firm security.

Ant. I'll fight at sea.

Cleo. I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better. 50

Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn;
And, with the rest full-mann'd, from the head of
Actium

Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail,
We then can do 't at land.

Enter a Messenger.

Thy business?

Mess. The news is true, my lord; he is des-
cried;

Cæsar has taken Tornyne.

Ant. Can he be there in person? 'tis impos-
sible;

Strange that his power should be. Canidius,
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
And our twelve thousand horse. We'll to our ship:
Away, my Thetis!

Enter a Soldier.

How now, worthy soldier! 61

Sold. O noble emperor, do not fight by sea;
Trust not to rotten planks: do you misdoubt
This sword and these my wounds? Let the
Egyptians

And the Phœnicians go a-ducking: we
Have used to conquer, standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well: away!

[*Exeunt Antony, Cleopatra, and Enobarbus.*

Sold. By Hercules, I think I am i' the right.

Can. Soldier, thou art: but his whole action
grows

Not in the power on 't: so our leader's led, 70
And we are women's men.

Sold. You keep by land
The legions and the horse whole, do you not?

Can. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeius,
Publicola, and Cælius, are for sea:

But we keep whole by land. This speed of
Cæsar's

Carries* beyond belief.

Sold. While he was yet in Rome,
His power* went out in such distractions† as
Beguiled all spies.

Can. Who's his lieutenant, hear you?

Sold. They say, one Taurus.

Can. Well I know the man.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The emperor calls Canidius. 80

Can. With news the time's with labour, and
throes* forth,
Each minute, some. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. *A plain near Actium.*

*Enter CÆSAR, and TAURUS, with his army,
marching.*

Cæs. Taurus!

Taur. My lord?

Cæs. Strike not by land; keep whole: provoke
not battle,
Till we have done at sea. Do not exceed
The prescript of this scroll: our fortune lies
Upon this jump.* *[Exeunt.*

SCENE IX. *Another part of the plain.*

Enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Set we our squadron on yond side o'
the hill,
In eye of Cæsar's battle; from which place
We may the number of the ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE X. *Another part of the plain.*

CANIDIUS *marcheth with his land army one way over the stage; and TAURUS, the lieutenant of CÆSAR, the other way. After their going in, is heard the noise of a sea-fight.*

Alarum. Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold no longer:
The Antoniad, the Egyptian admiral,
With all their sixty, fly and turn the rudder:
To see 't mine eyes are blasted.

Enter SCARUS.

Scar. Gods and goddesses,
All the whole synod of them!

Eno. What's thy passion?

Scar. The greater cantle* of the world is lost
With very ignorance; we have kiss'd away *Corner.
Kingdoms and provinces.

Eno. How appears the fight?

Scar. On our side like the token'd* pestilence,
Where death is sure. Yon ribaudred nag of
Egypt,— *Spotted. 10

Whom leprosy o'ertake!—i' the midst o' the fight,
When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,
The breese† upon her, like a cow in June, †Gad-fly.
Hoists sails and flies.

Eno. That I beheld:
Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not
Endure a further view.

Scar. She once being loof'd,*
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
Claps on his sea-wing, and, like a doting mallard,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her: 21
I never saw an action of such shame;
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
Did violate so itself. *Brought close to the wind.

Eno. Alack, alack!

Enter CANIDIUS.

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,

And sinks most lamentably. Had our general
 Been what he knew himself, it had gone well:
 O, he has given example for our flight,
 Most grossly, by his own!

Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts?
 Why, then, good night indeed. 30

Can. Toward Peloponnesus are they fled.

Scar. 'Tis easy to't; and there I will attend
 What further comes.

Can. To Cæsar will I render
 My legions and my horse: six kings already
 Show me the way of yielding.

Eno. I'll yet follow
 The wounded chance of Antony, though my
 reason
 Sits in the wind against me. [Exeunt.

SCENE XI. *Alexandria. Cleopatra's
 palace.*

Enter ANTONY with Attendants.

Ant. Hark! the land bids me tread no more
 upon't;
 It is ashamed to bear me! Friends, come hither:
 I am so lated* in the world, that I *Belated.
 Have lost my way for ever: I have a ship
 Laden with gold; take that, divide it; fly,
 And make your peace with Cæsar.

All. Fly! not we.

Ant. I have fled myself; and have instructed
 cowards
 To run and show their shoulders. Friends, be
 gone;
 I have myself resolved upon a course
 Which has no need of you; be gone: 10
 My treasure's in the harbour, take it. O,
 I follow'd that I blush to look upon:
 My very hairs do mutiny; for the white
 Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
 For fear and doting. Friends, be gone: you
 shall

Have letters from me to some friends that will
 Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,

Nor make replies of loathness: take the hint
Which my despair proclaims; let that be left
Which leaves itself: to the sea-side straightway:
I will possess you of that ship and treasure. 21
Leave me, I pray, a little: pray you now:
Nay, do so; for, indeed, I have lost command,
Therefore I pray you: I'll see you by and by.
[Sits down.

*Enter CLEOPATRA led by CHARMIAN and IRAS;
EROS following.*

Eros. Nay, gentle madam, to him, comfort
him.

Iras. Do, most dear queen.

Char. Do! why: what else?

Cleo. Let me sit down. O Juno!

Ant. No, no, no, no, no.

Eros. See you here, sir? 30

Ant. O fie, fie, fie!

Char. Madam!

Iras. Madam, O good empress!

Eros. Sir, sir,—

Ant. Yes, my lord, yes; he at Philippi kept
His sword e'en like a dancer; while I struck
The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and 'twas I
That the mad Brutus ended: he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry, and no practice had
In the brave squares of war: yet now—No matter.

Cleo. Ah, stand by. 41

Eros. The queen, my lord, the queen.

Iras. Go to him, madam, speak to him:
He is unqualitied with very shame.

Cleo. Well then, sustain me: O!

Eros. Most noble sir, arise; the queen ap-
proaches:
Her head's declined, and death will seize her, but*
Your comfort makes the rescue. *Unless.

Ant. I have offended reputation,
A most unnoble swerving.

Eros. Sir, the queen. 50

Ant. O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt?
See,
How I convey my shame out of thine eyes

By looking back what I have left behind
'Stroy'd in dishonour.

Cleo. O my lord, my lord,
Forgive my fearful sails! I little thought
You would have follow'd.

Ant. Egypt, thou knew'st too well
My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,
And thou shouldst tow me after: o'er my spirit
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st, and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods 60
Command me.

Cleo. O, my pardon!

Ant. Now I must
To the young man send humble treaties;* dodge
And palter in the shifts of lowness; who *Entreaties.
With half the bulk o' the world play'd as I
pleased,
Making and marring fortunes. You did know
How much you were my conqueror; and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.

Cleo. Pardon, pardon!

Ant. Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates*
All that is won and lost: give me a kiss; *Values.
Even this repays me. We sent our schoolmaster;
Is he come back? Love, I am full of lead. 72
Some wine, within there, and our viands! For-
tune knows

We scorn her most when most she offers blows.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XII. *Egypt. Cæsar's camp.*

*Enter CÆSAR, DOLABELLA, THYREUS, with
others.*

Cæs. Let him appear that's come from Antony.
Know you him?

Dol. Cæsar, 'tis his schoolmaster:
An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,
Which had superfluous kings for messengers
Not many moons gone by.

Enter EUPHRONIUS, ambassador from Antony.

Cæs. Approach, and speak.

Euph. Such as I am, I come from Antony:
I was of late as petty to his ends
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle-leaf
To his grand sea.

Cæs. Be't so: declare thine office. 10

Euph. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee,
and
Requires to live in Egypt: which not granted,
He lessens his requests; and to thee sues
To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,
A private man in Athens: this for him.
Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness;
Submits her to thy might; and of thee craves
The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.

Cæs. For Antony,
I have no ears to his request. The queen 20
Of audience nor desire shall fail, so she
From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend,
Or take his life there: this if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

Euph. Fortune pursue thee!

Cæs. Bring him through the bands.
[*Exit Euphronius.*

[*To Thyreus*] To try thy eloquence, now 'tis
time: dispatch;

From Antony win Cleopatra: promise,
And in our name, what she requires; add more,
From thine invention, offers: women are not
In their best fortunes strong; but want will
perjure 30
The ne'er-touch'd vestal: try thy cunning, Thy-
reus;

Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will answer as a law.

Thyr. Cæsar, I go.

Cæs. Observe how Antony becomes his flaw,*
And what thou think'st his very action speaks
In every power that moves. *Conforms to breach of fortune.

Thyr. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XIII. *Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.**Enter* CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN,
and IRAS.*Cleo.* What shall we do, Enobarbus?*Eno.* Think, and die.*Cleo.* Is Antony or we in fault for this?*Eno.* Antony only, that would make his will
Lord of his reason. What though you fled
From that great face of war, whose several
rangesFrighted each other? why should he follow?
The itch of his affection should not then
Have nick'd* his captainship; at such a point,
When half to half the world opposed, he being
The †meered question: 'twas a shame no less 10
Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,
And leave his navy gazing.

*Branded with folly.

Cleo. Prithee, peace.*Enter* ANTONY with EUPHRONIUS, the
Ambassador.*Ant.* Is that his answer?*Euph.* Ay, my lord.*Ant.* The queen shall then have courtesy, so
she
Will yield us up.*Euph.* He says so.*Ant.* Let her know't.
To the boy Cæsar send this grizzled head,
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
With principalities.*Cleo.* That head, my lord? 19*Ant.* To him again: tell him he wears the rose
Of youth upon him; from which the world should
noteSomething particular: his coin, ships, legions,
May be a coward's; whose ministers would prevail
Under the service of a child as soon
As i' the command of Cæsar: I dare him therefore
To lay his gay comparisons apart,

And answer me declined, sword against sword,
Ourselves alone. I'll write it: follow me.

[*Exeunt Antony and Euphronius.*]

Eno. [*Aside*] Yes, like enough, high-battled
Cæsar will 29

Unstate his happiness, and be staged to the show,
Against a sworder! I see men's judgements are
A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,
Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will
Answer his emptiness! Cæsar, thou hast sub-
dued
His judgement too.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. A messenger from Cæsar.

Cleo. What, no more ceremony? See, my
women!

Against the blown rose may they stop their nose
That kneel'd unto the buds. Admit him, sir. 40

[*Exit Attendant.*]

Eno. [*Aside*] Mine honesty and I begin to
square.* *Quarrel.

The loyalty well held to fools does make
Our faith mere folly: yet he that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fall'n lord
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i' the story.

Enter THYREUS.

Cleo. Cæsar's will?

Thyr. Hear it apart.

Cleo. None but friends: say boldly.

Thyr. So, haply, are they friends to Antony.

Eno. He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has;
Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master 50
Will leap to be his friend: for us, you know
Whose he is we are, and that is, Cæsar's.

Thyr. So.

Thus then, thou most renown'd: Cæsar entreats,
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,
Further than he is Cæsar.

Cleo. Go on: right royal.

Thyr. He knows that you embrace not Antony
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

Cleo. O!

Thyr. The scars upon your honour, therefore, he
Does pity, as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserved.

Cleo. He is a god, and knows 60
What is most right: mine honour was not yielded,
But conquer'd merely.

Eno. [*Aside*] To be sure of that,
I will ask Antony. Sir, sir, thou art so leaky,
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee. [*Exit.*

Thyr. Shall I say to Cæsar
What you require of him? for he partly begs
To be desired to give. It much would please him,
That of his fortunes you should make a staff
To lean upon: but it would warm his spirits,
To hear from me you had left Antony, 70
†And put yourself under his shroud,
The universal landlord.

Cleo. What's your name?

Thyr. My name is Thyreus.

Cleo. Most kind messenger,
Say to great Cæsar this: in deputation
I kiss his conquering hand: tell him, I am prompt
To lay my crown at 's feet, and there to kneel:
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear
The doom of Egypt.

Thyr. 'Tis your noblest course.
Wisdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can, 80
No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay
My duty on your hand.

Cleo. Your Cæsar's father oft,
When he hath mused of taking kingdoms in,
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kisses.

Re-enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Favours, by Jove that thunders!
What art thou, fellow?

Thyr. One that but performs
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest
To have command obey'd.

Eno. [*Aside*] You will be whipp'd.

Ant. Approach, there! Ah, you kite! Now,
gods and devils! 89
Authority melts from me: of late, when I cried 'Ho!'
Like boys unto a muss,* kings would start forth,
And cry 'Your will?' Have you no ears? I am
Antony yet. *Scramble.

Enter Attendants.

Take hence this Jack,† and whip him.

Eno. [*Aside*] 'Tis better playing with a lion's
whelp †Mean fellow.
Than with an old one dying.

Ant. Moon and stars!
Whip him. Were't twenty of the greatest tribu-
taries
That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them
So saucy with the hand of she here,—what's her
name,

Since she was Cleopatra? Whip him, fellows,
Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face, 100
And whine aloud for mercy: take him hence.

Thyr. Mark Antony!

Ant. Tug him away: being whipp'd,
Bring him again: this Jack of Cæsar's shall
Bear us an errand to him.

[*Exeunt Attendants with Thyreus.*
You were half blasted ere I knew you: ha!
Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,
And by a gem of women, to be abused
By one that looks on feeders?*

Cleo. Good my lord,— *Servants.

Ant. You have been a boggler ever: 110
But when we in our viciousness grow hard—
O misery on't!—the wise gods seel* our eyes:
In our own filth drop our clear judgements;
make us

*Close.
Adore our errors; laugh at 's, while we strut
To our confusion.

Cleo. O, is't come to this?

Ant. I found you as a morsel cold upon
Dead Cæsar's trencher; nay, you were a fragment
Of Cneius Pompey's; besides what hotter hours,
Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously* pick'd out: for, I am sure, 120
Though you can guess what temperance should be,
You know not what it is.

*Wantonly.

Cleo. Wherefore is this?

Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards
And say 'God quit you!' be familiar with
My playfellow, your hand; this kingly seal
And plighter of high hearts! O, that I were
Upon the hill of Basan, to outroar
The horned herd! for I have savage cause;
And to proclaim it civilly, were like
A halter'd neck which does the hangman thank
For being yare* about him. *Ready.

Re-enter Attendants with THYREUS.

Is he whipp'd? 131

First Att. Soundly, my lord.

Ant. Cried he? and begg'd a' pardon?

First Att. He did ask favour.

Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent
Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou
sorry
To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since
Thou hast been whipp'd for following him: hence-
forth

The white hand of a lady fever thee,
Shake thou to look on 't. Get thee back to Cæsar,
Tell him thy entertainment: look, thou say 140
He makes me angry with him; for he seems
Proud and disdainful, harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was: he makes me angry;
And at this time most easy 'tis to do 't,
When my good stars, that were my former guides,
Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires
Into the abysm of hell. If he mislike
My speech and what is done, tell him he has
Hipparchus, my enfranchised bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture.

As he shall like, to quit* me: urge it thou: 151
Hence with thy stripes, begone! [*Exit Thyreus.*

Cleo. Have you done yet? *Requite.

Ant. Alack, our terrene* moon
Is now eclipsed; and it portends alone *Earthly.
The fall of Antony!

Cleo. I must stay his time.

Ant. To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points?

Cleo. Not know me yet?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?

Cleo. Ah, dear, if I be so,
From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,
And poison it in the source; and the first stone
Drop in my neck: as it determines,* so *Dissolves.
Dissolve my life! The next Cæsarion smite! 162
Till by degrees the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave Egyptians all,
By the discandying of this pelleted storm,
Lie graveless, till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have buried them for prey!

Ant. I am satisfied.

Cæsar sits down in Alexandria; where
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held; our sever'd navy too 170
Have knit again, and fleet,* threatening most sea-
like. *Float.

Where hast thou been, my heart? Dost thou
hear, lady?

If from the field I shall return once more
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;
I and my sword will earn our chronicle:
There's hope in 't yet.

Cleo. That's my brave lord!

Ant. I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breathed,
And fight maliciously: for when mine hours
Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives 180
Of me for jests; but now I'll set my teeth,
And send to darkness all that stop me. Come,
Let's have one other gaudy* night: call to me
All my sad captains; fill our bowls once more;
Let's mock the midnight bell. *Festive.

Cleo. It is my birth-day:

I had thought to have held it poor; but, since my
lord

Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

Ant. We will yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

Ant. Do so, we'll speak to them; and to-night
I'll force 190

The wine peep through their scars. Come on, my
queen;

There's sap in 't yet. The next time I do fight,

I'll make death love me; for I will contend

Even with his pestilent scythe.

[*Exeunt all but Enobarbus.*]

Eno. Now he'll outstare the lightning. To be
furious,

Is to be frightened out of fear; and in that mood

The dove will peck the estridge;* and I see still,

A diminution in our captain's brain *Ostrich.

Restores his heart: when valour preys on reason,

It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek 200

Some way to leave him. [*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Before Alexandria. Cæsar's camp.*

*Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, and MECÆNAS, with his
Army; CÆSAR reading a letter.*

Cæs. He calls me boy; and chides, as he had
power

To beat me out of Egypt; my messenger

He hath whipp'd with rods; dares me to personal
combat,

Cæsar to Antony: let the old ruffian know

I have many other ways to die; meantime

Laugh at his challenge.

Mec.

Cæsar must think,

When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted

Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now

Make boot of his distraction: never anger

Made good guard for itself.

Cæs.

Let our best heads 10

Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles
 We mean to fight: within our files there are,
 Of those that served Mark Antony but late,
 Enough to fetch him in. See it done:
 And feast the army; we have store to do 't,
 And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony!
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.*

Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHAR-
 MIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, *with others.*

Ant. He will not fight with me, Domitius.

Eno. No.

Ant. Why should he not?

Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better
 fortune,

He is twenty men to one.

Ant. To-morrow, soldier,
 By sea and land I'll fight: or I will live,
 Or bathe my dying honour in the blood
 Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well?

Eno. I'll strike, and cry 'Take all.'

Ant. Well said; come on.
 Call forth my household servants: let's to-night
 Be bounteous at our meal.

Enter three or four Servitors.

Give me thy hand, 10

Thou hast been rightly honest;—so hast thou:—
 Thou,—and thou,—and thou:—you have served
 me well,
 And kings have been your fellows.

Cleo. [*Aside to Eno.*] What means this?

Eno. [*Aside to Cleo.*] 'Tis one of those odd
 tricks which sorrow shoots
 Out of the mind.

Ant. And thou art honest too.
 I wish I could be made so many men,
 And all of you clapp'd up together in
 An Antony, that I might do you service
 So good as you have done.

All. The gods forbid!

Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night: 20

Scant not my cups; and make as much of me
As when mine empire was your fellow too,
And suffer'd my command.

Cleo. [*Aside to Eno.*] What does he mean?

Eno. [*Aside to Cleo.*] To make his followers weep.

Ant. Tend me to-night;

May be it is the period of your duty:

Haply you shall not see me more; or if,

A mangled shadow: perchance to-morrow

You'll serve another master. I look on you

As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,

I turn you not away; but, like a master 30

Married to your good service, stay till death:

Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,

And the gods yield* you for 't! *Reward.

Eno. What mean you, sir,

To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep;

And I, an ass, am onion-eyed: for shame,

Transform us not to women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho!

Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus!

Grace grow where those drops fall! My hearty friends,

You take me in too dolorous a sense;

For I spake to you for your comfort; did desire you 40

To burn this night with torches: know my hearts,

I hope well of to-morrow; and will lead you

Where rather I'll expect victorious life

Than death and honour. Let's to supper, come,

And drown consideration. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. Before the palace.*

Enter two Soldiers to their guard.

First Sold. Brother, good night: to-morrow is the day.

Sec. Sold. It will determine one way: fare you well.

Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?

First Sold. Nothing. What news?

Sec. Sold. Belike 'tis but a rumour. Good night to you.

First Sold. Well, sir, good night.

Enter two other Soldiers.

Sec. Sold. Soldiers, have careful watch.

Third Sold. And you. Good night, good night.
[*They place themselves in every corner of the stage.*]

Fourth Sold. Here we: and if to-morrow
Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope 10
Our landmen will stand up.

Third Sold. 'Tis a brave army,
And full of purpose.

[*Music of the hautboys as under the stage.*]

Fourth Sold. Peace! what noise?

First Sold. List, list!

Sec. Sold. Hark!

First Sold. Music i' the air.

Third Sold. Under the earth.

Fourth Sold. It signs* well, does it not? *Bodes.

Third Sold. No.

First Sold. Peace, I say!

What should this mean?

Sec. Sold. 'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony
loved,
Now leaves him.

First Sold. Walk; let's see if other watchmen
Do hear what we do.

[*They advance to another post.*]

Sec. Sold. How now, masters!

All. [Speaking together] How now!
How now! do you hear this?

First Sold. Ay; is't not strange? 20

Third Sold. Do you hear, masters? do you
hear?

First Sold. Follow the noise so far as we have
quarter;

Let's see how it will give off.

All. Content. 'Tis strange. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The same. A room in the palace.*

Enter ANTONY *and* CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, *and*
others attending.

Ant. Eros! mine armour, Eros!

Cleo. Sleep a little.

Ant. No, my chuck. Eros, come; mine armour,
Eros!

Enter EROS *with armour.*

Come, good fellow, put mine iron on:
If fortune be not ours to-day, it is
Because we brave her: come.

Cleo. Nay, I'll help too.

What's this for?

Ant. Ah, let be, let be! thou art
The armourer of my heart: false, false; this, this.

Cleo. Sooth, la, I'll help: thus it must be.

Ant. Well, well:

We shall thrive now. Seest thou, my good fellow?
Go put on thy defences.

Eros. Briefly, sir. 10

Cleo. Is not this buckled well?

Ant. Rarely, rarely:

He that unbuckles this, till we do please
To daff't for our repose, shall hear a storm.
Thou fumblest, Eros; and my queen's a squire
More tight* at this than thou: dispatch. O love,
That thou couldst see my wars to-day, and knew'st
The royal occupation! thou shouldst see *Nimble.
A workman in 't.

Enter an armed Soldier.

Good morrow to thee; welcome:
Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge:
To business that we love we rise betime, 20
And go to 't with delight.

Sold. A thousand, sir,
Early though 't be, have on their riveted trim,
And at the port expect you.

[*Shout. Trumpets flourish.*]

Enter Captains and Soldiers.

Capt. The morn is fair. Good morrow, general.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ETC.

After the Painting by H. Tresham.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ETC.

After the Painting by H. Tresham.



H. Tresham del.

Starling sc

ANTONY & CLEOPATRA

Antony, Cleopatra, &c.

Act IV. Scene IV.

All. Good morrow, general.

Ant. 'Tis well blown, lads:
This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.
So, so; come, give me that: this way; well said.
Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me:
'This is a soldier's kiss: rebukeable [*Kisses her.*
And worthy shameful check it were, to stand 31
On more mechanic compliment; I'll leave thee
Now, like a man of steel. You that will fight,
Follow me close; I'll bring you to 't. Adieu.

[*Exeunt Antony, Eros, Captains, and Soldiers.*

Char. Please you, retire to your chamber.

Cleo. Lead me.
He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar might
Determine this great war in single fight!
Then, Antony,—but now—Well, on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Alexandria. Antony's camp.*

Trumpets sound. Enter ANTONY and EROS; a Soldier meeting them.

Sold. The gods make this a happy day to
Antony!

Ant. Would thou and those thy scars had
once prevail'd
To make me fight at land!

Sold. Hadst thou done so,
The kings that have revolted, and the soldier
That has this morning left thee, would have still
Follow'd thy heels.

Ant. Who's gone this morning?

Sold. Who!
One ever near thee: call for Enobarbus,
He shall not hear thee; or from Cæsar's camp
Say 'I am none of thine.'

Ant. What say'st thou?

Sold. Sir,
He is with Cæsar.

Eros. Sir, his chests and treasure 10
He has not with him.

Ant. Is he gone?

Sold.

Most certain.

Ant. Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do it;
 Detain no jot, I charge thee: write to him—
 I will subscribe—gentle adieus and greetings;
 Say that I wish he never find more cause
 To change a master. O, my fortunes have
 Corrupted honest men! Dispatch.—Enobarbus!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Alexandria. Cæsar's camp.*

Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, with ENOBARBUS, and others.

Cæs. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight:
 Our will is Antony be took alive;
 Make it so known.

Agr. Cæsar, I shall.

[*Exit.*

Cæs. The time of universal peace is near:
 Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd
 world
 Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Antony
 Is come into the field.

Cæs. Go charge Agrippa
 Plant those that have revolted in the van,
 That Antony may seem to spend his fury 10
 Upon himself. [*Exeunt all but Enobarbus.*

Eno. Alexas did revolt; and went to Jewry on
 Affairs of Antony; there did persuade
 Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar,
 And leave his master Antony: for this pains
 Cæsar hath hang'd him. Canidius and the rest
 That fell away have entertainment, but
 No honourable trust. I have done ill;
 Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,
 That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of CÆSAR'S.

Sold. Enobarbus, Antony 20
 Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with
 His bounty overplus: the messenger

Came on my guard; and at thy tent is now
Unloading of his mules.

Eno. I give it you.

Sold. Mock not, Enobarbus.

I tell you true: best you safed* the bringer
Out of the host; I must attend mine office,
Or would have done 't myself. Your emperor
Continues still a Jove. **Made safe. [Exit.*

Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth, 30
And feel I am so most. O Antony,
Thou mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have paid
My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows* my
heart: **Swells.*

If swift thought† break it not, a swifter mean
Shall outstrike thought: but thought will do 't,
I feel. *†Anxiety.*

I fight against thee! No: I will go seek
Some ditch wherein to die; the foul'st best fits
My latter part of life. *[Exit.*

SCENE VII. *Field of battle between the camps.*

Alarum. Drums and trumpets. Enter AGRIPPA
and others.

Agr. Retire, we have engaged ourselves too
far:

Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression
Exceeds what we expected. *[Exeunt.*

Alarums. Enter ANTONY, and SCARUS
wounded.

Scar. O my brave emperor, this is fought in-
deed!

Had we done so at first, we had droven them home
With clouts about their heads.

Ant. Thou bleed'st apace.

Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H.

Ant. They do retire.

Scar. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes: I have
yet

Room for six scotches* more.

**Cuts.* 10

Enter EROS.

Eros. They are beaten, sir; and our advantage serves
For a fair victory.

Scar. Let us score their backs,
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind:
'Tis sport to maul a runner.

Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy spritely comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.

Scar. I'll halt after. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII. *Under the walls of Alexandria.*

Alarum. *Enter ANTONY, in a march; SACRUS, with others.*

Ant. We have beat him to his camp: run one
before,
And let the queen know of our gests. To-morrow,
Before the sun shall see 's, we'll spill the blood
That has to-day escaped. I thank you all;
For doughty-handed are you, and have fought
Not as you served the cause, but as 't had been
Each man's like mine; you have shown all
Hectors.

Enter the city, clip* your wives, your friends,
Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful
tears *Embrace.
Wash the congealment from your wounds, and
kiss 10
The honour'd gashes whole. [*To Scarus*] Give
me thy hand;

Enter CLEOPATRA, attended.

To this great fairy I'll commend thy acts,
Make her thanks bless thee. [*To Cleo.*] O thou
day o' the world,
Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and
all,
Through proof of harness to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing!

Cleo. Lord of lords!

O infinite virtue, comest thou smiling from
The world's great snare uncaught?

Ant. My nightingale,
We have beat them to their beds. What, girl!
though grey
Do something mingle with our younger brown,
yet ha' we 20

A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can
Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man;
Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand:
Kiss it, my warrior: he hath fought to-day
As if a god, in hate of mankind, had
Destroy'd in such a shape.

Cleo. I'll give thee, friend,
An armour all of gold; it was a king's.

Ant. He has deserved it, were it carbuncled
Like holy Phœbus' car. Give me thy hand:
Through Alexandria make a jolly march; 30
Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe
them:

Had our great palace the capacity
To camp this host, we all would sup together,
And drink carouses to the next day's fate,
Which promises royal peril. Trumpeters,
With brazen din blast you the city's ear;
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines;*
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds
together,
Applauding our approach. *Tambourines.
[*Exeunt.* 39

SCENE IX. *Cæsar's camp.*

Sentinels at their post.

First Sold. If we be not relieved within this
hour,
We must return to the court of guard: the night
Is shiny; and they say we shall embattle
By the second hour i' the morn.

Sec. Sold. This last day was
A shrewd one to 's.

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. O, bear me witness, night,—

Third Sold. What man is this?

Sec. Sold. Stand close, and list him.

Eno. Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon,
When men revolted shall upon record
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
Before thy face repent!

First Sold. Enobarbus!

Third Sold. Peace! 10
Hark further.

Eno. O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
The poisonous damp of night disponge* upon me,
That life, a very rebel to my will, *Squeeze out.
May hang no longer on me: throw my heart
Against the flint and hardness of my fault;
Which, being dried with grief, will break to
powder,

And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony,
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular; 20
But let the world rank me in register
A master-leaver and a fugitive:
O Antony! O Antony! [Dies.

Sec. Sold. Let's speak
To him.

First Sold. Let's hear him, for the things he
speaks
May concern Cæsar.

Third Sold. Let's do so. But he sleeps.

First Sold. Swoons rather; for so bad a prayer
as his
Was never yet for sleep.

Sec. Sold. Go we to him.

Third Sold. Awake, sir, awake; speak to us.

Sec. Sold. Hear you, sir?

Third Sold. The hand of death hath raught*
him. [Drums afar off.] Hark! the drums
Demurely† wake the sleepers. Let us bear him 31
To the court of guard; he is of note: our hour
Is fully out.

Third Sold. Come on, then;
He may recover yet. [Exeunt with the body.

*Reached. †Solemnly.

SCENE X. *Between the two camps.**Enter ANTONY and SCARUS, with their Army.**Ant.* Their preparation is to-day by sea;
We please them not by land.*Scar.* For both, my lord.*Ant.* I would they'd fight i' the fire or i' the
air;
We'd fight there too. But this it is; our foot
Upon the hills adjoining to the city
Shall stay with us: order for sea is given;
†They have put forth the haven. . .
Where their appointment we may best discover,
And look on their endeavour. [*Exeunt.* 9SCENE XI. *Another part of the same.**Enter CÆSAR, and his Army.**Cæs.* But being charged, we will be still by
land,
Which, as I take't, we shall; for his best force
Is forth to man his galleys. To the vales,
And hold our best advantage. [*Exeunt.*SCENE XII. *Another part of the same.**Enter ANTONY and SCARUS.**Ant.* Yet they are not join'd: where yond
pine does stand,
I shall discover all; I'll bring thee word
Straight, how 'tis like to go. [*Exit.**Scar.* Swallows have built
In Cleopatra's sails their nests: the augurers
Say they know not, they cannot tell; look grimly,
And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony
Is valiant, and dejected; and, by starts,
His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,
Of what he has, and has not.[*Alarum afar off, as at a sea-fight.**Re-enter ANTONY.**Ant.* All is lost;
This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me: 10

My fleet hath yielded to the foe; and yonder .
 They cast their caps up and carouse together
 Like friends long lost. Triple-turn'd whore! 'tis
 thou

Hast sold me to this novice; and my heart
 Makes only wars on thee. Bid them all fly;
 For when I am revenged upon my charm,
 I have done all. Bid them all fly; begone.

[*Exit Scarus.*]

O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more:
 Fortune and Antony part here; even here
 Do we shake hands. All come to this? The hearts
 That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave 21
 Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
 On blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is bark'd,
 That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am:
 O this false soul of Egypt! this grave charm,—
 Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them
 home;

Whose bosom was my crownet,* my chief end,—
 Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,
 Beguiled me to the very heart of loss. *Coronet.
 What, Eros, Eros!

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt! 30

Cleo. Why is my lord enraged against his love?

Ant. Vanish, or I shall give thee thy deserving,
 And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee,
 And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians:
 Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot
 Of all thy sex; most monster-like, be shown
 For poor'st diminutives, for doits; and let
 Patient Octavia plough thy visage up
 With her prepared nails.

[*Exit Cleopatra.*]

'Tis well thou'rt gone,

If it be well to live; but better 'twere 40
 Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death
 Might have prevented many. Eros, ho!
 The shirt of Nessus is upon me: teach me,
 Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage:
 Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon:

And with those hands, that grasp'd the heaviest
club,
Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die:
To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and
I fall
Under this plot; she dies for't. Eros, ho! [*Exit.*

SCENE XIII. *Alexandria. Cleopatra's
palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and
MARDIAN.

Cleo. Help me, my women! O, he is more mad
Than Telamon for his shield; the boar of Thessaly
Was never so emboss'd.*

*Covered with foam.

Char. To the monument!
There lock yourself, and send him word you are
dead.

The soul and body rive not more in parting
Than greatness going off.

Cleo. To the monument!
Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;
Say, that the last I spoke was 'Antony,'
And word it, prithee, piteously: hence, Mardian,
And bring me how he takes my death. To the
monument! [*Exeunt.* 10

SCENE XIV. *The same. Another room.*

Enter ANTONY and EROS.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'st me?

Eros. Ay, noble lord.

Ant. Sometime we see a cloud that's dragon-
ish;

A vapour sometime like a bear or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendent rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air: thou hast seen these
signs;

They are black vesper's pageants.

Eros. Ay, my lord.

Ant. That which is now a horse, even with a thought
The rack dislimns,* and makes it indistinct, 10
As water is in water.

*Disfigures.

Eros. It does, my lord.

Ant. My good knave Eros, now thy captain is
Even such a body: here I am Antony:
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
I made these wars for Egypt: and the queen,—
Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine;
Which whilst it was mine had annex'd unto't
A million more, now lost,—she, Eros, has
Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and false-play'd my
glory
Unto an enemy's triumph. 20
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us
Ourselves to end ourselves.

Enter MARDIAN.

O, thy vile lady!

She has robb'd me of my sword.

Mar. No, Antony;
My mistress loved thee, and her fortunes mingled
With thine entirely.

Ant. Hence, saucy eunuch; peace!
She hath betray'd me and shall die the death.

Mar. Death of one person can be paid but once,
And that she has discharged: what thou wouldst do
Is done unto thy hand: the last she spake
Was 'Antony! most noble Antony!' 30
Then in the midst a tearing groan did break
The name of Antony; it was divided
Between her heart and lips: she render'd life,
Thy name so buried in her.

Ant. Dead, then?

Mar. Dead.

Ant. Unarm, Eros; the long day's task is done,
And we must sleep. [*To Mar.*] That thou de-
part'st hence safe,
Does pay thy labour richly; go. [*Exit Mardian.*

Off, pluck off:

The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep
The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides!

Heart, once be stronger than thy continent,* 40
 Crack thy frail case! Apace, Eros, apace.
 No more a soldier: bruised pieces, go;
 You have been nobly borne. From me awhile.

*That which contains anything. [*Exit Eros.*]

I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
 Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now
 All length is torture: since the torch is out,
 Lie down, and stray no farther: now all labour
 Mars what it does; yea, very force entangles
 Itself with strength: seal then, and all is done.
 Eros!—I come, my queen:—Eros!—Stay for me:
 Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in
 hand, 51
 And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze:
 Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,
 And all the haunt be ours. Come, Eros, Eros!

Re-enter EROS.

Eros. What would my lord?

Ant. Since Cleopatra died,
 I have lived in such dishonour, that the gods
 Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
 Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's
 back
 With ships made cities, condemn myself to lack
 The courage of a woman; less noble mind 60
 Than she which by her death our Cæsar tells
 'I am conqueror of myself.' Thou art sworn, Eros,
 That, when the exigent should come, which now
 Is come indeed, when I should see behind me
 The inevitable prosecution of
 Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,
 Thou then wouldst kill me: do't; the time is
 come:

Thou strikest not me, 'tis Cæsar thou defeat'st.
 Put colour in thy cheek.

Eros. The gods withhold me!
 Shall I do that which all the Parthian darts, 70
 Though enemy, lost aim, and could not?

Ant. Eros,
 Wouldst thou be window'd in great Rome and see

Thy master thus with pleach'd* arms, bending
down

*Folded.

His corrigible† neck, his face subdued †Corrected.
To penetrative shame, whilst the wheel'd seat
Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded
His baseness that ensued?

Eros. I would not see 't.

Ant. Come, then; for with a wound I must be
cured.

Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast
worn

Most useful for thy country.

Eros. O, sir, pardon me! 80

Ant. When I did make thee free, swore'st thou
not then

To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once;

Or thy precedent services are all

But accidents unpurposed. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me, then, that noble count-
enance,

Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.

Ant. Lo thee! [Turning from him.

Eros. My sword is drawn.

Ant. Then let it do at once

The thing why thou hast drawn it.

Eros. My dear master,

My captain, and my emperor, let me say, 90
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

Ant. 'Tis said, man; and farewell.

Eros. Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike
now?

Ant. Now, Eros.

Eros. Why, there then: thus I do escape the
sorrow

Of Antony's death. [Kills himself.

Ant. Thrice-nobler than myself!

Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what

I should, and thou couldst not. My queen and
Eros,

Have by their brave instruction got upon me

A nobleness in record: but I will be

A bridegroom in my death, and run into 't 100

As to a lover's bed. Come, then; and, Eros,

Thy master dies thy scholar: to do thus

[*Falling on his sword.*

I learn'd of thee. How! not dead? not dead?

The guard, ho! O, dispatch me!

Enter DERCETAS *and* Guard.

First Guard.

What's the noise?

Ant. I have done my work ill, friends: O,
make an end

Of what I have begun.

Sec. Guard. The star is fall'n.

First Guard. And time is at his period.

All. Alas, and woe!

Ant. Let him that loves me strike me dead.

First Guard.

Not I.

Sec. Guard. Nor I.

100

Third Guard. Nor any one. [*Exeunt Guard.*

Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.

This sword but shown to Cæsar, with this tidings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Where's Antony?

Der. There, Diomed there.

Dio. Lives he?

Wilt thou not answer, man? [Exit Dercetas.]

Ant. Are thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword, and give me

Sufficing strokes for death.

Dio. Most absolute lord,

My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.

Ant. When did she send thee?

Dio. Now, my lord.

Ant. Where is she?

Dio. Lock'd in her monument. She had a
propheying fear

Of what hath come to pass: for when she saw—

Which never shall be found—you did suspect

She had disposed* with Cæsar, and that your rage
Would not be purged, she sent you word she was
dead;

But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent

Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,
I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late, good Diomed: call my guard, I
prithce.

Dio. What, ho, the emperor's guard! The
guard, what, ho!
Come, your lord calls! 130

Enter four or five of the Guard of ANTONY.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra
bides;
'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

First Guard. Woe, woe are we, sir, you may
not live to wear
All your true followers out.

All. Most heavy day!

Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not please
sharp fate
To grace it with your sorrows: bid that wel-
come

Which comes to punish us, and we punish it
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up:
I have led you oft: carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all. 140

[Exeunt, bearing Antony.]

SCENE XV. *The same. A monument.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, and her maids aloft, with
CHARMIAN and IRAS.*

Cleo. O Charmian, I will never go from hence.

Char. Be comforted, dear madam.

Cleo. No, I will not:
All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise; our size of sorrow,
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great
As that which makes it.

Enter, below, DIOMEDES.

How now! is he dead?

Dio. His death's upon him, but not dead.
Look out o' the other side your monument;
His guard have brought him thither.

Enter, below, ANTONY, borne by the Guard.

Cleo. O sun,
Burn the great sphere thou movest in! darkling
stand 10
The varying shore o' the world. O Antony,
Antony, Antony! Help, Charmian, help, Iras,
help;
Help, friends below; let's draw him hither.

Ant. Peace!
Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,
But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.

Cleo. So it should be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony; but woe 'tis so!

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying; only
I here importune death awhile, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last 20
I lay upon thy lips.

Cleo. I dare not, dear,—
Dear my lord, pardon,—I dare not,
Lest I be taken: not the imperious show
Of the full-fortuned Cæsar ever shall
Be brooch'd* with me; if knife, drugs, serpents,
have *Ornamented.

Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe:
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes
And still conclusion, shall acquire no honour
Demuring upon me. But come, come, Antony,—
Help me, my women,—we must draw thee up:
Assist, good friends. 31

Ant. O, quick, or I am gone.

Cleo. Here's sport indeed! How heavy weighs
my lord!

Our strength is all gone into heaviness,
That makes the weight: had I great Juno's power,
The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little,—
Wishers were ever fools,—O, come, come, come;

[*They heave Antony aloft to Cleopatra.*

And welcome, welcome! die where thou hast
lived:

Quicken with kissing: had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.

All. A heavy sight! 40

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying:
Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

Cleo. No, let me speak; and let me rail so high,
That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel,
Provoked by my offence.

Ant. One word, sweet queen:
Of Cæsar seek your honour, with your safety. O!

Cleo. They do not go together.

Ant. Gentle, hear me:
None about Cæsar trust but Proculeius.

Cleo. My resolution and my hands I'll trust;
None about Cæsar. 50

Ant. The miserable change now at my end
Lament nor sorrow at; but please your thoughts
In feeding them with those my former fortunes
Wherein I lived, the greatest prince o' the world,
The noblest; and do now not basely die,
Not cowardly put off my helmet to
My countryman,—a Roman by a Roman
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now my spirit is going;
I can no more.

Cleo. Noblest of men, woo't die?
Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide 60
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better than a sty? O, see, my women,

[*Antony dies.*
The crown o' the earth doth melt. My lord!
O, wither'd is the garland of the war,
The soldier's pole is fall'n: young boys and girls
Are level now with men; the odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon. [*Faints.*

Char. O, quietness, lady!

Iras. She is dead too, our sovereign.

Char. Lady!

Iras. Madam!

Char. O madam, madam, madam!

Iras. Royal Egypt, 70
Empress!

Char. Peace, peace, Iras!

Cleo. No more, but e'en a woman, and com-
manded

By such poor passion as the maid that milks
 And does the meanest chares.* It were for me
 To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods;
 To tell them that this world did equal theirs
 Till they had stol'n our jewel. All's but naught;
 Patience is sottish, and impatience does *Task-work.
 Become a dog that 's mad: then is it sin 80
 To rush into the secret house of death,
 Ere death dare come to us? How do you, women?
 What, what! good cheer! Why, how now, Char-
 mian!

My noble girls! Ah, women, women, look,
 Our lamp is spent, it's out! Good sirs, take
 heart:

We'll bury him; and then, what's brave, what's
 noble,

Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
 And make death proud to take us. Come, away:
 This case of that huge spirit now is cold:

Ah, women, women! come; we have no friend

But resolution, and the briefest end. 91
[Exeunt; those above bearing off
Antony's body.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Alexandria. Cæsar's camp.*

*Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, MECÆNAS,
 GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, and others, his council of
 war.*

Cæs. Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;
 Being so frustrate,* tell him he mocks *Frustrated.
 The pauses that he makes.

Dol. Cæsar, I shall. *[Exit.*

Enter DERCETAS, with the sword of ANTONY.

Cæs. Wherefore is that? and what art thou that
 darest
 Appear thus to us?

Der. I am call'd Dercetas;
 Mark Antony I served, who best was worthy
 Best to be served: whilst he stood up and spoke.

He was my master; and I wore my life
 To spend upon his haters. If thou please
 To take me to thee, as I was to him 10
 I'll be to Cæsar; if thou pleasest not,
 I yield thee up my life.

Cæs. What is 't thou say'st?

Der. I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead.

Cæs. The breaking of so great a thing should
 make

A greater crack: †the round world
 Should have shook lions into civil streets,
 And citizens to their dens: the death of Antony
 Is not a single doom; in the name lay
 A moiety of the world.

Der. He is dead, Cæsar;
 Not by a public minister of justice, 20
 Nor by a hired knife; but that self hand,
 Which writ his honour in the acts it did,
 Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,
 Splitted the heart. This is his sword;
 I robb'd his wound of it; behold it stain'd
 With his most noble blood.

Cæs. Look you sad, friends?
 The gods rebuke me, but it is tidings
 To wash the eyes of kings.

Agr. And strange it is,
 That nature must compel us to lament
 Our most persisted deeds.

Mec. His taints and honours 30
 Waged equal with him.

Agr. A rarer spirit never
 Did steer humanity: but you, gods, will give us
 Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touch'd.

Mec. When such a spacious mirror's set before
 him,
 He needs must see himself.

Cæs. O Antony!
 I have follow'd thee to this; but we do lance
 Diseases in our bodies: I must perforce
 Have shown to thee such a declining day,
 Or look on thine; we could not stall together .
 In the whole world: but yet let me lament, 40
 With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,

That thou, my brother, my competitor
In top of all design, my mate in empire,
Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body, and the heart
Where mine his thoughts did kindle,—that our
stars,
Unreconcilable, should divide
Our equalness to this. Hear me, good friends,—
But I will tell you at some meet season:

Enter an Egyptian.

The business of this man looks out of him; 50
We'll hear him what he says. Whence are you?

Egypt. A poor Egyptian yet. The queen my
mistress,
Confined in all she has, her monument,
Of thy intents desires instruction,
That she preparedly may frame herself
To the way she's forced to.

Cæs. Bid her have good heart:
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honourable and how kindly we
Determine for her; for Cæsar cannot live
To be ungentle.

Egypt. So the gods preserve thee! [*Exit.* 60

Cæs. Come hither, Proculeius. Go and say,
We purpose her no shame: give her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require,
Lest, in her greatness, by some mortal stroke
She do defeat us; for her life in Rome
Would be eternal in our triumph: go,
And with your speediest bring us what she says,
And how you find of her.

Pro. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit.*

Cæs. Gallus, go you along. [*Exit Gallus.*]
Where's Dolabella,
To second Proculeius?

All. Dolabella! 70

Cæs. Let him alone, for I remember now
How he's employ'd: he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent; where you shall see
How hardly I was drawn into this war;
How calm and gentle I proceeded still

In all my writings: go with me, and see
What I can show in this. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *Alexandria. A room in the monument.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.

Cleo. My desolation does begin to make
A better life. 'Tis paltry to be Cæsar;
Not being Fortune, he's but Fortune's knave,
A minister of her will: and it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds;
Which shackles accidents and bolts up change;
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dug,
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.

*Enter, to the gates of the monument, PROCULEIUS,
GALLUS, and Soldiers.*

Pro. Cæsar sends greeting to the Queen of
Egypt;
And bids thee study on what fair demands 10
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

Cleo. What's thy name?

Pro. My name is Proculeius.

Cleo. Antony
Did tell me of you, bade me trust you; but
I do not greatly care to be deceived,
That have no use for trusting. If your master
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him,
That majesty, to keep decorum, must
No less beg than a kingdom: if he please
To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son,
He gives me so much of mine own, as I 20
Will kneel to him with thanks.

Pro. Be of good cheer;
You're fall'n into a princely hand, fear nothing:
Make your full reference freely to my lord,
Who is so full of grace, that it flows over
On all that need: let me report to him
Your sweet dependency; and you shall find
A conqueror that will pray in aid for kindness,
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

Cleo. Pray you, tell him

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Mlle. Sara Bernhardt as Cleopatra.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Mrs. Sara Bernhardt as Cleopatra.



Two women in Soudan.

I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him
The greatness he has got. I hourly learn 30
A doctrine of obedience; and would gladly
Look him i' the face.

Pro. This I'll report, dear lady.
Have comfort, for I know your plight is pitied
Of him that caused it.

Gal. You see how easily she may be surprised:
[*Here Proculeius and two of the Guard
ascend the monument by a ladder placed
against a window, and, having descended,
come behind Cleopatra. Some of the Guard
unbar and open the gates.*

[*To Proculeius and the Guard*] Guard her till
Cæsar come. [Exit.

Iras. Royal queen!

Char. O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen.

Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands.

Pro. [Drawing a dagger.
Hold, worthy lady, hold:
[Seizes and disarms her.

Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this 40
Relieved, but not betray'd.

Cleo. What, of death, too,
That rids our dogs of languish?

Pro. Cleopatra,
Do not abuse my master's bounty by
The undoing of yourself: let the world see
His nobleness well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou, death?
Come hither, come! come, come, and take a
queen

Worth many babes and beggars!

Pro. O, temperance, lady!

Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir;
If idle talk will once be necessary, 50
I'll not sleep neither: this mortal house I'll ruin,
Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court;
Nor once be chastised with the sober eye
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up
And show me to the shouting varletry* *Rabble

Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt
 Be gentle grave unto me! rather on Nilus' mud
 Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies
 Blow me into abhorring! rather make 60
 My country's high pyramides my gibbet,
 And hang me up in chains!

Pro. You do extend
 These thoughts of horror further than you shall
 Find cause in Cæsar.

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Proculeius,
 What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,
 And he hath sent for thee: for the queen,
 I'll take her to my guard.

Pro. So, Dolabella,
 It shall content me best: be gentle to her.
 [*To Cleo.*] To Cæsar I will speak what you shall
 please,
 If you'll employ me to him.

Cleo. Say, I would die. 70

[*Exeunt Proculeius and Soldiers.*]

Dol. Most noble empress, you have heard of me?

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Assuredly you know me.

Cleo. No matter, sir, what I have heard or
 known.

You laugh when boys or women tell their dreams;
 Is 't not your trick?

Dol. I understand not, madam.

Cleo. I dream'd there was an Emperor Antony:
 O, such another sleep, that I might see
 But such another man!

Dol. If it might please ye,—

Cleo. His face was as the heavens; and therein
 stuck

A sun and moon, which kept their course, and
 lighted 80

The little O, the earth.

Dol. Most sovereign creature,—

Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean: his rear'd arm
 Crested the world: his voice was proprieted*
 As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;

But when he meant to quail† and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in 't; an autumn 'twas
That grew the more by reaping: his delights
Were dolphin-like; they show'd his back above
The element they lived: in his livery 90
Walk'd crowns and crownets;† realms and islands

were *Endowed with properties. †Cause to quail.
 As plates? dropp'd from his pocket. ‡Coronets.

Dol. Cleopatra!

Cleo. Think you there was, or might be, such a
man Silver money.

As this I dream'd of?

Dol. Gentle madam, no.

Cleo. You lie, up to the hearing of the gods.

But, if there be, or ever were, one such,
It's past the size of dreaming: nature wants
stuff

To vie* strange forms with fancy; yet, to imagine
An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
Condemning shadows quite. *Challenge.

Dol. Hear me, good madam. 100

Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it
As answering to the weight: would I might never
O'ertake pursued success, but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that smites
My very heart at root.

Cleo. I thank you, sir.

Know you what Cæsar means to do with me?

Dol. I am loath to tell you what I would you
knew.

Cleo. Nay, pray you, sir,—

Dol. Though he be honourable,—

Cleo. He'll lead me, then, in triumph?

Dol. Madam, he will; I know 't. 110

[*Flourish, and shout within, 'Make way there:
Cæsar!'*]

Enter CÆSAR, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, MECÆNAS, SELEUCUS, and others of his Train.

Cæs. Which is the Queen of Egypt?

Dol. It is the emperor, madam.

[*Cleopatra kneels.*

Cæs. Arise, you shall not kneel:
I pray you, rise; rise, Egypt.

Cleo. Sir, the gods
Will have it thus; my master and my lord
I must obey.

Cæs. Take to you no hard thoughts:
The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.

Cleo. Sole sir o' the world, 120
I cannot project* mine own cause so well *Shape.
To make it clear; but do confess I have
Been laden with like frailties which before
Have often shamed our sex.

Cæs. Cleopatra, know,
We will extenuate rather than enforce:
If you apply yourself to our intents,
Which towards you are most gentle, you shall
find

A benefit in this change; but if you seek
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking
Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself 130
Of my good purposes, and put your children
To that destruction which I'll guard them from,
If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.

Cleo. And may, through all the world: 'tis
yours; and we,
Your scutcheons and your signs of conquest, shall
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good
lord.

Cæs. You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.

Cleo. This is the brief of money, plate, and
jewels,

I am possess'd of: 'tis exactly valued;
Not petty things admitted. Where's Seleucus?

Sel. Here, madam. 141

Cleo. This is my treasurer: let him speak,
my lord,

Upon his peril, that I have reserved
To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.

Sel. Madam,

I had rather seal my lips, than, to my peril,
Speak that which is not.

Cleo. What have I kept back?

Sel. Enough to purchase what you have made known.

Cæs. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I approve Your wisdom in the deed.

Cleo. See, Cæsar! O, behold, 150
How pomp is follow'd! mine will now be yours;
And, should we shift estates, yours would be mine.

The ingratitude of this Seleucus does
Even make me wild: O slave, of no more trust
Than love that's hired! What, goest thou back?
thou shalt

Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine eyes,
Though they had wings: slave, soulless villain,
dog!

O rarely base!

Cæs. Good queen, let us entreat you.

Cleo. O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is this,
That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me, 160
Doing the honour of thy lordliness
To one so meek, that mine own servant should
Parcel the sum of my disgraces by
Addition of his envy! Say, good Cæsar,
That I some lady trifles have reserved,
Immoment* toys, things of such dignity *Unimportant.
As we greet modern friends withal; and say,
Some nobler token I have kept apart
For Livia and Octavia, to induce
Their mediation; must I be unfolded 170
With one that I have bred? The gods! it
smites me

Beneath the fall I have. [*To Seleucus*] Prithee,
go hence;

Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits
Through the ashes of my chance: wert thou a
man,

Thou wouldst have mercy on me.

Cæs. Forbear, Seleucus.
[*Exit Seleucus.*]

Cleo. Be it known, that we, the greatest, are
misthought

For things that others do; and, when we fall,
We answer others' merits in our name,
Are therefore to be pitied.

Cæs. Cleopatra,
Not what you have reserved, nor what acknow-
ledged, 180

Put we i' the roll of conquest: still be 't yours,
Bestow it at your pleasure; and believe,
Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be
cheer'd;

Make not your thoughts your prisons: no, dear
queen;

For we intend so to dispose you as
Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep:
Our care and pity is so much upon you,
That we remain your friend; and so, adieu.

Cleo. My master, and my lord!

Cæs. Not so. Adieu. 190

[*Flourish. Exeunt Cæsar and his train.*]

Cleo. He words* me, girls, he words me, that
I should not

Be noble to myself: but, hark thee, Charmian. *Flatters.

[*Whispers Charmian.*]

Iras. Finish, good lady; the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.

Cleo. Hie thee again:
I have spoke already, and it is provided;
Go put it to the haste.

Char. Madam, I will.

Re-enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Where is the queen?

Char. Behold, sir. [*Exit.*]

Cleo. Dolabella!

Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn by your com-
mand,

Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this: Cæsar through Syria 200
Intends his journey; and within three days
You with your children will he send before:
Make your best use of this: I have perform'd
Your pleasure and my promise.

Cleo. Dolabella,
I shall remain your debtor.

Dol. I your servant.
Adieu, good queen; I must attend on Cæsar.

Cleo. Farewell, and thanks. [*Exit Dolabella.*]

Now, Iras, what think'st thou?

Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shown
In Rome, as well as I: mechanic slaves
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall
Uplift us to the view; in their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,
And forced to drink their vapour.

Iras. The gods forbid!

Cleo. Nay, 'tis most certain, Iras: saucy
lictors
Will catch at us, like strumpets; and scald
rhymers

Ballad us out o' tune: the quick comedians,
Extemporally will stage us, and present
Our Alexandrian revels; Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness 220
I' the posture of a whore.

Iras. O the good gods!

Cleo. Nay, that's certain.

Iras. I'll never see't; for, I am sure, my nails
Are stronger than mine eyes.

Cleo. Why, that's the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their most absurd intents.

Re-enter CHARMIAN.

Now, Charmian!
Show me, my women, like a queen: go fetch
My best attires: I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony: sirrah Iras, go.
Now, noble Charmian, we'll dispatch indeed; 230
And, when thou hast done this chare,* I'll give
thee leave
To play till doomsday. Bring our crown and all.
Wherefore's this noise?

*Job of work.

[*Exit Iras.* A noise within.]

Enter a Guardsman.

Guard. Here is a rural fellow
That will not be denied your highness' presence:
He brings you figs.

Cleo. Let him come in. [*Exit Guardsman.*

What poor an instrument
May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.
My resolution's placed, and I have nothing
Of woman in me: now from head to foot
I am marble-constant: now the fleeting moon 240
No planet is of mine.

Re-enter Guardsman, with Clown bringing in a basket.

Guard. This is the man.

Cleo. Avoid, and leave him.

[*Exit Guardsman.*

Hast thou the pretty worm* of Nilus there,
That kills and pains not? *Serpent.

Clown. Truly, I have him: but I would not
be the party that should desire you to touch him,
for his biting is immortal; those that do die of it
do seldom or never recover.

Cleo. Rememberest thou any that have died
on't? 249

Clown. Very many, men and women too. I
heard of one of them no longer than yesterday:
a very honest woman, but something given to
lie; as a woman should not do, but in the way of
honesty: how she died of the biting of it, what
pain she felt: truly, she makes a very good
report o' the worm; but he that will believe all
that they say, shall never be saved by half that
they do: but this is most fallible, the worm's an
odd worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence; farewell. 260

Clown. I wish you all joy of the worm.

[*Setting down his basket.*

Cleo. Farewell.

Clown. You must think this, look you, that the
worm will do his kind.* *Nature.

Cleo. Ay, ay; farewell.

Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be trusted

but in the keeping of wise people; for, indeed, there is no goodness in the worm.

Cleo. Take thou no care; it shall be heeded.

Clown. Very good. Give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding. 271

Cleo. Will it eat me?

Clown. You must not think I am so simple but I know the devil himself will not eat a woman: I know that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dress her not. But, truly, these same whoreson devils do the gods great harm in their women; for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone; farewell. 280

Clown. Yes, forsooth: I wish you joy o' the worm. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter IRAS with a robe, crown, &c.

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown;
I have

Immortal longings in me: now no more
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip:
Yare,* yare, good Iras; quick. Methinks I hear
Antony call; I see him rouse himself *Ready.
To praise my noble act; I hear him mock
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men 289
To excuse their after wrath: husband, I come:
Now to that name my courage prove my title!
I am fire and air; my other elements
I give to baser life. So; have you done?
Come, then, and take the last warmth of my lips.
Farewell, kind Charmian; Iras, long farewell.

[*Kisses them. Iras falls and dies.*]

Have I the aspic in my lips? Dost fall?
If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is desired. Dost thou lie still?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world 300
It is not worth leave-taking.

Char. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain; that I
may say,
The gods themselves do weep!

Cleo. This proves me base:
If she first meet the curled Antony,
He'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss
Which is my heaven to have. Come, thou mortal
wretch,

[*To an asp, which she applies to her breast.*
With thy sharp teeth this knot intricate*
Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool, *Intricate.
Be angry, and dispatch. O, couldst thou speak,
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar ass 310
Unpolicied!

Char. O eastern star!

Cleo. Peace, peace!
Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?

Char. O, break! O, break!

Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,—
O Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too:

[*Applying another asp to her arm.*
What should I stay— [Dies.

Char. In this vile world? So, fare thee well.
Now boast thee, death, in thy possession lies
A lass unparallel'd. Downy windows, close;
And golden Phœbus never be beheld 320
Of eyes again so royal! Your crown's awry;
I'll mend it, and then play.

Enter the Guard, rushing in.

First Guard. Where is the queen?

Char. Speak softly, wake her not.

First Guard. Cæsar hath sent—

Char. Too slow a messenger.
[*Applies an asp*

O, come apace, dispatch! I partly feel thee.

First Guard. Approach, ho! All's not well:
Cæsar's beguiled.

Sec. Guard. There's Dolabella sent from
Cæsar; call him.

First Guard. What work is here! Charmian,
is this well done?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a princess
Descended of so many royal kings. 330
Ah, soldier! [Dies.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

CLEOPATRA, WOMEN, GUARDS, ETC.

After the Painting by H. Tresham.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.
CLEOPATRA, WOMEN, GUARDS, ETC.

After the Painting by H. Tresham.

Re-enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. How goes it here?

Sec. Guard. All dead.

Dol. Cæsar, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this: thyself art coming
To see perform'd the dreaded act which thou
So sought'st to hinder.

[*Within* 'A way there, a way for Cæsar!'

Re-enter CÆSAR and all his train, marching.

Dol. O sir, you are too sure an augurer;
That you did fear is done.

Cæs. Bravest at the last,
She levell'd at our purposes, and, being royal, 339
Took her own way. The manner of their deaths?
I do not see them bleed.

Dol. Who was last with them?

First Guard. A simple countryman, that
brought her figs:
This was his basket.

Cæs. Poison'd, then.

First Guard. O Cæsar,
This Charmian lived but now; she stood and
spake:

I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead mistress; tremblingly she stood
And on the sudden dropp'd.

Cæsar. O noble weakness!
If they had swallow'd poison, 'twould appear
By external swelling: but she looks like sleep,
As she would catch another Antony 350
In her strong toil of grace.

Dol. Here, on her breast,
There is a vent of blood and something blown:
The like is on her arm.

First Guard. This is an aspic's trail: and these
fig-leaves
Have slime upon them, such as the aspic leaves
Upon the caves of Nile.

Cæs. Most probable
That so she died; for her physician tells me
She hath pursued conclusions infinite

Of easy ways to die. Take up her bed;
And bear her women from the monument: 360
She shall be buried by her Antony:
No grave upon the earth shall clip* in it *Enclose.
A pair so famous. High events as these
Strike those that make them; and their story is
No less in pity than his glory which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall
In solemn show attend this funeral;
And then to Rome. Come, Dolabella, see
High order in this great solemnity. [*Exeunt.*

CYMBELINE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CYMBELINE, king of Britain.

CLOTEN, son to the Queen by a former husband.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS, a gentleman, husband to Imogen.

BELARIUS, a banished lord, disguised under the name of Morgan.

GUIDERIUS, { sons to Cymbeline, disguised
ARVIRAGUS, { under the names of Polydore
 and Cadwal, supposed sons to
 Morgan.

PHILARIO, friend to Posthumus, } Italians.

IACHIMO, friend to Philario,

CAIUS LUCIUS, general of the Roman forces.

PISANIO, servant to Posthumus.

CORNELIUS, a physician.

A Roman Captain.

Two British Captains.

A Frenchman, friend to Philario.

Two Lords of Cymbeline's court.

Two Gentlemen of the same.

Two Gaolers.

Queen, wife to Cymbeline.

IMOGEN, daughter to Cymbeline by a former queen.

HELEN, a lady attending on Imogen.

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, a Soothsayer, a Dutchman, a Spaniard, Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

Apparitions.

SCENE: *Britain; Rome.*



After the Painting by T. Graham.

MISS ADELAIDE WELTON AS IMogene.

CAMBRIDGE.

CYMBELINE.

MISS ADELAIDE NEILSON AS IMOGEN.

After the Painting by T. Graham.

CYMBELINE.

ACT I.

SCENE 1. *Britain. The garden of Cymbeline's palace.*

Enter two Gentlemen.

First Gent. You do not meet a man but
frowns: our bloods
No more obey the heavens than our courtiers
Still seem as does the king.

Sec. Gent. But what's the matter?

First Gent. His daughter, and the heir of's
kingdom, whom
He purposed to his wife's sole son—a widow
That late he married—hath referr'd herself
Unto a poor but worthy gentleman: she's wedded;
Her husband banish'd; she impriscin'd: all
Is outward sorrow; though I think the king
Be touch'd at very heart.

Sec. Gent. None but the king? 10

First Gent. He that hath lost her too; so is the
queen,
That most desired the match; but not a courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at.

Sec. Gent. And why so?

First Gent. He that hath miss'd the princess is
a thing
Too bad for bad report: and he that hath her—
I mean, that married her, alack, good man!
And therefore banish'd—is a creature such
As, to seek through the regions of the earth 20
For one his like, there would be something failing

In him that should compare. I do not think
So fair an outward* and such stuff within *Outside.
Endows a man but he.

Sec. Gent. You speak him far.

First Gent. I do extend him, sir, within him-
self,
Crush him together rather than unfold
His measure duly.

Sec. Gent. What's his name and birth?

First Gent. I cannot delve him to the root:
his father
Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honour
Against the Romans with Cassibelan, 30
But had his titles by Tenantius whom
He served with glory and admired success,
So gain'd the sur-addition* Leonatus; *Title.
And had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons, who in the wars o' the time
Died with their swords in hand; for which their
father,

Then old and fond of issue, took such sorrow
That he quit being, and his gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman our theme, deceased
As he was born. The king he takes the babe 40
To his protection, calls him Posthumus Leonatus,
Breeds him and makes him of his bed-chamber,
Puts to him all the learnings that his time
Could make him the receiver of; which he took,
As we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd,
And in 's spring became a harvest, lived in court—
Which rare it is to do—most praised, most loved,
A sample to the youngest, to the more mature
A glass that feated† them, and to the graver
A child that guided dotards; to his mistress, 50
For whom he now is banish'd, her own price
Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue;
By her election may be truly read †Made them fine.
What kind of man he is.

Sec. Gent. I honour him
Even out of your report. But, pray you, tell me,
Is she sole child to the king?

First Gent. His only child.
He had two sons: if this be worth your hearing,

Mark it: the eldest of them at three years old,
 I' the swathing-clothes the other, from their nur-
 sery
 Were stol'n, and to this hour no guess in know-
 ledge 60
 Which way they went.

Sec. Gent. How long is this ago?

First Gent. Some twenty years.

Sec. Gent. That a king's children should be so
 convey'd,
 So slackly guarded, and the search so slow,
 That could not trace them!

First Gent. Howsoe'er 'tis strange,
 Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
 Yet is it true, sir.

Sec. Gent. I do well believe you.

First Gent. We must forbear: here comes the
 gentleman,
 The queen, and princess. [Exeunt.

Enter the QUEEN, POSTHUMUS, and IMOGEN.

Queen. No, be assured you shall not find me,
 daughter, 70

After the slander of most stepmothers,
 Evil-eyed unto you: you're my prisoner, but
 Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys
 That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus,
 So soon as I can win the offended king,
 I will be known your advocate: marry, yet
 The fire of rage is in him, and 'twere good
 You lean'd unto his sentence with what patience
 Your wisdom may inform you.

Post. Please your highness,
 I will from hence to-day.

Queen. You know the peril. 80
 I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
 The pangs of barr'd affections, though the king
 Hath charged you should not speak together.

[Exit.

Imo.

O

Dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant
 Can tickle where she wounds! My dearest hus-
 band.

I something fear my father's wrath; but nothing--
 Always reserved my holy duty—what
 His rage can do on me: you must be gone;
 And I shall here abide the hourly shot
 Of angry eyes, not comforted to live, 90
 But that there is this jewel in the world
 That I may see again.

Post. My queen! my mistress!
 O lady, weep no more, lest I give cause
 To be suspected of more tenderness
 Than doth become a man. I will remain
 The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth:
 My residence in Rome at one Philario's,
 Who to my father was a friend, to me
 Known but by letter: thither write, my queen,
 And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
 Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter QUEEN.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you: 101
 If the king come, I shall incur I know not
 How much of his displeasure. [*Aside*] Yet I'll
 move him

To walk this way: I never do him wrong,
 But he does buy my injuries, to be friends;
 Pays dear for my offences. [*Exit.*]

Post. Should we be taking leave
 As long a term as yet we have to live,
 The loathness to depart would grow. Adieu!

Imo. Nay, stay a little:
 Were you but riding forth to air yourself, 110
 Such parting were too petty. Look here, love;
 This diamond was my mother's: take it, heart;
 But keep it till you woo another wife,
 When Imogen is dead.

Post. How, how! another?
 You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
 And sear up my embracements from a next
 With bonds of death! [*Putting on the ring.*]

Remain, remain thou here
 While sense can keep it on. And, sweetest,
 fairest,
 As I my poor self did exchange for you,

CYMBELINE.

*IMOGEN, POSTHUMUS, QUEEN,
CYMBELINE, ETC.*

After the Painting by Hamilton.

After the Printing by Hamilton.

CAMBERGIE, ETC.
IMOCEN, POSITHOMOS, OLEEN,

CAMBERGIE.



Hamilton del.

CYMBELINE
Imogen, Posthumus, Queen, Cymbeline &c.
Act I. Scene II.

Standing

To your so infinite loss, so in our trifles 120
 I still win of you: for my sake wear this;
 It is a manacle of love; I'll place it
 Upon this fairest prisoner.

[*Putting a bracelet upon her arm.*

Imo. O the gods!
 When shall we see again?

Enter CYMBELINE and Lords.

Post. Alack, the king!

Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from
 my sight!

If after this command thou fraught the court
 With thy unworthiness, thou diest: away!
 Thou'rt poison to my blood.

Post. The gods protect you!
 And bless the good remainders of the court!
 I am gone. [*Exit.*

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death 130
 More sharp than this is.

Cym. O disloyal thing,
 That shouldst repair my youth, thou heap'st
 A year's age on me.

Imo. I beseech you, sir,
 Harm not yourself with your vexation:
 I am senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare
 Subdues all pangs, all fears.

Cym. Past grace? obedience?

Imo. Past hope, and in despair; that way, past
 grace.

Cym. That mightst have had the sole son of
 my queen!

Imo. O blest, that I might not! I chose an
 eagle,
 And did avoid a puttock.* *Kite. 140

Cym. Thou took'st a beggar; wouldst have
 made my throne
 A seat for baseness.

Imo. No; I rather added
 A lustre to it.

Cym. O thou vile one!

Imo. Sir,
 It is your fault that I have loved Posthumus:

You bred him as my playfellow, and he is
A man worth any woman, overbuys me
Almost the sum he pays.

Cym. What, art thou mad?

Imo. Almost, sir: heaven restore me! Would
I were

A neat-herd's daughter, and my Leonatus
Our neighbour shepherd's son!

Cym. Thou foolish thing! 150

Re-enter QUEEN.

They were again together: you have done
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.

Queen. Beseech your patience. Peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace! Sweet sovereign,
Leave us to ourselves; and make yourself some
comfort

Out of your best advice.

Cym. Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a day; and, being aged,
Die of this folly! [*Exeunt Cymbeline and Lords.*]

Queen. Fie! you must give way.

Enter PISANIO.

Here is your servant. How now, sir! What
news?

Pis. My lord your son drew on my master.

Queen. Ha! 160

No harm, I trust, is done?

Pis. There might have been,
But that my master rather play'd than fought
And had no help of anger: they were parted
By gentlemen at hand.

Queen. I am very glad on't.

Imo. Your son's my father's friend; he takes
his part.

To draw upon an exile! O brave sir!
I would they were in Afric both together;
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer-back. Why came you from your master?

Pis. On his command: he would not suffer me
To bring him to the haven; left these notes 171

Of what commands I should be subject to,
When 't pleased you to employ me.

Queen. This hath been
Your faithful servant: I dare lay mine honour
He will remain so.

Pis. I humbly thank your highness.

Queen. Pray, walk awhile.

Imo. About some half-hour hence,
I pray you, speak with me: you shall at least
Go see my lord aboard: for this time leave me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. A public place.*

Enter CLOTEN and two Lords.

First Lord. Sir, I would advise you to shift a
shirt; the violence of action hath made you reek
as a sacrifice: where air comes out, air comes in:
there's none abroad so wholesome as that you
vent.

Clo. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it.
Have I hurt him?

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] No, 'faith; not so much as
his patience. 9

First Lord. Hurt him! his body's a passable
carcass, if he be not hurt; it is a throughfare for
steel, if it be not hurt.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] His steel was in debt; it
went o' the backside the town.

Clo. The villain would not stand me.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] No; but he fled forward
still, toward your face.

First Lord. Stand you! You have land enough
of your own: but he added to your having; gave
you some ground. 20

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] As many inches as you have
oceans. Puppies!

Clo. I would they had not come between us.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] So would I, till you had
measured how long a fool you were upon the
ground.

Clo. And that she should love this fellow and
refuse me!

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damned. 30

First Lord. Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together: she's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her.

Clo. Come, I'll to my chamber. Would there had been some hurt done!

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] I wish not so; unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt.

Clo. You'll go with us? 40

First Lord. I'll attend your lordship.

Clo. Nay, come, let's go together.

Sec. Lord. Well, my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A room in Cymbeline's palace.*

Enter IMOGEN and PISANIO.

Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' the haven,

And question'dst every sail: if he should write,
And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost,
As offer'd mercy is. What was the last
That he spake to thee?

Pis. It was his queen, his queen!

Imo. Then waved his handkerchief?

Pis. And kiss'd it, madam.

Imo. Senseless linen! happier therein than I!
And that was all?

Pis. No, madam; for so long
As he could make me with this eye or ear
Distinguish him from others, he did keep 10
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of 's mind
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
How swift his ship.

Imo. Thou shouldst have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings;
crack'd them, but

To look upon him, till the diminution
 Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle,
 Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from 20
 The smallness of a gnat to air, and then
 Have turn'd mine eye and wept. But, good
 Pisanio,

When shall we hear from him?

Pis. Be assured, madam,
 With his next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
 Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him
 How I would think on him at certain hours
 Such thoughts and such, or I could make him
 swear

The shes of Italy should not betray
 Mine interest and his honour, or have charged
 him, 30

At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
 To encounter me with orisons, for then
 I am in heaven for him; or ere I could
 Give him that parting kiss which I had set
 Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father
 And like the tyrannous breathing of the north
 Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The queen, madam,
 Desires your highness' company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them dis-
 patch'd.

I will attend the queen.

Pis. Madam, I shall. [*Exeunt.* 40

SCENE IV. *Rome. Philario's house.*

Enter PHILARIO, IACHIMO, *a Frenchman, a Dutch-*
man, and a Spaniard.

Iach. Believe it, sir, I have seen him in Britain:
 he was then of a crescent note, expected to prove
 so worthy as since he hath been allowed the name
 of; but I could then have looked on him without
 the help of admiration, though the catalogue of

his endowments had been tabled by his side and I to peruse him by items.

Phi. You speak of him when he was less furnished than now he is with that which makes him both without and within. 10

French. I have seen him in France: we had very many there could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his king's daughter, wherein he must be weighed rather by her value than his own, words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

French. And then his banishment.

Iach. Ay, and the approbation of those that weep this lamentable divorce under her colours are wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortify her judgement, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without less quality. But how comes it he is to sojourn with you? How creeps acquaintance?

Phi. His father and I were soldiers together; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life. Here comes the Briton: let him be so entertained amongst you as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality. 30

Enter POSTHUMUS.

I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman, whom I commend to you as a noble friend of mine: how worthy he is I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay and yet pay still. 40

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness: I was glad I did atone* my countryman and you; it had been pity you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature.

*Reconcile.

Post. By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller; rather shunned to go even with what I heard than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences: but upon my mended judgement—if I offend not to say it is mended—my quarrel was not altogether slight. 51

French. 'Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords, and by such two that would by all likelihood have confounded* one the other, or have fallen both.

*Destroyed.

Iach. Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference?

French. Safely, I think: 'twas a contention in public, which may, without contradiction, suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country* mistresses; this gentleman at that time vouching—and upon warrant of bloody affirmation—his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant-qualified and less attemptable than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

Iach. That lady is not now living, or this gentleman's opinion by this worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy. 71

*Belonging to one's country.

Post. Being so far provoked as I was in France, I would abate her nothing, though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.

Iach. As fair and as good—a kind of hand-in-hand comparison—had been something too fair and too good for any lady in Britain. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours outlustres many I have beheld, I could not but believe she excelled many: but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

Post. I praised her as I rated * her: so do I my stone.

*Valued.

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagoned mistress is dead, or she's outprized by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken: the one may be sold, or given, if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift: the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

Iach. Which the gods have given you?

Post. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours: but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stolen too: so your brace of unprizable estimations; the one is but frail and the other casual; a cunning thief, or a that way accomplished courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier to convince* the honour of my mistress, if, in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt you have store of thieves; notwithstanding, I fear not my ring.

*Conquer.

Phi. Let us leave here, gentlemen. 109

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress, make her go back, even to the yielding, had I admittance and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no.

Iach. I dare thereupon pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring; which, in my opinion, o'ervalues it something: but I make my wager rather against your confidence than her reputation: and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

Post. You are a great deal abused* in too bold a persuasion: and I doubt not you sustain what you're worthy of by your attempt.

*Deceived.

Iach. What's that?

Post. A repulse: though your attempt, as you call it, deserve more; a punishment too. 129

Phi. Gentlemen, enough of this: it came in

too suddenly; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

Iach. Would I had put my estate and my neighbour's on the approbation* of what I have spoke!

*Probation.

Post. What lady would you choose to assail?

Iach. Yours; whom in constancy you think stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers which you imagine so reserved.

Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are afraid, and therein the wiser. If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting: but I see you have some religion in you, that you fear. 149

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue; you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the master of my speeches, and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you? I shall but lend my diamond till your return: let there be covenants drawn between's: my mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking: I dare you to this match: here's my ring.

Phi. I will have it no lay. 159

Iach. By the gods, it is one. If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoyed the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too: if I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours: provided I have your commendation for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us. Only, thus far you shall answer: if you make your voyage upon her and give me directly to understand you have prevailed, I am no further your enemy; she is not worth our debate: if she remain unseduced, you not making

it appear otherwise, for your ill opinion and the assault you have made to her chastity you shall answer me with your sword.

Iach. Your hand; a covenant: we will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain, lest the bargain should catch cold and starve: I will fetch my gold and have our two wagers recorded. 181

Post. Agreed.

[*Exeunt Posthumus and Iachimo.*

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phi. Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray, let us follow 'em. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Britain. A room in Cymbeline's palace.*

Enter QUEEN, Ladies, and CORNELIUS.

Queen. Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather those flowers;

Make haste: who has the note of them?

First Lady.

I, madam.

Queen. Dispatch.

[*Exeunt Ladies.*

Now, master doctor, have you brought those drugs?

Cor. Pleaseth your highness, ay: here they are, madam: [*Presenting a small box.*

But I beseech your grace, without offence,—

My conscience bids me ask—wherefore you have Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds,

Which are the movers of a languishing death; But though slow, deadly?

Queen.

I wonder, doctor, 10

Thou ask'st me such a question. Have I not been

Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learn'd me how

To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea, so

That our great king himself doth woo me oft

For my confections? Having thus far proceeded,—

Unless thou think'st me devilish—is 't not meet

That I did amplify my judgement in

Other conclusions? I will try the forces

Of these thy compounds on such creatures as

We count not worth the hanging, but none human,
 To try the vigour of them and apply ^{*Experiments.}
 Allayments to their act, and by them gather 22
 Their several virtues and effects.

Cor. Your highness
 Shall from this practice but make hard your heart:
 Besides, the seeing these effects will be
 Both noisome and infectious.

Queen. O, content thee.

Enter PISANIO.

[*Aside*] Here comes a flattering rascal; upon him
 Will I first work: he's for his master,
 And enemy to my son. How now, Pisanio!
 Doctor, your service for this time is ended; 30
 Take your own way.

Cor. [*Aside*] I do suspect you, madam;
 But you shall do no harm.

Queen. [*To Pisanio*] Hark thee, a word.

Cor. [*Aside*] I do not like her. She doth think
 she has

Strange lingering poisons: I do know her spirit,
 And will not trust one of her malice with
 A drug of such damn'd nature. Those she has
 Will stupify and dull the sense awhile;
 Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats and
 dogs,

Then afterward up higher: but there is
 No danger in what show of death it makes, 40
 More than the locking-up the spirits a time,
 To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
 With a most false effect; and I the truer,
 So to be false with her.

Queen. No further service, doctor,
 Until I send for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*

Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost
 thou think in time

She will not quench* and let instructions enter
 Where folly now possesses? Do thou work:
 When thou shalt bring me word she loves my
 son,

I'll tell thee on the instant thou art then 50
^{*Grow cool.}

As great as is thy master, greater, for
 His fortunes all lie speechless and his name
 Is at last gasp: return he cannot, nor
 Continue where he is: to shift his being† †Dwelling.
 Is to exchange one misery with another,
 And every day that comes comes to decay
 A day's work in him. What shalt thou expect,
 To be depend on a thing that leans,
 Who cannot be new built, nor has no friends, 59
 So much as but to prop him? [*The Queen drops the
 box: Pisanio takes it up.*] Thou takest up
 Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labour:
 It is a thing I made, which hath the king
 Five times redeem'd from death: I do not know
 What is more cordial. Nay, I prithee, take it;
 It is an earnest of a further good
 That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
 The case stands with her; do't as from thyself.
 Think what a chance thou changest on, but think
 Thou hast thy mistress still, to boot, my son,
 Who shall take notice of thee: I'll move the king
 To any shape of thy preferment such 71
 As thou 'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly,
 That set thee on to this desert, am bound
 To load thy merit richly. Call my women:
 Think on my words. [*Exit Pisanio.*]

A sly and constant knave,
 Not to be shaken; the agent for his master
 And the remembrancer of her to hold
 The hand-fast to her lord. I have given him that
 Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
 Of liegers† for her sweet, and which she after, 80
 Except she bend her humour, shall be assured
 To taste of too. †Ambassadors.

Re-enter PISANIO and Ladies.

So, so: well done, well done:
 The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,
 Bear to my closet. Fare thee well, Pisanio;
 Think on my words. [*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*]
Pis. And shall do:
 But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
 I'll choke myself: there's all I'll do for you. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VI. *The same. Another room in the palace.*

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. A father cruel, and a step-dame false;
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
That hath her husband banish'd;—O, that husband!

My supreme crown of grief! and those repeated
Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stol'n,
As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable
Is the desire that's glorious: blest be those,
How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort. Who may this be? Fie!

Enter PISANIO and IACHIMO.

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome, 10
Comes from my lord with letters.

Iach. Change you, madam?
The worthy Leonatus is in safety
And greets your highness dearly.

[Presents a letter.]

Imo. Thanks, good sir:
You're kindly welcome.

Iach. *[Aside]* All of her that is out of door
most rich!

If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,
She is alone the Arabian bird, and I
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!
Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight; 20
Rather, directly fly.

Imo. *[Reads]* 'He is one of the noblest note
to whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied.
Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your
trust—

LEONATUS.'

So far I read aloud:

But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully.
You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I
Have words to bid you, and shall find it so 30
In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, fairest lady.

What, are men mad? Hath nature given them
 eyes
 To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop
 Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
 The fiery orbs above and the twinn'd stones
 Upon the number'd beach? and can we not
 Partition make with spectacles so precious
 'Twixt fair and foul?

Imo. What makes your admiration?

Iach. It cannot be i' the eye, for apes and
 monkeys

'Twixt two such shes would chatter this way and
 Contemn with mows* the other; nor i' the judge-
 ment,

*Grimaces. 41

For idiots in this case of favour would
 Be wisely definite; nor i' the appetite;
 Sluttery to such neat excellence opposed
 Should make desire vomit emptiness,
 Not so allured to feed.

Imo. What is the matter, trow?

Iach. The cloyed will,
 That satiate yet unsatisfied desire, that tub
 Both fill'd and running, ravening first the lamb
 Longs after for the garbage.

Imo. What, dear sir, 50
 Thus raps you? Are you well?

Iach. Thanks, madam; well. [To *Pisanio*]

Beseech you, sir, desire
 My man's abode where I did leave him: he
 Is strange and peevish.

Pis. I was going, sir,
 To give him welcome. [Exit.

Imo. Continues well my lord? His health,
 beseech you?

Iach. Well, madam.

Imo. Is he disposed to mirth? I hope he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger
 there

So merry and so gamesome: he is call'd 60
 The Briton reveller.

Imo. When he was here,
 He did incline to sadness, and oft-times
 Not knowing why.

Iach. I never saw him sad.
There is a Frenchman his companion, one
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves
A Gallian girl at home; he furnaces
The thick sighs from him, whiles the jolly
Briton—

Your lord, I mean—laughs from 's free lungs,
cries 'O,
Can my sides hold, to think that man, who
knows
By history, report, or his own proof, 70
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose
But must be, will his free hours languish for
Assured bondage?

Imo. Will my lord say so?

Iach. Ay, madam, with his eyes in flood with
laughter:
It is a recreation to be by
And hear him mock the Frenchman. But, heavens
know,
Some men are much to blame.

Imo. Not he, I hope.

Iach. Not he: but yet heaven's bounty towards
him might
Be used more thankfully. In himself, 'tis
much;
In you, which I account his beyond all talents, 80
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.

Imo. What do you pity, sir?

Iach. Two creatures heartily.

Imo. Am I one, sir?

You look on me: what wreck discern you in me
Deserves your pity?

Iach. Lamentable! What,
To hide me from the radiant sun and solace
I' the dungeon by a snuff?

Imo. I pray you, sir,
Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?

Iach. That others do—
I was about to say—enjoy your—But
It is an office of the gods to venge it,

Not mine to speak on 't.

Imo. You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me: pray
you,—

Since doubting things go ill often hurts more
Than to be sure they do; for certainties
Either are past remedies, or, timely knowing,
The remedy then born—discover to me
What both you spur and stop.

Iach. Had I this cheek 99
To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul
To the oath of loyalty; this object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here; should I, damn'd then,
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol; join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falsehood—falsehood, as
With labour; then by-peeping in an eye
Base and unlustrous as the smoky light
That's fed with stinking tallow; it were fit 110
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.

Imo. My lord, I fear,
Has forgot Britain.

Iach. And himself. Not I,
Inclined to this intelligence, pronounce
The beggary of his change: but 'tis your graces
That from my mutest conscience to my tongue
Charms this report out.

Imo. Let me hear no more.

Iach. O dearest soul! your cause doth strike
my heart
With pity, that doth make me sick. A lady
So fair, and fasten'd to an empery, 120
Would make the great'st king double,—to be
partner'd
With tomboys hired with that self-exhibition
Which your own coffers yield! with diseased
ventures
That play with all infirmities for gold
Which rottenness can lend nature! such boil'd
stuff

As well might poison poison! Be revenged;
Or she that bore you was no queen, and you
Recoil from your great stock.

Imo. Revenged!
How should I be revenged? If this be true,—
As I have such a heart that both mine ears 130
Must not in haste abuse—if it be true,
How should I be revenged?

Iach. Should he make me
Live, like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets,
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,
In your despite, upon your purse? Revenge it.
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure,
More noble than that runagate to your bed,
And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close as sure.

Imo. What, ho, Pisanio!

Iach. Let me my service tender on your lips.

Imo. Away! I do condemn mine ears that
have 141
So long attended thee. If thou wert honourable,
Thou wouldst have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st,—as base as strange.
Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
From thy report as thou from honour, and
Solicit'st here a lady that disdains
Thee and the devil alike. What ho, Pisanio!
The king my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault: if he shall think it fit, 150
A saucy stranger in his court to mart
As in a Romish stew and to expound
His beastly mind to us, he hath a court
He little cares for and a daughter who
He not respects at all. What, ho, Pisanio!

Iach. O happy Leonatus! I may say:
The credit that thy lady hath of thee
Deserves thy trust, and thy most perfect goodness
Her assured credit. Blessed live you long!
A lady to the worthiest sir that ever 160
Country call'd his! and you his mistress, only
For the most worthiest fit! Give me your pardon.
I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted; and shall make your lord,

That which he is, new o'er: and he is one
 The truest manner'd; such a holy witch
 That he enchants societies into him;
 Half all men's hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Iach. He sits 'mongst men like a descended
 god:

He hath a kind of honour sets him off, 170
 More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
 Most mighty princess, that I have adventured
 To try your taking of a false report; which hath
 Honour'd with confirmation your great judge-
 ment

In the election of a sir so rare,
 Which you know cannot err: the love I bear him
 Made me to fan you thus, but the gods made you,
 Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.

Imo. All's well, sir: take my power i' the court
 for yours.

Iach. My humble thanks. I had almost forgot
 To entreat your grace but in a small request, 181
 And yet of moment too, for it concerns
 Your lord; myself and other noble friends
 Are partners in the business.

Imo. Pray, what is't?

Iach. Some dozen Romans of us and your
 lord—

The best feather of our wing—have mingled sums
 To buy a present for the emperor;
 Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
 In France: 'tis plate of rare device, and jewels
 Of rich and exquisite form: their values great;
 And I am something curious, being strange, 191
 To have them in safe stowage: may it please you
 To take them in protection?

Imo. Willingly;

And pawn mine honour for their safety: since
 My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them
 In my bedchamber.

Iach. They are in a trunk,
 Attended by my men: I will make bold
 To send them to you, only for this night;
 I must aboard to-morrow.

Imo. O, no, no.

Iach. Yes, I beseech; or I shall short my word
By lengthening my return. From Gallia 201
I cross'd the seas on purpose and on promise
To see your grace.

Imo. I thank you for your pains:
But not away to-morrow!

Iach. O, I must, madam:
Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night:
I have outstood my time; which is material
To the tender of our present.

Imo. I will write.
Send your trunk to me; it shall safe be kept, 209
And truly yielded you. You're very welcome.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Britain. Before Cymbeline's palace.*

Enter CLOTEN and two Lords.

Clo. Was there ever man had such luck!
when I kissed the jack,* upon an up-cast to be
hit away! I had a hundred pound on't: and then
a whoreson jackanapes must take me up for swear-
ing; as if I borrowed mine oaths of him and might
not spend them at my pleasure.

First Lord. What got he by that? You have
broke his pate with your bowl.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] If his wit had been like
him that broke it, it would have run all out. 10

Clo. When a gentleman is disposed to swear,
it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths,
ha?

*Bowl aimed at in bowling.

Sec. Lord. No, my lord; [*Aside*] nor crop the
ears of them.

Clo. Whoreson dog! I give him satisfaction?
Would he had been one of my rank!

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] To have smelt like a fool.

Clo. I am not vexed more at any thing in the
earth: a pox on't! I had rather not be so noble
as I am; they dare not fight with me, because of

the queen my mother: every Jack-slave hath his bellyful of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that nobody can match.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] You are cock and capon too; and you crow, cock, with your comb on.

Clo. Sayest thou?

Sec. Lord. It is not fit your lordship should undertake every companion that you give offence to.

Clo. No, I know that: but it is fit I should commit offence to my inferiors.

Sec. Lord. Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

Clo. Why, so I say.

First Lord. Did you hear of a stranger that's come to court to-night?

Clo. A stranger, and I not know on't!

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not.

First Lord. There's an Italian come; and, 'tis thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

Clo. Leonatus! a banished rascal; and he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?

First Lord. One of your lordship's pages.

Clo. Is it fit I went to look upon him? is there no derogation in't?

Sec. Lord. You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clo. Not easily, I think.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] You are a fool granted; therefore your issues, being foolish, do not derogate.

Clo. Come, I'll go see this Italian: what I have lost to-day at bowls I'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

Sec. Lord. I'll attend your lordship.

[*Exeunt Cloten and First Lord.*]

That such a crafty devil as is his mother
Should yield the world this ass! a woman that
Bears all down with her brain; and this her son
Cannot take two from twenty, for his heart,
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess,
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endurest,
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd,

A mother hourly coining plots, a wooer
 More hateful than the foul expulsion is
 Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
 Of the divorce he'd make! The heavens hold
 firm

The walls of thy dear honour, keep unshaked
 That temple, thy fair mind, that thou mayst stand,
 To enjoy thy banish'd lord and this great land!

[*Exit.* 70

SCENE II. *Imogen's bedchamber in Cymbeline's palace: a trunk in one corner of it.*

IMOGEN *in bed, reading; a Lady attending.*

Imo. Who's there? my woman Helen?

Lady. Please you, madam.

Imo. What hour is it?

Lady. Almost midnight, madam.

Imo. I have read three hours then: mine eyes
 are weak:

Fold down the leaf where I have left: to bed:
 Take not away the taper, leave it burning;
 And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock,
 I prithee, call me. Sleep hath seized me wholly.

[*Exit Lady.*

To your protection I commend me, gods.
 From fairies and the tempters of the night
 Guard me, beseech ye. 10

[*Sleeps. Iachimo comes from the trunk.*

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd
 sense

Repairs itself by rest. Our Tarquin thus
 Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd
 The chastity he wounded. Cytherea,
 How bravely thou becomest thy bed, fresh lily,
 And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!
 But kiss; one kiss! Rubies unparagon'd,
 How dearly they do't! 'Tis her breathing that
 Perfumes the chamber thus: the flame o' the taper
 Bows toward her, and would under-peep her lids,
 To see the enclosed lights, now canopied 21
 Under these windows, white and azure laced
 With blue of heaven's own tinct. But my design,

To note the chamber: I will write all down:
 Such and such pictures; there the window; such
 The adornment of her bed; the arras; figures,
 Why, such and such; and the contents o' the story.
 Ah, but some natural notes about her body,
 Above ten thousand meaner moveables
 Would testify, to enrich mine inventory. 39
 O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!
 And be her sense but as a monument,
 Thus in a chapel lying! Come off, come off:

[*Taking off her bracelet.*]

As slippery as the Gordian knot was hard!
 'Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly,
 As strongly as the conscience does within,
 To the madding of her lord. On her left breast
 A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
 I' the bottom of a cowslip: here's a voucher,
 Stronger than ever law could make: this secret
 Will force him think I have pick'd the lock and
 ta'en 41
 The treasure of her honour. No more. To what
 end?

Why should I write this down, that's riveted,
 Screw'd to my memory? She hath been reading
 late

The tale of Tereus; here the leaf's turn'd down
 Where Philomel gave up. I have enough:
 To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
 Swift, swift, you dragons of the night, that
 dawning

May bare the raven's eye! I lodge in fear;
 Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here. 50
 [Clock strikes.]

One, two, three: time, time!

[*Goes into the trunk. The scene closes.*]

SCENE III. *An ante-chamber adjoining Imogen's
 apartments.*

Enter CLOTEN and Lords.

First Lord. Your lordship is the most patient
 man in loss, the most coldest that ever turned up
 ace.

CYMBELINE.

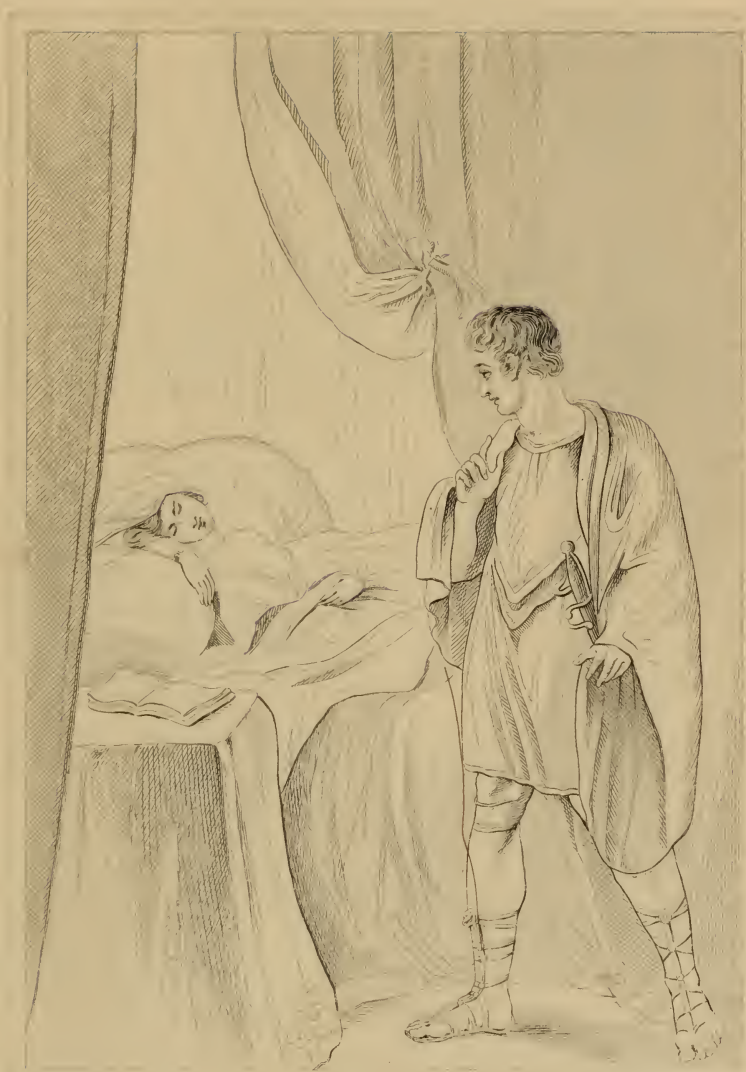
IMOGEN AND IACHIMO

After the Painting by Westall.

CYMBELINE.

IMOGEN AND IACHIMO

After the Painting by Westall.



Westall del.

Scot. & S.

CYMBELINE
Imogen a l'achèvement.
Act II. scene.

Clo. It would make any man cold to lose.

First Lord. But not every man patient after the noble temper of your lordship. You are most hot and furious when you win.

Clo. Winning will put any man into courage. If I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold enough. It's almost morning, is't not? 10

First Lord. Day, my lord.

Clo. I would this music would come: I am advised to give her music o' mornings; they say it will penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

Come on; tune: if you can penetrate her with your fingering, so; we'll try with tongue too: if none will do, let her remain; but I'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent good-conceited thing; after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it: and then let her consider. 20

SONG.

Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,

And Phœbus 'gins arise,

His steeds to water at those springs

On chaliced flowers that lies;

And winking Mary-buds begin

To ope their golden eyes:

With every thing that pretty is,

My lady sweet, arise:

Arise, arise. 30

Clo. So, get you gone. If this penetrate, I will consider your music the better: if it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs and calves'-guts, nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot, can never amend. [*Exeunt Musicians.*]

Sec. Lord. Here comes the king.

Clo. I am glad I was up so late; for that's the reason I was up so early: he cannot choose but take this service I have done fatherly.

Enter CYMBELINE and QUEEN.

Good morrow to your majesty and to my gracious mother. 41

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern daughter?
Will she not forth?

Clo. I have assailed her with music, but she vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new;
She hath not yet forgot him: some more time
Must wear the print of his remembrance out,
And then she's yours.

Queen. You are most bound to the king,
Who lets go by no vantages that may 50
Prefer you to his daughter. Frame yourself
To orderly soliciting, and be friended
With aptness of the season; make denials
Increase your services; so seem as if
You were inspired to do those duties which
You tender to her; that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your dismissal tends,
And therein you are senseless.

Clo. Senseless! not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. So like you, sir, ambassadors from
Rome;
The one is Caius Lucius.

Cym. A worthy fellow, 60
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
But that's no fault of his: we must receive him
According to the honour of his sender;
And towards himself, his goodness forespent on
us,

We must extend our notice. Our dear son,
When you have given good morning to your
mistress,

Attend the queen and us; we shall have need
To employ you towards this Roman. Come, our
queen.

[*Exeunt all but Cloten.*]

Clo. If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,
Let her lie still and dream. [*Knocks*] By your
leave, ho! 70

I know her women are about her: what
If I do line* one of their hands? 'Tis gold

Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and
 makes

**Cover on the inside.*

Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up
 Their deer to the stand o' the stealer; and 'tis
 gold

Which makes the true† man kill'd and saves the
 thief;

†Honest.

Nay, sometime hangs both thief and true man:
 what

Can it not do and undo? I will make

One of her women lawyer to me, for

I yet not understand the case myself.

80

[*Knocks*] By your leave.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there that knocks?

Clo.

A gentleman.

Lady.

No more?

Clo. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

Lady.

That's more

Than some, whose tailors are as dear as yours,

Can justly boast of. What's your lordship's
 pleasure?

Clo. Your lady's person: is she ready?

Lady.

Ay,

To keep her chamber.

Clo.

There is gold for you;

Sell me your good report.

Lady. How! my good name? or to report of
 you

What I shall think is good?—The princess! 90

Enter IMOGEN.

Clo. Good morrow, fairest: sister, your sweet
 hand.

[*Exit Lady.*

Imo. Good morrow, sir. You lay out too much
 pains

For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I give

Is telling you that I am poor of thanks

And scarce can spare them.

Clo.

Still, I swear I love you.

Imo. If you but said so, 'twere as deep with
 me:

If you swear still, your recompense is still
That I regard it not.

Clo. This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say I yield being
silent,

I would not speak. I pray you, spare me: 'faith,
I shall unfold equal discourtesy 101
To your best kindness: one of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

Clo. To leave you in your madness, 'twere
my sin:

I will not.

Imo. Fools are not mad folks.

Clo. Do you call me fool?

Imo. As I am mad, I do:

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;
That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners, 110
By being so verbal:* and learn now, for all, *Wordy.
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,
By the very truth of it, I care not for you,
And am so near the lack of charity—
To accuse myself—I hate you; which I had rather
You felt than make't my boast.

Clo. You sin against
Obedience, which you owe your father. For
The contract you pretend with that base wretch,
One bred of alms and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o' the court, it is no contract, none:
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties— 121
Yet who than he more mean?—to knit their souls,
On whom there is no more dependency
But brats and beggary, in self-figured knot;
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
The consequence o' the crown, and must not soil
The precious note of it with a base slave,
A hilding* for a livery, a squire's cloth, *Mean fellow.
A pantler, not so eminent.

Imo. Profane fellow!

Wert thou the son of Jupiter and no more 130
But what thou art besides, thou wert too base
To be his groom: thou wert dignified enough,
Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made

Comparative for your virtues, to be styled
The under-hangman of his kingdom, and hated
For being preferr'd so well.

Clo. The south-fog rot him!

Imo. He never can meet more mischance than
come

To be but named of thee. His meanest garment,
That ever hath but clipp'd* his body, is dearer
In my respect than all the hairs above thee, 140
Were they all made such men. How now, Pi-
sanio!

*Enclosed.

Enter PISANIO.

Clo. 'His garment!' Now the devil—

Imo. To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently—

Clo. 'His garment!'

Imo. I am sprited* with a fool,
Frighted, and anger'd worse: go bid my woman
Search for a jewel that too casually

*Haunted.

Hath left mine arm: it was thy master's: 'shrew me,
If I would lose it for a revenue

Of any king's in Europe. I do think

I saw't this morning: confident I am 150

Last night 'twas on mine arm; I kiss'd it:

I hope it be not gone to tell my lord

That I kiss aught but he.

Pis. 'Twill not be lost.

Imo. I hope so: go and search. [*Exit* Pisanio.

Clo. You have abused me:

'His meanest garment!'

Imo. Ay, I said so, sir:

If you will make 't an action, call witness to 't.

Clo. I will inform your father.

Imo. Your mother too:

She's my good lady, and will conceive, I hope,

But the worst of me. So, I leave you, sir,

To the worst of discontent. [*Exit.*

Clo. I'll be revenged: 160

'His meanest garment!' Well. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *Rome. Philario's house.*

Enter POSTHUMUS and PHILARIO.

Post. Fear it not, sir: I would I were so sure

To win the king as I am bold her honour
Will remain hers.

Phi. What means do you make to him?

Post. Not any, but abide the change of time,
Quake in the present winter's state and wish
That warmer days would come: in these sear'd
hopes,

I barely gratify your love; they failing,
I must die much your debtor.

Phi. Your very goodness and your company
O'erpays all I can do. By this, your king 10
Hath heard of great Augustus: Caius Lucius
Will do 's commission throughly: and I think
He'll grant the tribute, send the arrearages,
Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief.

Post. I do believe,
Statist* though I am none, nor like to be, *Statesman.
That this will prove a war; and you shall hear
The legions now in Gallia sooner landed
In our not-fearing Britain than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen 20
Are men more order'd than when Julius Cæsar
Smiled at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at: their discipline,
Now mingled with their courages, will make known
To their approvers they are people such
That mend upon the world.

Enter IACHIMO.

Phi. See! Iachimo!

Post. The swiftest harts have posted you by
land;
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
To make your vessel nimble.

Phi. Welcome, sir.

Post. I hope the briefness of your answer made
The speediness of your return.

Iach. Your lady 31
Is one of the fairest that I have look'd upon.

Post. And therewithal the best; or let her
beauty

Look through a casement to allure false hearts
And be false with them.

Iach. Here are letters for you.

Post. Their tenour good, I trust.

Iach. 'Tis very like.

Phi. Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court
When you were there?

Iach. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.

Post. All is well yet.
Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is't not 40
Too dull for your good wearing?

Iach. If I had lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.
I'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness which
Was mine in Britain, for the ring is won.

Post. The stone's too hard to come by.

Iach. Not a whit,
Your lady being so easy.

Post. Make not, sir,
Your loss your sport: I hope you know that we
Must not continue friends.

Iach. Good sir, we must,
If you keep covenant. Had I not brought 50
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question further: but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honour,
Together with your ring; and not the wronger
Of her or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.

Post. If you can make 't apparent
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand
And ring is yours; if not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour gains or loses
Your sword or mine, or masterless leaves both 60
To who shall find them.

Iach. Sir, my circumstances,
Being so near the truth as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe: whose strength
I will confirm with oath; which, I doubt not,
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not.

Post. Proceed.

Iach. First, her bedchamber,—
Where, I confess, I slept not, but profess
Had that was well worth watching—it was hang'd
With tapestry of silk and silver; the story
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman, 70
And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for
The press of boats or pride: a piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship and value; which I wonder'd
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on 't was—

Post. This is true;
And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by some other.

Iach. More particulars
Must justify my knowledge.

Post. So they must,
Or do your honour injury.

Iach. The chimney 80
Is south the chamber, and the chimney-piece
Chaste Dian bathing: never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves: the cutter
Was as another nature, dumb; outwent her,
Motion and breath left out.

Post. This is a thing
Which you might from relation likewise reap,
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Iach. The roof o' the chamber
With golden cherubins is fretted: her andirons—
I had forgot them—were two winking Cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely 90
Depending on their brands.

Post. This is her honour!
Let it be granted you have seen all this—and praise
Be given to your remembrance—the description
Of what is in her chamber nothing saves
The wager you have laid.

Iach. Then, if you can,
[Showing the bracelet.
Be pale: I beg but leave to air this jewel; see!
And now 'tis up again; it must be married
To that your diamond; I'll keep them.

CYMBELINE.

POSTHUMUS, IACHIMO AND PHILARIO.

After the Painting by Westall.

CYMBELINE.

POSTHUMUS, IACHIMO AND PHILARIO.

After the Printing by Westall.



Westall del

Stadler sculp

CYMBELINE
Posthumus, Iachimo and Imogen
Act II Scene IV

Post.

Jove!

Once more let me behold it: is it that
Which I left with her?

Iach.

Sir—I thank her—that: 100

She stripp'd it from her arm; I see her yet;
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too: she gave it me, and said
She prized it once.

Post.

May be she pluck'd it off

To send it me.

Iach.

She writes so to you, doth she?

Post. O, no, no, no! 'tis true. Here, take this
too; [Gives the ring.

It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on 't. Let there be no honour
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance;
love, 109

Where there's another man: the vows of women
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,
Than they are to their virtues; which is nothing.
O, above measure false!

Phi.

Have patience, sir,

And take your ring again; 'tis not yet won:

It may be probable she lost it; or

Who knows if one of her women, being corrupted,
Hath stol'n it from her?

Post.

Very true:

And so, I hope, he came by't. Back my ring:

Render to me some corporal sign about her,

More evident than this; for this was stolen. 120

Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

Post. Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he
swears.

'Tis true:—nay, keep the ring—'tis true: I am sure
She would not lose it: her attendants are
All sworn and honourable:—they induced to steal
it!

And by a stranger!—No, he hath enjoy'd her:

The cognizance* of her incontinency *Token.

Is this: she hath bought the name of whore thus
dearly.

There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you!

Phi. Sir, be patient: 130
This is not strong enough to be believed
Of one persuaded well of—

Post. Never talk on 't;
She hath been colted by him.

Iach. If you seek
For further satisfying, under her breast—
Worthy the pressing—lies a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging: by my life,
I kiss'd it; and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her?

Post. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold, 140
Were there no more but it.

Iach. Will you hear more?

Post. Spare your arithmetic: never count the
turns;
Once, and a million!

Iach. I'll be sworn—

Post. No swearing.
If you will swear you have not done't, you lie;
And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny
Thou'st made me cuckold.

Iach. I'll deny nothing.

Post. O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-
meal!

I will go there and do 't, i' the court, before
Her father. I'll do something— [Exit.

Phi. Quite besides
The government of patience! You have won: 150
Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath
He hath against himself.

Iach. With all my heart. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. *Another room in Philario's house.*

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Post. Is there no way for men to be but women
Must be half-workers? We are all bastards;
And that most venerable man which I
Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was stamp'd; some coiner with his tools

Made me a counterfeit: yet my mother seem'd
 The Dian of that time: so doth my wife
 The nonpareil of this. O, vengeance, vengeance!
 Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd
 And pray'd me oft forbearance; did it with 10
 A pudency* so rosy the sweet view on 't *Modesty.
 Might well have warm'd old Saturn; that I
 thought her

As chaste as unsunn'd snow. O, all the devils!
 This yellow Iachimo, in an hour,—was't not?—
 Or less,—at first?—perchance he spoke not, but,
 Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,
 Cried 'O!' and mounted; found no opposition
 But what he look'd for should oppose and she
 Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
 The woman's part in me! For there's no
 motion

That tends to vice in man, but I affirm 21
 It is the woman's part: be it lying, note it,
 The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
 Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges,
 hers;

Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
 Nice longing, slanders, mutability,
 All faults that may be named, nay, that hell
 knows,

Why, hers, in part or all; but rather, all;
 For even to vice

They are not constant, but are changing still 30
 One vice, but of a minute old, for one
 Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
 Detest them, curse them: yet 'tis greater skill
 In a true hate, to pray they have their will:
 The very devils cannot plague them better.

[*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Britain. A hall in Cymbeline's palace.*

*Enter in state, CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, and
 Lords at one door, and at another, CAIUS LUCIUS
 and Attendants.*

Cym. Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar
 with us?

Luc. When Julius Cæsar, whose remembrance
 yet
 Lives in men's eyes and will to ears and tongues
 Be theme and hearing ever, was in this Britain
 And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle,—
 Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less
 Than in his feats deserving it—for him
 And his succession granted Rome a tribute,
 Yearly three thousand pounds, which by thee
 lately
 Is left untender'd.

Queen. And, to kill the marvel, 10
 Shall be so ever.

Clo. There be many Cæsars,
 Ere such another Julius. Britain is
 A world by itself; and we will nothing pay
 For wearing our own noses.

Queen. That opportunity
 Which then they had to take from 's, to resume
 We have again. Remember, sir, my liege,
 The kings your ancestors, together with
 The natural bravery of your isle, which stands
 As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
 With rocks unscaleable and roaring waters, 20
 With sands that will not bear your enemies'
 boats,

But suck them up to the topmast. A kind of
 conquest
 Cæsar made here; but made not here his brag
 Of 'Came' and 'saw' and 'overcame:' with
 shame—

The first that ever touch'd him—he was carried
 From off our coast, twice beaten; and his
 shipping—

Poor ignorant baubles!—on our terrible seas,
 Like egg-shells moved upon their surges, crack'd
 As easily 'gainst our rocks: for joy whereof
 The famed Cassibelan, who was once at point—
 O giglot* fortune!—to master Cæsar's sword, 31
 Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright
 And Britons strut with courage.

*Wanton.

Clo. Come, there's no more tribute to be paid:
 our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time:

and, as I said, there is no moe such Cæsars: other of them may have crook'd noses, but to owe such straight arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end. 39

Clo. We have yet many among us can gripe as hard as Cassibelan: I do not say I am one; but I have a hand. Why tribute? why should we pay tribute? If Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light; else, sir, no more tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You must know,
Till the injurious Romans did extort
This tribute from us, we were free: Cæsar's ambition,
Which swell'd so much that it did almost stretch 50

The sides o' the world, against all colour here
Did put the yoke upon 's; which to shake off
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Ourselves to be.

Clo. and Lords. We do.

Cym. Say, then, to Cæsar,
Our ancestor was that Mulmutius which
Ordain'd our laws, whose use the sword of Cæsar
Hath too much mangled; whose repair and franchise

Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
Though Rome be therefore angry: Mulmutius
made our laws,

Who was the first of Britain which did put 60
His brows within a golden crown and call'd
Himself a king.

Luc. I am sorry, Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar—
Cæsar, that hath more kings his servants than
Thyself domestic officers—thine enemy:
Receive it from me, then: war and confusion
In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look
For fury not to be resisted. Thus defied.
I thank thee for myself.

Cym. Thou art welcome, Caius
Thy Cæsar knighted me: my youth I spent

Much under him; of him I gather'd honour;
Which he to seek of me again, perforce,
Behoves me keep at utterance.* I am perfect
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians for *Extremity.
Their liberties are now in arms; a precedent
Which not to read would show the Britons cold:
So Cæsar shall not find them.

Luc. Let proof speak.

Clo. His majesty bids you welcome. Make
pastime with us a day or two, or longer: if you
seek us afterwards in other terms, you shall find
us in our salt-water girdle: if you beat us out
of it, it is yours; if you fall in the adventure, our
crows shall fare the better for you; and there's
an end.

Luc. So, sir.

Cym. I know your master's pleasure and he
mine:

All the remain is 'Welcome!' [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Another room in the palace.*

Enter PISANIO, with a letter.

Pis. How! of adultery? Wherefore write you
not

What monster 's her accuser? Leonatus!
O master! what a strange infection
Is fall'n into thy ear! What false Italian,
As poisonous-tongued as handed, hath prevail'd
On thy too ready hearing? Disloyal! No:
She's punish'd for her truth, and undergoes,
More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults
As would take in* some virtue. O my master!
Thy mind to her is now as low as were *Conquer.
Thy fortunes. How! that I should murder her?
Upon the love and truth and vows which I 12
Have made to thy command? I, her? her blood?
If it be so to do good service, never
Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,
That I should seem to lack humanity

So much as this fact comes to? [*Reading*] 'Do't:
the letter

That I have sent her, by her own command
Shall give thee opportunity.' O damn'd paper!
Black as the ink that's on thee! Senseless
bauble, 20

Art thou a feodary† for this act, and look'st
So virgin-like without? Lo, here she comes.
I am ignorant in what I am commanded. †Confederate.

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. How now, Pisanio!

Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

Imo. Who? thy lord? that is my lord,
Leonatus!

O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer
That knew the stars as I his characters;
He'd lay the future open. You good gods,
Let what is here contain'd relish of love, 30
Of my lord's health, of his content, yet not
That we two are asunder; let that grieve him:
Some griefs are med'cinable; that is one of
them,

For it doth physic love: of his content,
All but in that! Good wax, thy leave. Blest be
You bees that make these locks of counsel!
Lovers

And men in dangerous bonds pray not alike:
Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet
You clasp young Cupid's tables. Good news,
gods! 39

[*Reads*] 'Justice, and your father's wrath,
should he take me in his dominion, could not
be so cruel to me, as you, O the dearest of
creatures, would even renew me with your eyes.
Take notice that I am in Cambria, at Milford-
Haven: what your own love will out of this
advise you, follow. So he wishes you all hap-
piness, that remains loyal to his vow, and your,
increasing in love,

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS.'

O, for a horse with wings! Hear'st thou, Pisanio?
He is at Milford-Haven; read, and tell me 51

How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
 May plod it in a week, why may not I
 Glide thither in a day? Then, true Pisanio,—
 Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who
 long'st,—

O, let me bate,—but not like me—yet long'st,
 But in a fainter kind:—O, not like me;
 For mine's beyond beyond—say, and speak
 thick;*

*Rapidly.

Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing,
 To the smothering of the sense—how far it is 60
 To this same blessed Milford: and by the way
 Tell me how Wales was made so happy as
 To inherit such a haven: but first of all,
 How we may steal from hence, and for the gap
 That we shall make in time, from our hence-
 going

And our return, to excuse: but first, how get
 hence:

Why should excuse be born or e'er begot?
 We'll talk of that hereafter. Prithee, speak,
 How many score of miles may we well ride
 'Twixt hour and hour?

Pis.

One score 'twixt sun and sun.
 Madam, 's enough for you: [*Aside*] and too much
 too. 71

Imo. Why, one that rode to 's execution, man,
 Could never go so slow: I have heard of riding
 wagers,

Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
 That run i' the clock's behalf. But this is
 foolery:

Go bid my woman feign a sickness; say
 She'll home to her father: and provide me pre-
 sently

A riding-suit, no costlier than would fit

A franklin's* housewife.

*Freeholder's.

Pis.

Madam, you're best consider.

Imo. I see before me, man: nor here, nor here,
 Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them, 81
 That I cannot look through. Away, I prithee;
 Do as I bid thee: there's no more to say;
 Accessible is none but Milford way. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Wales: a mountainous country
with a cave.*

*Enter, from the cave, BELARIUS; GUIDERIUS,
and ARVIRAGUS following.*

Bel. A goodly day not to keep house, with such
Whose roof's as low as ours! Stoop, boys; this
gate
Instructs you how to adore the heavens and bows
you
To a morning's holy office: the gates of monarchs
Are arch'd so high that giants may jet* through
And keep their impious turbans on, without *Strut,
Good morrow to the sun. Hail, thou fair heaven!
We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.

Gui. Hail, heaven!

Arv. Hail, heaven!

Bel. Now for our mountain sport: up to yond
hill; 10
Your legs are young; I'll tread these flats. Con-
sider,
When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place which lessens and sets off:
And you may then revolve what tales I have told
you

Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:
This service is not service, so being done,
But being so allow'd; to apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we see;
And often, to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded* beetle in a safer hold *Scaly-winged. 1
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life 21
Is nobler than attending for a check,
Richer than doing nothing for a bauble,
Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk:
Such gain the cap of him that makes 'em fine,
Yet keeps his book uncross'd: no life to ours.

Gui. Out of your proof you speak: we, poor
unfledged,
Have never wing'd from view o' the nest, nor
know not
What air's from home. Haply this life is best,

If quiet life be best; sweeter to you 30
 That have a sharper known; well corresponding
 With your stiff age: but unto us it is
 A cell of ignorance; travelling a-bed;
 A prison for a debtor, that not dares
 To stride a limit.

Arr. What should we speak of
 When we are old as you? when we shall hear
 The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
 In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
 The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing:
 We are beastly, subtle as the fox for prey, 40
 Like warlike as the wolf for what we eat;
 Our valour is to chase what flies; our cage* *Prison.
 We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,
 And sing our bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak!
 Did you but know the city's usuries
 And felt them knowingly; the art o' the court,
 As hard to leave as keep; whose top to climb
 Is certain falling, or so slippery that
 The fear's as bad as falling; the toil o' the war,
 A pain that only seems to seek out danger 50
 I' the name of fame and honour; which dies i' the
 search,

And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph
 As record of fair act; nay, many times,
 Doth ill deserve by doing well; what's worse,
 Must court'sy at the censure:—O boys, this story
 The world may read in me: my body's mark'd
 With Roman swords, and my report was once
 First with the best of note: Cymbeline loved me,
 And when a soldier was the theme, my name
 Was not far off: then was I as a tree 60
 Whose boughs did bend with fruit: but in one
 night,

A storm or robbery, call it what you will,
 Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my
 leaves,
 And left me bear to weather.

Gui. Uncertain favour!

Bel. My fault being nothing—as I have told
 you oft—

But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline
I was confederate with the Romans: so
Follow'd my banishment, and this twenty years
This rock and these demesnes have been my
world; 70

Where I have lived at honest freedom, paid
More pious debts to heaven than in all
The fore-end of my time. But up to the moun-
tains!

This is not hunters' language: he that strikes
The venison first shall be the lord o' the feast;
To him the other two shall minister;
And we will fear no poison, which attends
In place of greater state. I'll meet you in the
valleys. [*Exeunt Guiderius and Arviragus.*]

How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!
These boys know little they are sons to the king:
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive. 81
They think they are mine; and though train'd up
thus meanly

I' the cave wherein they bow, their thoughts do
hit

The roofs of palaces, and nature prompts them
In simple and low things to prince it much
Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, who
The king his father call'd Guiderius,—Jove!
When on my three-foot stool I sit and tell
The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out
Into my story: say 'Thus mine enemy fell, 91
And thus I set my foot on 's neck;' even then
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
Strains his young nerves and puts himself in
posture

That acts my words. The younger brother,
Cadwal,

Once Arviragus, in as like a figure,
Strikes life into my speech and shows much more
His own conceiving.—Hark, the game is roused!—
O Cymbeline, heaven and my conscience knows
Thou didst unjustly banish me: whereon, 100
At three and two years old, I stole these babes;

Imo. [*Reads*] 'Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath played the strumpet in my bed; the testimonies whereof lie bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak surmises, but from proof as strong as my grief and as certain as I expect my revenge.'

That part thou, Pisanio, must act for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach of hers. Let thine own hands take away her life: I shall give thee opportunity at Milford-Haven. She hath my letter for the purpose: where, if thou fear to strike and to make me certain it is done, thou art the pander to her dishonour and equally to me disloyal.'

Pis. What shall I need to draw my sword? the
paper
Hath cut her throat already. No, 'tis slander,
Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose
tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile, whose breath
Rides on the posting winds and doth belie
All corners of the world: kings, queens and
states,
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave 40
This viperous slander enters. What cheer,
madam?

Imo. False to his bed! What is it to be false?
To lie in watch there and to think on him?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge
nature,
To break it with a fearful dream of him
And cry myself awake? that's false to 's bed,
is it?

Pis. Alas, good lady!

Imo. I false! Thy conscience witness: Iachimo,
Thou didst accuse him of incontinency;
Thou then look'dst like a villain; now methinks
Thy favour's good enough. Some jay of Italy 51
†Whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd
him:

Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;
And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,
I must be ripp'd:—to pieces with me!—O,
Men's vows are women's traitors! All good seem-
ing,
By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought
Put on for villany; not born where't grows,
But worn a bait for ladies.

Pis. Good madam, hear me.

Imo. True honest men being heard, like false
 Æneas, 60
 Were in his time thought false, and Simon's
 weeping
 Did scandal many a holy tear, took pity
 From most true wretchedness: so thou, Posthu-
 mus,
 Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men;
 Goodly and gallant shall be false and perjured
 From thy great fail. Come, fellow, be thou
 honest:
 Do thou thy master's bidding: when thou see'st
 him,
 A little witness my obedience: look!
 I draw the sword myself: take it, and hit
 The innocent mansion of my love, my heart: 70
 Fear not; 'tis empty of all things but grief:
 Thy master is not there, who was indeed
 The riches of it: do his bidding; strike.
 Thou mayst be valiant in a better cause;
 But now thou seem'st a coward.

Pis. Hence, vile instrument!
 Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Imo. Why, I must die;
 And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
 No servant of thy master's. Against self-slaughter
 There is a prohibition so divine
 That cravens my weak hand. Come, here's my
 heart. 80
 Something's afore 't. Soft, soft! we'll no defence;
 Obedient as the scabbard. What is here?
 The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,
 All turn'd to heresy? Away, away,
 Corrupters of my faith! you shall no more
 Be stomachers to my heart. Thus may poor fools
 Believe false teachers: though those that are be-
 tray'd
 Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
 Stands in worse case of woe.
 And thou, Posthumus, thou that didst set up 90
 My disobedience 'gainst the king my father
 And make me put into contempt the suits
 Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find

CYMBELINE.

PISANIO AND IMOGEN.

After the Painting by Hoppner.

After the Painting by HOFFMAN.

PIZZAIO AND IMOCEN.

CAMBETINE.



Hopfer del.

CYMBELINE.
Proas & Images.
Act III Scene IV

Starling, sc

It is no act of common passage, but
 A strain of rareness: and I grieve myself
 To think, when thou shalt be disedged by her
 That now thou tirest* on, how thy memory
 Will then be pang'd by me. Prithee, dispatch:
 The lamb entreats the butcher: where's thy knife?
 Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding, 100
 When I desire it too. *Feedest.

Pis. O gracious lady,
 Since I received command to do this business
 I have not slept one wink.

Imo. Do 't, and to bed then.

Pis. I'll wake mine eye-balls blind first.

Imo. Wherefore then
 Didst undertake it? Why hast thou abused
 So many miles with a pretence? this place?
 Mine action and thine own? our horses' labour?
 The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court,
 For my being absent? whereunto I never
 Purpose return. Why hast thou gone so far, 110
 To be unbent when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
 The elected deer before thee?

Pis. But to win time
 To lose so bad employment; in the which
 I have consider'd of a course. Good lady,
 Hear me with patience.

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary; speak:
 I have heard I am a strumpet; and mine ear,
 Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,
 Nor tent* to bottom that. But speak. *Probe.

Pis. Then, madam,
 I thought you would not back again.

Imo. Most like;
 Bringing me here to kill me.

Pis. Not so, neither: 120
 But if I were as wise as honest, then
 My purpose would prove well. It cannot be
 But that my master is abused:
 Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,
 Hath done you both this cursed injury.

Imo. Some Roman courtezan.

Pis. No, on my life.
 I'll give but notice you are dead and send him

Some bloody sign of it; for 'tis commanded
I should do so: you shall be miss'd at court,
And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good fellow, 130
What shall I do the while? where bide? how live?
Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband?

Pis. If you'll back to the court—

Imo. No court, no father; nor no more ado
†With that harsh, noble, simple nothing,
That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege.

Pis. If not at court,
Then not in Britain must you bide.

Imo. Where then?
Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day, night,
Are they not but in Britain? I' the world's volume
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in 't; 141
In a great pool a swan's nest: prithee, think
There's livers out of Britain.

Pis. I am most glad
You think of other place. The ambassador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven
To-morrow: now, if you could wear a mind
Dark as your fortune is, and but disguise
That which, to appear itself, must not yet be
But by self-danger, you should tread a course
†Pretty and full of view; yea, haply, near 150
The residence of Posthumus; so nigh at least
That though his actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your ear
As truly as he moves.

Imo. O, for such means!
Though peril to my modesty, not death on 't,
I would adventure.

Pis. Well, then, here's the point:
You must forget to be a woman; change
Command into obedience: fear and niceness—
The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
Woman it pretty self—into a waggish courage:
Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy and 161
As quarrelous as the weasel; nay, you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,

Exposing it—but, O, the harder heart!
Alack, no remedy!—to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing Titan, and forget
Your laboursome and dainty trimus, wherein
You made great Juno angry.

Imo.

Nay, be brief:

I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.

Pis.

First, make yourself but like one. 170
Fore-thinking this, I have already fit—
'Tis in my cloak-bag—doublet, hat, hose, all
That answer to them: would you in their serving,
And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season, 'fore noble Lucius
Present yourself, desire his service; tell him
Wherein you're happy,*—which you'll make him
know,

**Accomplished.*

If that his head have ear in music,—doubtless
With joy he will embrace you, for he's honour-
able

And doubling that, most holy. Your means
abroad, 180

You have me, rich; and I will never fail
Beginning nor supplyment.

Imo.

Thou art all the comfort
The gods will diet me with. Prithee, away:
There's more to be consider'd; but we'll even*
All that good time will give us: this attempt
I am soldier to, and will abide it with
A prince's courage. Away, I prithee.

**Equal.*

Pis. Well, madam, we must take a short fare-
well,

Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,
Here is a box; I had it from the queen: 191
What's in 't is precious; if you are sick at sea,
Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
Will drive away distemper. To some shade,
And fit you to your manhood. May the gods
Direct you to the best!

Imo. Amen: I thank thee. [*Exeunt, severally.*]

SCENE V. *A room in Cymbeline's palace.*

Enter CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, LUCIUS,
Lords, and Attendants.

Cym. Thus far; and so farewell.

Luc. Thanks, royal sir.
My emperor hath wrote, I must from hence;
And am right sorry that I must report ye
My master's enemy.

Cym. Our subjects, sir,
Will not endure his yoke; and for ourself
To show less sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear unkinglike.

Luc. So, sir: I desire of you
A conduct over-land to Milford-Haven.
Madam, all joy befall your grace!

Queen. And you!

Cym. My lords, you are appointed for that
office; 10
The due of honour in no point omit.
So farewell, noble Lucius.

Luc. Your hand, my lord.

Clo. Receive it friendly; but from this time
forth
I wear it as your enemy.

Luc. Sir, the event
Is yet to name the winner; fare you well.

Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my
lords,
Till he have cross'd the Severn. Happiness!

[*Exeunt Lucius and Lords.*]

Queen. He goes hence frowning: but it
honours us
That we have given him cause.

Clo. 'Tis all the better;
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it. 20

Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor
How it goes here. It fits us therefore ripely
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness:
The powers that he already hath in Gallia
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he
moves
His war for Britain.

Queen. 'Tis not sleepy business;
But must be look'd to speedily and strongly.

Cym. Our expectation that it would be thus
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,
Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd 31
The duty of the day: she looks us like
A thing more made of malice than of duty:
We have noted it. Call her before us; for
We have been too slight in sufferance.

[*Exit an Attendant.*

Queen. Royal sir,
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retired
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,
'Tis time must do. Beseech your majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her; she's a lady
So tender of rebukes that words are strokes 40
And strokes death to her.

Re-enter Attendant.

Cym. Where is she, sir? How
Can her contempt be answer'd?

Atten. Please you, sir,
Her chambers are all lock'd; and there's no answer
That will be given to the loudest noise we make.

Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close,
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily she was bound to proffer: this
She wish'd me to make known; but our great
court 50
Made me to blame in memory.

Cym. Her doors lock'd?
Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that which I fear
Prove false! [Exit.]

Queen. Son, I say, follow the king.

Clo. That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant,
I have not seen these two days.

Queen. Go, look after. [Exit Cloten.]
Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus!
He hath a drug of mine; I pray his absence
Proceed by swallowing that, for he believes

It is a thing most precious. But for her,
 Where is she gone? Haply, despair hath seized
 her, 60
 Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she's flown
 To her desired Posthumus: gone she is
 To death or to dishonour; and my end
 Can make good use of either: she being down,
 I have the placing of the British crown.

Re-enter CLOTEN.

How now, my son!

Clo. 'Tis certain she is fled.
 Go in and cheer the king: he rages; none
 Dare come about him.

Queen. [*Aside*] All the better; may
 This night forestall him of the coming day! [*Exit.*

Clo. I love and hate her: for she's fair and
 royal, 70
 And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
 Than lady, ladies, woman; from every one
 The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,
 Outsell them all; I love her therefore: but
 Disdaining me and throwing favours on
 The low Posthumus slanders so her judgement
 That what's else rare is choked; and in that point
 I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
 To be revenged upon her. For when fools 79
 Shall—

Enter PISANIO.

Who is here? What, are you packing, sirrah?
 Come hither: ah, you precious pander! Villain,
 Where is thy lady? In a word; or else
 Thou art straightway with the fiends.

Pis. O, good my lord!
 I will not ask again. Close villain,
 I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
 Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus?
 From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
 A dram of worth be drawn.

Pis. Alas, my lord, 89
 How can she be with him? When was she miss'd?
 He is in Rome.

Clo. Where is she, sir? Come nearer;
No further halting: satisfy me home* *To the utmost.
What is become of her.

Pis. O, my all-worthy lord!

Clo. All-worthy villain!
Discover where thy mistress is at once,
At the next word: no more of 'worthy lord!'
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.

Pis. Then, sir,
This paper is the history of my knowledge 99
Touching her flight. [*Presenting a letter.*]

Clo. Let's see 't. I will pursue her.
Even to Augustus' throne.

Pis. [*Aside*] Or this, or perish.
She's far enough; and what he learns by this
May prove his travel, not her danger.

Clo. Hum!

Pis. [*Aside*] I'll write to my lord she's dead.
O Imogen,
Safe mayst thou wander, safe return again!

Clo. Sirrah, is this letter true?

Pis. Sir, as I think.

Clo. It is Posthumus' hand; I know't. Sir-
rah, if thou wouldst not be a villain, but do me
true service, undergo those employments wherein
I should have cause to use thee with a serious
industry, that is, what villany soe'er I bid thee
do, to perform it directly and truly, I would
think thee an honest man: thou shouldst neither
want my means for thy relief nor my voice for thy
preferment.

Pis. Well, my good lord.

Clo. Wilt thou serve me? for since patiently
and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune
of that beggar Posthumus, thou canst not, in the
course of gratitude, but be a diligent follower of
mine: wilt thou serve me?

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clo. Give me thy hand; here's my purse.
Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy
possession?

Pis. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same

suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.

Clo. The first service thou dost me, fetch that
suit hither: let it be thy first service; go. 129

Pis. I shall, my lord. [Exit.

Clo. Meet thee at Milford-Haven!—I forgot to ask him one thing; I'll remember't anon;—even there, thou villain Posthumus, will I kill thee. I would these garments were come. She said upon a time—the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart—that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon my back, will I ravish her: first kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body, and when my lust hath dined,—which, as I say, to vex her I will execute in the clothes that she so praised,—to the court I'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despised me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge. 150

Re-enter PISANIO, with the clothes.

Be those the garments?

Pis. Ay, my noble lord.

Clo. How long is't since she went to Milford-Haven?

Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

Clo. Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is the second thing that I have commanded thee: the third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but duteous, and true preferment shall tender itself to thee. My revenge is now at Milford: would I had wings to follow it! Come, and be true. [Exit.

Pis. Thou bid'st me to my loss: for true to thee

Were to prove false, which I will never be,
To him that is most true. To Milford go,
And find not her whom thou pursuest. Flow,
flow,

You heavenly blessings, on her! This fool's
speed
Be cross'd with slowness; labour be his meed!
[*Exit.*

SCENE VI. *Wales. Before the cave of Belarius.*

Enter IMOGEN, in boy's clothes.

Imo. I see a man's life is a tedious one:
I have tired myself, and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I should be
sick,
But that my resolution helps me. Milford,
When from the mountain-top Pisanio show'd thee,
Thou wast within a ken: O Jove! I think
Foundations fly the wretched; such, I mean,
Where they should be relieved. Two beggars
told me
I could not miss my way: will poor folks lie,
That have afflictions on them, knowing 'tis 10
A punishment or trial? Yes; no wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true. To lapse in
fulness
Is sorer than to lie for need, and falsehood
Is worse in kings than beggars. My dear lord!
Thou art one o' the false ones. Now I think on
thee,
My hunger's gone; but even before, I was
At point to sink for food. But what is this?
Here is a path to't: 'tis some savage hold:
I were best not call; I dare not call: yet famine,
Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant. 20
Plenty and peace breeds cowards: hardness ever
Of hardiness is mother. Ho! who's here?
If any thing that's civil, speak; if savage,
Take or lend. Ho! No answer? Then I'll
enter.
Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy
But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look
on't.
Such a foe, good heavens! [Exit, to the cave.

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. You, Polydore, have proved best wood-
man* and *Huntsman.
Are master of the feast: Cadwal and I
Will play the cook and servant; 'tis our match:†
The sweat of industry would dry and die, 31
But for the end it works to. Come; our stomachs
Will make what's homely savoury: weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth †Compact.
Finds the down pillow hard. Now peace be here,
Poor house, that keep'st thyself!

Gui. I am throughly weary.

Arv. I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

Gui. There is cold meat i' the cave; we'll
browse on that,
Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.

Bel. [*Looking into the cave*] Stay; come not in.
But that it eats our victuals, I should think 41
Here were a fairy.

Gui. What's the matter, sir?

Bel. By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
An earthly paragon! Behold divineness
No elder than a boy!

Re-enter IMOGEN.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not:
Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought
To have begg'd or bought what I have took: good
troth,
I have stol'n nought, nor would not, though I had
found
Gold strew'd i' the floor. Here's money for my
meat: 50
I would have left it on the board so soon
As I had made my meal, and parted
With prayers for the provider.

Gui. Money, youth?

Arv. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty gods.

Imo. I see you're angry:

CYMBELINE.

IMOGEN IN BOY'S CLOTHES.

After the Painting by Westall.

CYMBELINE.

IMOGEN IN BOY'S CLOTHES.

After the Painting by Westall.



Westall del.

Starling sc.

CYMBELINE
Imogen, in Boys Clothes
Act III Scene VI.

Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have died had I not made it.

Bel. Whither bound?

Imo. To Milford-Haven.

Bel. What's your name? 60

Imo. Fidele, sir. I have a kinsman who
Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford;
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I am fall'n in this offence.

Bel. Prithee, fair youth,
Think us no churls, nor measure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd!
'Tis almost night: you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart; and thanks to stay and eat it.
Boys, bid him welcome.

Gui. Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard but be your groom. In
honesty, 70
I bid for you as I'd buy.

Arv. I'll make't my comfort
He is a man; I'll love him as my brother:
And such a welcome as I'd give to him
After long absence, such is yours: most welcome!
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

Imo. 'Mongst friends,
If brothers. [*Aside*] Would it had been so, that
they

Had been my father's sons! then had my prize
Been less, and so more equal ballasting
To thee, Posthumus.

Bel. He wrings at some distress.

Gui. Would I could free 't!

Arv. Or I, whate'er it be, 80
What pain it cost, what danger. Gods!

Bel. Hark, boys.
[*Whispering.*]

Imo. Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves and had the virtue
Which their own conscience seal'd them—laying
by
That nothing-gift of differing multitudes—
Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, gods!

I'd change my sex to be companion with them,
Since Leonatus's false.

Bel. It shall be so.

Boys, we'll go dress our hunt. Fair youth, come
in: 90

Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have supp'd,
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak it.

Gui. Pray, draw near.

Arv. The night to the owl and morn to the
lark less welcome.

Imo. Thanks, sir.

Arv. I pray, draw near. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII. *Rome. A public place.*

Enter two Senators and Tribunes.

First Sen. This is the tenour of the emperor's
writ:

That since the common men are now in action
'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians,
And that the legions now in Gallia are
Full weak to undertake our wars against
The fall'n-off Britons, that we do incite
The gentry to this business. He creates
Lucius proconsul: and to you the tribunes,
For this immediate levy, he commends
His absolute commission. Long live Cæsar! 10

First Tri. Is Lucius general of the forces?

Sec. Sen. Ay.

First Tri. Remaining now in Gallia?

First Sen. With those legions
Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy
Must be supplyant: the words of your commission
Will tie you to the numbers and the time
Of their dispatch.

First Tri. We will discharge our duty.
[Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Wales: near the cave of Belarius.**Enter CLOTEN.*

Clo. I am near to the place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapped it truly. How fit his garments serve me! Why should his mistress, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather—saving reverence of the word—for 'tis said a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman. I dare speak it to myself—for it is not vain-glory for a man and his glass to confer in his own chamber—I mean, the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions:* yet this imperceiverant† thing loves him in my despite. What mortality is! Posthumus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off; thy mistress enforced; thy garments cut to pieces before thy face: and all this done, spurn her home to her father; who may haply be a little angry for my so rough usage; but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is tied up safe: out, sword, and to a sore purpose! Fortune, put them into my hand! This is the very description of their meeting-place; and the fellow dares not deceive me. [*Exit.*

*Combats. †Dull of perception.

SCENE II. *Before the cave of Belarius.**Enter, from the cave, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, and IMOGEN.*

Bel. [*To Imogen*] You are not well: remain here in the cave;
We'll come to you after hunting.

Arv. [*To Imogen*] Brother, stay here:
Are we not brothers?

Imo. So man and man should be;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.

Gui. Go you to hunting; I'll abide with him.

Imo. So sick I am not, yet I am not well;
But not so citizen a wanton as
To seem to die ere sick: so please you, leave me;
Stick to your journal* course: the breach of
custom

Is breach of all. I am ill, but your being by me
Cannot amend me; society is no comfort
To one not sociable: I am not very sick,
Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here:
I'll rob none but myself; and let me die,
Stealing so poorly.

Gui. I love thee; I have spoke it:
How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my father.

Bel. What! how! how!

Arv. If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me
In my good brother's fault: I know not why 20
I love this youth; and I have heard you say,
Love's reason's without reason: the bier at door,
And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say
'My father, not this youth.'

Bel. [*Aside*] O noble strain!
O worthiness of nature! breed of greatness!
Cowards father cowards and base things sire base:
Nature hath meal and bran, contempt and grace.
I'm not their father; yet who this should be,
Doth miracle itself, loved before me.
'Tis the ninth hour o' the morn.

Arv. Brother, farewell. 30

Imo. I wish ye sport.

Arv. You health. So please you, sir.

Imo. [*Aside*] These are kind creatures. Gods,
what lies I have heard!

Our courtiers say all's savage but at court:
Experience, O, thou disprovest report!
The imperious seas breed monsters, for the dish
Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.
I am sick still; heart-sick. Pisanio,
I'll now taste of thy drug. [*Swallows some.*]

Gui. I could not stir him:
He said he was gentle, * but unfortunate; *Well-born.
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest. 40

Arv. Thus did he answer me: yet said, here-
after
I might know more.

Bel. To the field, to the field!
We'll leave you for this time: go in and rest.

Arv. We'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray, be not sick,
For you must be our housewife.

Imo. Well or ill,
I am bound to you.

Bel. And shalt be ever.

[*Exit Imogen, to the cave.*]

This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears he hath
had

Good ancestors.

Arv. How angel-like he sings!

Gui. But his neat cookery! he cut our roots
In characters,
And sauced our broths, as Juno had been sick 50
And he her dieter.

Arv. Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a sigh, as if the sigh
Was that it was, for not being such a smile;
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly
From so divine a temple, to commix
With winds that sailors rail at.

Gui. I do note
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,
Mingle their spurs* together. *Roots of trees.

Arv. Grow, patience!
And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root with the increasing vine! 60

Bel. It is great morning. Come, away!—
Who's there?

Enter CLOTEN.

Clo. I cannot find those runagates; that villain
Hath mock'd me. I am faint.

Bel. 'Those runagates!'
Means he not us? I partly know him: 'tis

Cloten, the son o' the queen. I fear some ambush.
I saw him not these many years, and yet
I know 'tis he. We are held as outlaws: hence!

Gui. He is but one: you and my brother search
What companies are near: pray you, away;
Let me alone with him.

[*Exeunt Belarius and Arviragus.*]

Clo. Soft! What are you 70
That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers?
I have heard of such. What slave art thou?

Gui. A thing
More slavish did I ne'er than answering
A slave without a knock.

Clo. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain: yield thee, thief.

Gui. To who? to thee? What art thou? Have
not I

An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger, for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art,
Why I should yield to thee?

Clo. Thou villain base, 80
Know'st me not by my clothes?

Gui. No, nor thy tailor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather: he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee.

Clo. Thou precious varlet,
My tailor made them not.

Gui. Hence, then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some
fool;

I am loath to beat thee.

Clo. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.

Gui. What's thy name?

Clo. Cloten, thou villain.

Gui. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it; were it Toad, or Adder,
Spider, 90

'Twould move me sooner.

Clo. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
I am son to the queen.

Gui. I am sorry for't; not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.

Clo. Art not afeard?

Gui. Those that I reverence those I fear, the
wise:
At fools I laugh, not fear them.

Clo. Die the death:
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of Lud's-town set your heads:
Yield, rustic mountaineer. [*Exeunt fighting.* 100

Re-enter BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. No companies abroad?

Arv. None in the world: you did mistake him,
sure.

Bel. I cannot tell: long is it since I saw him,
But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of
favour*
Which then he wore; the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking, were as his: I am absolute
'Twas very Cloten. *Countenance.

Arv. In this place we left them:
I wish my brother made good time with him,
You say he is so fell.

Bel. Being scarce made up,
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension 110
Of roaring terrors; for the effect of judgement
Is oft the cause of fear. But, see, thy brother.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS, with CLOTEN'S head.

Gui. This Cloten was a fool, an empty purse;
There was no money in't: not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had
none:

Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head as I do his.

Bel. What hast thou done?

Gui. I am perfect what: cut off one Cloten's
head,
Son to the queen, after his own report;
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer, and swore 120

With his own single hand he'd take us in,
 Displace our heads where—thank the gods!—they
 grow,
 And set them on Lud's-town.

Bel. We are all undone.

Gui. Why, worthy father, what have we to
 lose,
 But that he swore to take, our lives? The law
 Protects not us: then why should we be tender
 To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us,
 Play judge and executioner all himself,
 For we do fear the law? What company
 Discover you abroad?

Bel. No single soul 130
 Can we set eye on; but in all safe reason
 He must have some attendants. Though his
 humour

Was nothing but mutation, ay, and that
 From one bad thing to worse; not frenzy, not
 Absolute* madness could so far have raved *Certain.
 To bring him here alone; although perhaps
 It may be heard at court that such as we
 Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time
 May make some stronger head; the which he hear-
 ing—

As it is like him—might break out, and swear 140
 He'd fetch us in; yet is't not probable
 To come alone, either he so undertaking,
 Or they so suffering: then on good ground we
 fear,

If we do fear this body hath a tail
 More perilous than the head.

Arv. Let ordinance
 Come as the gods foresay it: howsoe'er,
 My brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no mind
 To hunt this day: the boy Fidele's sickness
 Did make my way long forth.

Gui. With his own sword,
 Which he did wave against my throat, I have
 ta'en 150

His head from him: I'll throw't into the creek
 Behind our rock; and let it to the sea,

And tell the fishes he's the queen's son, Cloten:
That's all I reck. [Exit.

Bel. I fear 'twill be revenged:
Would, Polydore, thou hadst not done't! though
valour
Becomes thee well enough.

Arv. Would I had done't,
So the revenge alone pursued me! Polydore,
I love thee brotherly, but envy much
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would re-
venges,
That possible strength might meet, would seek us
through 160
And put us to our answer.

Bel. Well, tis done:
We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
Where there's no profit. I prithee, to our rock;
You and Fidele play the cooks: I'll stay
Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him
To dinner presently.

Arv. Poor sick Fidele!
I'll willingly to him: to gain his colour
I'd let a parish of such Clotens blood,
And praise myself for charity. [Exit.

Bel. O thou goddess, 169
Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys! They are as gentle
As zephyrs blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchafed, as the rudest wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonder
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearn'd, honour untaught,
Civility not seen from other, valour
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop 180
As if it had been sow'd. Yet still it's strange
What Cloten's being here to us portends,
Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS.

Gui. Where's my brother?
I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,

In embassy to his mother: his body's hostage
For his return. [Solemn music.]

Bel. My ingenious instrument!
Hark, Polydore, it sounds! But what occasion
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion? Hark!

Gui. Is he at home?

Bel. He went hence even now.

Gui. What does he mean? since death of my
dear'st mother 190

It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter?
Triumphs for nothing and lamenting toys
Is jollity for apes and grief for boys.
Is Cadwal mad?

Bel. Look, here he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his arms
Of what we blame him for.

Re-enter ARVIRAGUS, with IMOGEN, as dead, bearing her in his arms.

Arv. The bird is dead
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,
To have turn'd my leaping-time into a crutch, 200
Than have seen this.

Gui. O sweetest, fairest lily!
My brother wears thee not the one half so well
As when thou grew'st thyself.

Bel. O melancholy!
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish crare*
Might easiliest harbour in? Thou blessed thing!
Jove knows what man thou mightst have made;
but I, *Ship of burden.
Thou diedst, a most rare boy, of melancholy.
How found you him?

Arv. Stark,* as you see: *Stiff.
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber, 210
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at; his right
cheek

Reposing on a cushion.

Gui. Where?

Arv. O' the floor:

His arms thus leagued: I thought he slept, and put
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose rude-
ness

Answer'd my steps too loud.

Gui. Why, he but sleeps:
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed;
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.

Arv. With fairest flowers
Whilst summer lasts and I live here, Fidele, 219
I'll sweeten thy sad grave: thou shalt not lack
The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose, nor
The azured harebell, like thy veins, no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath: the ruddock* would,
With charitable bill,—O bill, sore-shaming
Those rich-left heirs that let their fathers lie
Without a monument!—bring thee all this;
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are
none, *Redbreast.

To winter-ground† thy corse. †Protect from frost.

Gui. Prithee, have done;
And do not play in wench-like words with that
Which is so serious. Let us bury him, 231
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt. To the grave!

Arv. Say, where shall's lay him?

Gui. By good Euriphile, our mother.

Arv. Be 't so:
And let us, Polydore, though now our voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the
ground,

As once our mother; use like note and words,
Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.

Gui. Cadwal,
I cannot sing: I'll weep, and word* it with thee;
For notes of sorrow out of tune are worse 241
Than priests and fanes that lie. *Repeat words.

Arv. We'll speak it, then.

Bel. Great griefs, I see, medicine the less; for
Cloten

Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys;
And though he came our enemy, remember

He was paid for that: though mean and mighty,
rotting
Together, have one dust, yet reverence,
That angel of the world, doth make distinction
Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was
princely;

And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.

Gui. Pray you, fetch him hither. 251
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax',
When neither are alive.

Arv. If you'll go fetch him,
We'll say our song the whilst. Brother, begin.
[*Exit Belarius.*]

Gui. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to
the east;
My father hath a reason for 't.

Arv. 'Tis true.

Gui. Come on then, and remove him.

Arv. So. Begin.

SONG.

Gui. Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done, 260
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Arv. Fear no more the frown o' the great;
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Gui. Fear no more the lightning-flash, 270

Arv. Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;

Gui. Fear not slander, censure rash;

Arv. Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:

Both. All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

Gui. No exorciser harm thee!

Arv. Nor no witchcraft charm thee!

Gui. Ghost unlaid forbear thee!

Arv. Nothing ill come near thee!

Both. Quiet consummation have; 280
And renowned be thy grave!

Re-enter BELARIUS, with the body of CLOTEN.

Gui. We have done our obsequies: come, lay him down.

Bel. Here's a few flowers; but 'bout midnight, more:

The herbs that have on them cold dew o' the night
Are strewings fitt'st for graves. Upon their faces.

You were as flowers, now wither'd: even so

These herblets shall, which we upon you strew.

Come on, away: apart upon our knees.

The ground that gave them first has them again:

Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain. 290

[*Exeunt Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.*

Imo. [*Awaking*] Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven;
which is the way?—

I thank you.—By yond bush?—Pray, how far thither?

'Ods pittikins!* can it be six mile yet?—*God's pity.

I have gone all night. 'Faith, I'll lie down and sleep.

But, soft! no bedfellow!—O gods and goddesses!

[*Seeing the body of Cloten.*

These flowers are like the pleasures of the world;

This bloody man, the care on't. I hope I dream;

For so I thought I was a cave-keeper,

And cook to honest creatures: but 'tis not so;

'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing, 300

Which the brain makes of fumes: our very eyes

Are sometimes like our judgements, blind. Good faith,

I tremble still with fear: but if there be

Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity

As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!

The dream's here still: even when I wake, it is

Without me, as within me; not imagined, felt.

A headless man! The garments of Posthumus!
 I know the shape of 's leg: this is his hand;
 His foot Mercurial; his Martial thigh; 310
 The brawns of Hercules: but his Jovial† face—
 Murder in heaven?—How!—'Tis gone. Pisanio,
 All curses madded Hecuba gave the Greeks,
 And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,
 Conspired with that irregular‡ devil, Cloten,
 Hast here cut off my lord. To write and read
 Be henceforth treacherous! Damn'd Pisanio
 Hath with his forged letters,—damn'd Pisanio—
 From this most bravest vessel of the world
 Struck the main-top! O Posthumus! alas, 320
 Where is thy head? where's that? Ay me!
 where's that? †Appertaining to Jove. ‡Lawless.
 Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
 And left this head on. How should this be?
 Pisanio?

'Tis he and Cloten: malice and lucre in them
 Have laid this woe here. O, 'tis pregnant, preg-
 nant!

The drug he gave me, which he said was precious
 And cordial to me, have I not found it
 Murderous to the senses? That confirms it home:
 This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's: O!
 Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood, 330
 That we the horridier may seem to those
 Which chance to find us: O, my lord, my lord!
 [*Falls on the body.*]

Enter LUCIUS, a Captain and other Officers, and
 a Soothsayer.

Cap. To them the legions garrison'd in Gallia,
 After your will, have cross'd the sea, attending
 You here at Milford-Haven with your ships:
 They are in readiness.

Luc. But what from Rome?

Cap. The senate hath stirr'd up the confiners
 And gentlemen of Italy, most willing spirits,
 That promise noble service: and they come
 Under the conduct of bold Iachimo, 340
 Syenna's brother.

Luc. When expect you them?

Cap. With the next benefit o' the wind.

Luc. This forwardness
Makes our hopes fair. Command our present
numbers
Be muster'd; bid the captains look to't. Now, sir,
What have you dream'd of late of this war's pur-
pose?

Sooth. Last night the very gods show'd me a
vision—

I fast and pray'd for their intelligence—thus:
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd
From the spongy south to this part of the west,
There vanish'd in the sunbeams: which portends—
Unless my sins abuse my divination—
Success to the Roman host.

Luc. Dream often so,
And never false. Soft, ho! what trunk is here
Without his top? The ruin speaks that sometime
It was a worthy building. How! a page!
Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead rather;
For nature doth abhor to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.
Let's see the boy's face.

Cap. He's alive, my lord,

Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body.
Young one, 360

Inform us of thy fortunes, for it seems
They crave to be demanded. Who is this
Thou makest thy bloody pillow? Or who was he
That, otherwise than noble nature did,
Hath alter'd that good picture? What's thy in-
terest

In this sad wreck? How came it? Who is it?
What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing: or if not,
Nothing to be were better. This was my master,
A very valiant Briton and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies slain. Alas! 370
There is no more such masters: I may wander
From east to occident, cry out for service,
Try many, all good, serve truly, never
Find such another master.

Luc. 'Lack, good youth!

Thou movest no less with thy complaining than
Thy master in bleeding: say his name, good
friend.

Imo. Richard du Champ. [*Aside*] If I do lie
and do

No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope
They'll pardon it.—Say you, sir?

Luc. Thy name?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very same:
Thy name well fits thy faith, thy faith thy name.
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say
Thou shalt be so well master'd, but, be sure,
No less beloved. The Roman emperor's letters,
Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner
Than thine own worth prefer thee: go with me.

Imo. I'll follow, sir. But first, an't please
the gods,

I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
As these poor pickaxes can dig; and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I ha' strew'd
his grave, 390

And on it said a century* of prayers, *Hundred
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep and sigh;
And leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me.

Luc. Ay, good youth;

And rather father thee than master thee.

My friends,

The boy hath taught us manly duties: let us

Find out the prettiest daisied plot we can,

And make him with our pikes and partisans*

A grave: come, arm him. Boy, he is preferr'd

By thee to us, and he shall be interr'd *Halberds.

As soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes: 402
Some falls are means the happier to arise. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A room in Cymbeline's palace.*

*Enter CYMBELINE, Lords, PISANIO, and
Attendants.*

Cym. Again; and bring me word how 'tis with
her. [*Exit an Attendant.*]

A fever with the absence of her son,
A madness, of which her life's in danger. Hea-
vens,

How deeply you at once do touch me! Imogen,
The great part of my comfort, gone; my queen
Upon a desperate bed, and in a time
When fearful wars point at me; her son gone,
So needful for this present: it strikes me, past
The hope of comfort. But for thee, fellow,
Who needs must know of her departure and 10
Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee
By a sharp torture.

Pis. Sir, my life is yours;
I humbly set it at your will; but, for my mistress,
I nothing know where she remains, why gone,
Nor when she purposes return. Beseech your
highness,
Hold me your loyal servant.

First Lord. Good my liege,
The day that she was missing he was here:
I dare be bound he's true and shall perform
All parts of his subjection loyally. For Cloten,
There wants no diligence in seeking him, 20
And will, no doubt, be found.

Cym. The time is troublesome.
[*To Pisanio*] We'll slip you for a season: but our
jealousy
Does yet depend.

First Lord. So please your majesty,
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
Are landed on your coast, with a supply
Of Roman gentlemen, by the senate sent.

Cym. Now for the counsel of my son and
queen!

I am amazed with matter.

First Lord. Good my liege,
Your preparation can affront no less
Than what you hear of: come more, for more
you're ready: 30

The want is but to put those powers* in motion
That long to move.

Cym. I thank you. Let's withdraw;
And meet the time as it seeks us. We fear not

*Forces.

What can from Italy annoy us; but
We grieve at chances here. Away!

[*Exeunt all but Pisanio.*]

Pis. I heard no letter from my master since
I wrote him Imogen was slain: 'tis strange:
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings; neither know I
What is betid to Cloten; but remain 40
Perplex'd in all. The heavens still must work.
Wherein I am false I am honest; not true, to be
true.

These present wars shall find I love my country,
Even to the note o' the king, or I'll fall in them.
All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd:
Fortune brings in some boats that are not steer'd.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *Wales: before the cave of Belarius.*

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Gui. The noise is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it.

Arv. What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to
lock it

From action and adventure?

Gui. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? This way, the Romans
Must or for Britons slay us, or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural revolts
During their use, and slay us after.

Bel. Sons,
We'll higher to the mountains; there secure us.
To the king's party there's no going: newness
Of Cloten's death—we being not known, not
muster'd 10

Among the bands—may drive us to a render*
Where we have lived, and so extort from 's that
Which we have done, whose answer would be
death

*Account.

Drawn on with torture.

Gui. This is, sir, a doubt
In such a time nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.

Arv. It is not likely
That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,
Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes
And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note, 20
To know from whence we are.

Bel. O, I am known
Of many in the army: many years,
Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore
him

From my remembrance. And, besides, the king
Hath not deserved my service nor your loves;
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
The certainty of this hard life; aye hopeless
To have the courtesy your cradle promised,
But to be still hot summer's tanlings* and
The shrinking slaves of winter.

Gui. *Anything tanned by sun.
Than be so 30
Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army:
I and my brother are not known; yourself
So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,
Cannot be question'd.

Arv. By this sun that shines,
I'll thither: what thing is it that I never
Did see man die! scarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison!
Never bestrid a horse, save one that had
A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel
Nor iron on his heel! I am ashamed 40
To look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his blest beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

Gui. By heavens, I'll go:
If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,
I'll take the better care, but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me by
The hands of Romans!

Arv. So say I: amen.

Bel. No reason I, since of your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you,
boys! 50

Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
 More valour in me than my habits show. 30
 Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me!
 To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin
 The fashion, less without and more within. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *Field of battle between the British and
 Roman camps.*

*Enter, from one side, LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and the
 Roman Army; from the other side, the British
 Army; LEONATUS, POSTHUMUS following, like a
 poor soldier. They march over and go out. Then
 enter again, in skirmish, IACHIMO and POST-
 HUMUS: he vanquisheth and disarmeth IACHIMO,
 and then leaves him.*

Iach. The heaviness and guilt within my bosom
 Takes off my manhood: I have belied a lady,
 The princess of this country, and the air on't,
 Revengingly enfeebles me; or could this carl,*
 A very drudge of nature's, have subdued me *Churl.
 In my profession? Knighthoods and honours,
 borne

As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.
 If that thy gentry, Britain, go before
 This lout as he exceeds our lords, the odds 9
 Is that we scarce are men and you are gods. [*Exit.*]

*The battle continues; the Britons fly; CYMBELINE
 is taken: then enter, to his rescue, BELARIUS,
 GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.*

Bel. Stand, stand! We have the advantage of
 the ground;
 The lane is guarded: nothing routs us but
 The villany of our fears.

Gui. } Stand, stand, and fight!
Arv. }

*Re-enter POSTHUMUS, and seconds the Britons: they
 rescue CYMBELINE, and exeunt. Then re-enter
 LUCIUS, and IACHIMO, with IMOGEN.*

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and save thy-
 self;

For friends kill friends, and the disorder 's such
As war were hoodwink'd.

Iach. 'Tis their fresh supplies.

Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely: or betimes
Let 's re-inforce, or fly. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Another part of the field.*

Enter POSTHUMUS and a British Lord.

Lord. Camest thou from where they made the
stand?

Post. I did:
Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.

Lord. I did.

Post. No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost,
But that the heavens fought: the king himself
Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying
Through a strait lane; the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work
More plentiful than tools to do 't, struck down 9
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
Merely through fear; that the strait pass was
damm'd

With dead men hurt behind, and cowards living
To die with lengthen'd shame.

Lord. Where was this lane?

Post. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd
with turf;

Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,
An honest one, I warrant; who deserved
So long a breeding as his white beard came to,
In doing this for's country: athwart the lane,
He, with two striplings—lads more like to run 19
The country base* than to commit such slaughter;
With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
Than those for preservation cased, or shame,—
Made good the passage; cried to those that fled,
'Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men:
To darkness fleet souls that fly backwards. Stand;
Or we are Romans and will give you that
Like beasts which you shun beastly, and may
save,

*Prisoners' base—a game,

But to look back in frown: stand, stand.' These three,

Three thousand confident, in act as many—
For three performers are the file when all 30
The rest do nothing—with this word 'Stand,
stand,'

Accommodated by the place, more charming
With their own nobleness, which could have
turn'd

A distaff to a lance, gilded pale looks,
Part shame, part spirit renew'd; that some, turn'd
coward

But by example—O, a sin in war,
Damn'd in the first beginners!—gan to look
The way that they did, and to grin like lions
Upon the pikes o' the hunters. Then began
A stop i' the chaser, a retire, anon 40

A rout, confusion thick; forthwith they fly
Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles;
slaves,

The strides they victors made: and now our
cowards,

Like fragments in hard voyages, became
The life o' the need: having found the back-door
open

Of the unguarded hearts, heavens, how they
wound!

Some slain before; some dying; some their friends
O'er-borne i' the former wave: ten, chased by one,
Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:
Those that would die or ere resist are grown 50
The mortal bugs† o' the field.

†Bugbears.

Lord. This was strange chance:

A narrow lane, an old man, and two boys.

Post. Nay, do not wonder at it: you are made
Rather to wonder at the things you hear
Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon 't,
And vent it for a mockery? Here is one:
'Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
Preserved the Britons, was the Romans' bane.'

Lord. Nay, be not angry, sir.

Post. 'Lack, to what end?

Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend; 60

For if he'll do as he is made to do,
I know he'll quickly fly my friendship too.
You have put me into rhyme.

Lord. Farewell; you're angry.

Post. Still going? [*Exit Lord.*] This is a lord!

O noble misery,
To be i' the field, and ask 'what news?' of me!
To-day how many would have given their honours
To have saved their carcasses! took heel to do 't,
And yet died too! I, in mine own woe charm'd,
Could not find death where I did hear him groan,
Nor feel him where he struck: being an ugly
monster,
'Tis strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we
That draw his knives i' the war. Well, I will find
him:

For being now a favourer to the Briton,
No more a Briton, I have resumed again
The part I came in: fight I will no more,
But yield me to the veriest hind that shall
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
Here made by the Roman; great the answer* be
Britons must take. For me, my ransom's death;
On either side I come to spend my breath; 81
Which neither here I'll keep nor bear again,
But end it by some means for Imogen. *Retaliation.

Enter two British Captains and Soldiers.

First Cap. Great Jupiter be praised! Lucius is
taken.

'Tis thought the old man and his sons were angels.

Sec. Cap. There was a fourth man, in a silly*
habit, 82

*Rustic.

That gave the affront with them.

First Cap. So 'tis reported:

But none of 'em can be found. Stand! who's
there?

Post. A Roman,
Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds
Had answer'd him.

Sec. Cap. Lay hands on him; a dog! 91
A leg of Rome shall not return to tell

What crows have peck'd them here. He brags
his service
As if he were of note: bring him to the king.

*Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVI-
RAGUS, PISANIO, Soldiers, Attendants, and Roman
Captives. The Captains present POSTHUMUS to
CYMBELINE, who delivers him over to a Gaoler:
then exeunt omnes.*

SCENE IV. *A British prison.*

Enter POSTHUMUS and two Gaolers.

First Gaol. You shall not now be stol'n, you
have locks upon you;
So graze as you find pasture.

Sec. Gaol. Ay, or a stomach.
[*Exeunt Gaolers.*

Post. Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a
way,
I think, to liberty: yet am I better
Than one that's sick o' the gout; since he had
rather
Groan so in perpetuity than be cured
By the sure physician, death, who is the key
To unbar these locks. My conscience, thou art
fetter'd
More than my shanks and wrists: you good gods,
give me
The penitent instrument to pick that bolt, 10
Then, free for ever! Is 't enough I am sorry?
So children temporal fathers do appease;
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?
I cannot do it better than in gyves,*
Desired more than constrain'd: to satisfy,
If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take
No stricter render of me than my all.
I know you are more clement than vile men,
Who of their broken debtors take a third,
A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again 20
On their abatement: that's not my desire:
For Imogen's dear life take mine; and though
'Tis not so dear yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it:

*Fetters.

'Tween man and man they weigh not every stamp;
 Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake:
 You rather mine, being yours: and so, great
 powers,
 If you will take this audit, take this life,
 And cancel these cold bonds. O Imogen!
 I'll speak to thee in silence. [Sleeps.]

Solemn music. Enter, as in an apparition, SICILIUS LEONATUS, father to Posthumus, an old man, attired like a warrior; leading in his hand an ancient matron, his wife, and mother to Posthumus, with music before them: then, after other music, follow the two young LEONATI, brothers to Posthumus, with wounds as they died in the wars. They circle POSTHUMUS round, as he lies sleeping.

Sici. No more, thou thunder-master, show 30
 Thy spite on mortal flies:
 With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,
 That thy adulteries
 Rates and revenges.
 Hath my poor boy done aught but well,
 Whose face I never saw?
 I died whilst in the womb he stay'd
 Attending nature's law:
 Whose father then, as men report
 Thou orphans' father art, 40
 Thou shouldst have been, and shielded him
 From this earth-vexing smart.

Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,
 But took me in my throes;
 That from me was Posthumus ript,
 Came crying 'mongst his foes,
 A thing of pity!

Sici. Great nature, like his ancestry,
 Moulded the stuff so fair,
 That he deserved the praise o' the world,
 As great Sicilius' heir. 51

First Bro. When once he was mature for man,

In Britain where was he
That could stand up his parallel;
Or fruitful object be
In eye of Imogen, that best
Could deem his dignity?

Moth. With marriage wherefore was he mock'd,
To be exiled, and thrown
From Leonati seat, and cast 60
From her his dearest one,
Sweet Imogen?

Sici. Why did you suffer Iachimo,
Slight thing of Italy,
To taint his nobler heart and brain
With needless jealousy;
And to become the geck* and scorn *Fool
O' th' other's villany?

Sec. Bro. For this from stiller seats we came,
Our parents and us twain, 70
That striking in our country's cause
Fell bravely and were slain,
Our fealty and Tenantius' right
With honour to maintain.

First Bro. Like hardiment Posthumus hath
To Cymbeline perform'd:
Then, Jupiter, thou king of gods,
Why hast thou thus adjourn'd
The graces for his merits due,
Being all to dolours turn'd? 80

Sici. Thy crystal window ope; look out;
No longer exercise
Upon a valiant race thy harsh
And potent injuries.

Moth. Since, Jupiter, our son is good,
Take off his miseries.

Sici. Peep through thy marble mansion; help;
Or we poor ghosts will cry
To the shining synod of the rest
Against thy deity. 90

Both Bro. Help, Jupiter; or we appeal,
And from thy justice fly.

JUPITER *descends in thunder and lightning, sitting upon an eagle: he throws a thunderbolt. The Ghosts fall on their knees.*

Jup. No more, you petty spirits of region low,
Offend our hearing; hush! How dare you
ghosts

Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt, you know,
Sky-planted batters all rebelling coasts?

Poor shadows of Elysium, hence, and rest

Upon your never-withering banks of flowers:

Be not with mortal accidents oppress;

No care of yours it is; you know 'tis ours. 100

Whom best I love I cross; to make my gift,

The more delay'd, delighted. Be content;

Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift:

His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.

Our Jovial* star reign'd at his birth, and in

Our temple was he married. Rise, and fade.

He shall be lord of lady Imogen, *Appertaining to Jove.

And happier much by his affliction made.

This tablet lay upon his breast, wherein

Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine: 110

And so, away: no further with your din

Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.

Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline.

[*Ascends.*

Sici. He came in thunder; his celestial breath

Was sulphurous to smell: the holy eagle

Stoop'd, as to foot us: his ascension is

More sweet than our blest fields: his royal bird

Prunes the immortal wing and cloyes his beak,

As when his god is pleased.

All.

Thanks, Jupiter!

Sici. The marble pavement closes, he is
enter'd 120

His radiant roof. Away! and, to be blest,

Let us with care perform his great behest.

[*The Ghosts vanish.*

Post. [*Waking*] Sleep, thou hast been a grand-
sire, and begot

A father to me; and thou hast created
A mother and two brothers: but, O scorn!
Gone! they went hence so soon as they were
born:

And so I am awake. Poor wretches that depend
On greatness' favour dream as I have done,
Wake and find nothing. But, alas, I swerve:
Many dream not to find, neither deserve, 130
And yet are steep'd in favours; so am I,
That have this golden chance and know not
why.

What fairies haunt this ground? A book? O rare
one!

Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment
Nobler than that it covers: let thy effects
So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,
As good as promise.

[*Reads*] 'When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself
unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced
by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately
cedar shall be lopped branches, which, being
dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed
to the old stock and freshly grow; then shall
Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate
and flourish in peace and plenty.'

'Tis still a dream, or else such stuff as madmen
Tongue and brain not; either both or nothing;
Or senseless speaking or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,
The action of my life is like it, which 150
I'll keep, if but for sympathy.

Re-enter Gaolers.

First Gaol. Come, sir, are you ready for
death?

Post. Over-roasted rather; ready long ago.

First Gaol. Hanging is the word, sir: if you
be ready for that, you are well cooked.

Post. So, if I prove a good repast to the specta-
tors, the dish pays the shot.

First Gaol. A heavy reckoning for you, sir.
But the comfort is, you shall be called to no
more payments, fear no more tavern-bills; which

are often the sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth: you come in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink; sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid* too much; purse and brain both empty; the brain the heavier for being too light, the purse too light, being drawn of heaviness: of this contradiction you shall now be quit. O, the charity of a penny cord! it sums up thousands in a trice: you have no true debtor and creditor but it; of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge: your neck, sir, is pen, book and counters; so the acquittance follows. *Punished.

Post. I am merrier to die than thou art to live.

First Gaol. Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the tooth-ache: but a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think he would change places with his officer; for, look you, sir, you know not which way you shall go.

Post. Yes, indeed do I, fellow.

First Gaol. Your death has eyes in 's head then; I have not seen him so pictured: you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know, or do take upon yourself that which I am sure you do not know, or jump* the after inquiry on your own peril: and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think you'll never return to tell one. *Hazard. 191

Post. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink and will not use them.

First Gaol. What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes to see the way of blindness! I am sure hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Knock off his manacles; bring your prisoner to the king. 200

Post. Thou bring'st good news; I am called to be made free.

First Gaol. I'll be hang'd then.

Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler;
no bolts for the dead.

[*Exeunt all but the First Gaoler.*]

First Gaol. Unless a man would marry a gallows and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone.* Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman: and there be some of them too that die against their wills; so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good; O, there were desolation of gaolers and gallowses! I speak against my present profit, but my wish hath a preferment in 't.

[*Exit.*
*Willing.

SCENE V. *Cymbeline's tent.*

Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, Lords, Officers, and Attendants.

Cym. Stand by my side, you whom the gods
have made

Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart
That the poor soldier that so richly fought,
Whose rags shamed gilded arms, whose naked
breast

Stepp'd before targes* of proof, cannot be found:
He shall be happy that can find him, if *Shields.
Our grace can make him so.

Bel. I never saw

Such noble fury in so poor a thing;
Such precious deeds in one that promised nought
But beggary and poor looks.

Cym. No tidings of him? 10

Pis. He hath been search'd among the dead
and living,

But no trace of him.

Cym. To my grief, I am

The heir of his reward; [*To Belarius, Guiderius,
and Arviragus*] which I will add

To you, the liver, heart and brain of Britain,
By whom I grant she lives. 'Tis now the time
To ask of whence you are. Report it.

Bel. Sir,
In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen:
Further to boast were neither true nor modest,
Unless I add, we are honest.

Cym. Bow your knees.
Arise my knights o' the battle: I create you 20
Companions to our person and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter CORNELIUS and Ladies.

There's business in these faces. Why so sadly
Greet you our victory? you look like Romans,
And not o' the court of Britain.

Cor. Hail, great king!
To sour your happiness, I must report
The queen is dead.

Cym. Who worse than a physician
Would this report become? But I consider,
By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the doctor too. How ended she? 30

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life,
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd
I will report, so please you: these her women
Can trip me, if I err; who with wet cheeks
Were present when she finish'd.

Cym. Prithee, say.

Cor. First, she confess'd she never loved you,
only
Affected greatness got by you, not you:
Married your royalty, was wife to your place;
Abhorr'd your person.

Cym. She alone knew this; 40
And, but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand
to love
With such integrity, she did confess
Was as a scorpion to her sight; whose life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by poison.

Cym. O most delicate fiend!
Who is't can read a woman? Is there more?

Cor. More, sir, and worse. She did confess she had

For you a mortal mineral; which, being took, 50
Should by the minute feed on life and lingering
By inches waste you: in which time she pur-
posed,

By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
O'ercome you with her show, and in time,
When she had fitted you with her craft, to work
Her son into the adoption of the crown:
But, failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless-desperate; open'd, in despite
Of heaven and men, her purposes; repented
The evils she hatch'd were not effected; so 60
Despairing died.

Cym. Heard you all this, her women?

First Lady. We did, so please your highness.

Cym. Mine eyes

Were not in fault, for she was beautiful;
Mine ears, that heard her flattery; nor my heart,
That thought her like her seeming; it had been
vicious

To have mistrusted her: yet, O my daughter!
That it was folly in me, thou mayst say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all!

*Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, the Soothsayer, and other
Roman Prisoners, guarded; POSTHUMUS behind,
and IMOGEN.*

Thou comest not, Caius, now for tribute; that 69
The Britons have razed out, though with the loss
Of many a bold one; whose kinsmen have made
suit

That their good souls may be appeased with
slaughter

Of you their captives, which ourself have granted:
So think of your estate.

Luc. Consider, sir, the chance of war: the day
Was yours by accident; had it gone with us,
We should not, when the blood was cool, have
threaten'd

Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives

May be call'd ransom, let it come: sufficeth 80
 A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer:
 Augustus lives to think on't: and so much
 For my peculiar care. This one thing only
 I will entreat; my boy, a Briton born,
 Let him be ransom'd: never master had
 A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
 So tender over his occasions, true,
 So feat,* so nurse-like: let his virtue join
 With my request, which I'll make bold your high-
 ness

*Dexterous.

Cannot deny; he hath done no Briton harm, 90
 Though he have served a Roman: save him, sir,
 And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I have surely seen him:
 His favour* is familiar to me. Boy, *Countenance.
 Thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,
 †And art mine own. I know not why, wherefore,
 To say 'live, boy:' ne'er thank thy master; live:
 And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
 Fitting my bounty and thy state, I'll give it;
 Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,
 The noblest ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your highness. 100

Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad;
 And yet I know thou wilt.

Imo. No, no: alack,
 There's other work in hand: I see a thing
 Bitter to me as death: your life, good master,
 Must shuffle for itself.

Luc. The boy disdains me,
 He leaves me, scorns me: briefly die their joys
 That place them on the truth of girls and boys.
 Why stands he so perplex'd?

Cym. What wouldst thou, boy?
 I love thee more and more: think more and more
 What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st
 on? speak. 110

Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?

Imo. He is a Roman; no more kin to me
 Than I to your highness; who, being born your
 vassal,
 Am something nearer.

Cym. Wherefore eyest him so?

Imo. I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing.

Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What's thy name?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Cym. Thou'rt my good youth, my page;
I'll be thy master: walk with me; speak freely.

[*Cymbeline and Imogen converse apart.*]

Bel. Is not this boy revived from death?

Arv. One sand another 120
Not more resembles that sweet rosy lad
Who died, and was Fidele. What think you?

Gui. The same dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace! see further; he eyes us not;
forbear;

Creatures may be alike: were't he, I am sure
He would have spoke to us.

Gui. But we saw him dead.

Bel. Be silent; let's see further.

Pis. [*Aside*] It is my mistress:
Since she is living, let the time run on
To good or bad.

[*Cymbeline and Imogen come forward.*]

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side;
Make thy demand aloud. [*To Iachimo*] Sir, step
you forth; 130

Give answer to this boy, and do it freely;
Or, by our greatness and the grace of it,
Which is our honour, bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falsehood. On, speak to
him.

Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman may
render
Of whom he had this ring.

Post. [*Aside*] What's that to him?

Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say
How came it yours?

Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken
that
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.

Cym. How! me? 140

Iach. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that

Which torments me to conceal. By villany
 I got this ring: 'twas Leonatus' jewel;
 Whom thou didst banish; and—which more may
 grieve thee,
 As it doth me—a nobler sir ne'er lived
 'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more,
 my lord?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iach. That paragon, thy daughter,—
 For whom my heart drops blood, and my false
 spirits

Quail to remember— Give me leave; I faint.

Cym. My daughter! what of her? Renew thy
 strength: 150

I had rather thou shouldst live while nature will
 Than die ere I hear more: strive, man, and speak.

Iach. Upon a time,—unhappy was the clock
 That struck the hour!—it was in Rome,—ac-
 cursed

The mansion where!—'twas at a feast,—O, would
 Our viands had been poison'd, or at least
 Those which I heaved to head!—the good Post-
 humus—

What should I say? he was too good to be
 Where ill men were; and was the best of all
 Amongst the rarest of good ones,—sitting sadly,
 Hearing us praise our loves of Italy 161
 For beauty that made barren the swell'd boast
 Of him that best could speak, for feature,* laming
 The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,
 Postures beyond brief nature, for condition, *Beauty.
 A shop of all the qualities that man
 Loves woman for, besides that hook of wiving,
 Fairness which strikes the eye—

Cym. I stand on fire:
 Come to the matter.

Iach. All too soon I shall,
 Unless thou wouldst grieve quickly. This Post-
 humus, 170

Most like a noble lord in love and one
 That had a royal lover, took his hint;
 And, not dispraising whom we praised,—therein
 He was as calm as virtue—he began

His mistress' picture; which by his tongue being made,

And then a mind put in't, either our brags
Were crack'd of kitchen-trulls, or his description
Proved us unspeaking sots.*

*Fools.

Cym. Nay, nay, to the purpose.

Iach. Your daughter's chastity—there it begins.
He spake of her, as Dian had hot dreams, 180

And she alone were cold: whereat I, wretch,
Made scruple of his praise; and wager'd with him
Pieces of gold 'gainst this which then he wore
Upon his honour'd finger, to attain

In suit the place of 's bed and win this ring
By hers and mine adultery. He, true knight,
No lesser of her honour confident

Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring;
And would so, had it been a carbuncle 189

Of Phœbus' wheel, and might so safely, had it
Been all the worth of 's car. Away to Britain

Post I in this design: well may you, sir,
Remember me at court; where I was taught
Of your chaste daughter the wide difference

'Twixt amorous and villanous. Being thus
quench'd

Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain

'Gan in your duller Britain operate

Most vilely; for my vantage, excellent:

And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,
That I return'd with simular* proof enough 200

To make the noble Leonatus mad, *Counterfeit.

By wounding his belief in her renown

With tokens thus, and thus; averring† notes
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet,—

O cunning, how I got it!—nay, some marks

Of secret on her person, that he could not †Confirming.

But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,

I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon—

Methinks, I see him now—

Post. [Advancing] Ay, so thou dost,
Italian fiend! Ay me, most credulous fool, 210

Egregious murderer, thief, any thing

That's due to all the villains past, in being,

To come! O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,

Some upright justicer! Thou, king, send out
 For torturers ingenious: it is I
 That all the abhorred things o' the earth amend
 By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,
 That kill'd thy daughter:—villain-like, I lie—
 That caused a lesser villain than myself,
 A sacrilegious thief, to do't: the temple 220
 Of virtue was she; yea, and she herself.
 Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
 The dogs o' the street to bay me: every villain
 Be call'd Posthumus Leonatus; and
 Be villany less than 'twas! O Imogen!
 My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,
 Imogen, Imogen!

Imo. Peace, my lord; hear, hear—

Post. Shall's have a play of this? Thou scorn-
 ful page,

There lie thy part. [*Striking her: she falls.*]

Pis. O, gentlemen, help! 229

Mine and your mistress! O, my lord Posthumus!
 You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now. Help, help!
 Mine honour'd lady!

Cym. Does the world go round?

Post. How come these staggers* on me?

*Horse disease attended with giddiness.

Pis. Wake, my mistress!

Cym. If this be so, the gods do mean to
 strike me

To death with mortal joy.

Pis. How fares my mistress?

Imo. O, get thee from my sight;
 Thou gavest me poison: dangerous fellow, hence!
 Breathe not where princes are.

Cym. The tune of Imogen!

Pis. Lady,

The gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if 240
 That box I gave you was not thought by me
 A precious thing: I had it from the queen.

Cym. New matter still?

Imo. It poison'd me.

Cor. O gods!

I left out one thing which the queen confess'd,
 Which must approve thee honest: 'If Pisanio

Have ' said she 'given his mistress that confection
Which I gave him for cordial, she is served
As I would serve a rat.'

Cym. What's this, Cornelius?

Cor. The queen, sir, very oft importuned me
To temper* poisons for her, still pretending **Mix.*
The satisfaction of her knowledge only 251
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs,
Of no esteem; I, dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would cease
The present power of life, but in short time
All offices of nature should again
Do their due functions. Have you ta'en of it?

Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.

Bel. My boys,
There was our error.

Gur. This is, sure, Fidele. 260

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady
from you?

Think that you are upon a rock; and now
Throw me again. [*Embracing him.*]

Post. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die!

Cym. How now, my flesh, my child!
What, makest thou me a dullard* in this act?
Wilt thou not speak to me? **Dull person.*

Imo. [*Kneeling*] Your blessing, sir.

Bel. [*To Guiderius and Arviragus*] Though
you did love this youth, I blame ye not;
You had a motive for 't.

Cym. My tears that fall
Prove holy water on thee! Imogen,
Thy mother's dead.

Imo. I am sorry for 't, my lord. 270

Cym. O, she was naught; and long of her it
was

That we meet here so strangely: but her son
Is gone, we know not how nor where.

Pis. My lord,
Now fear is from me, I'll speak troth. Lord
Cloten,
Upon my lady's missing, came to me

With his sword drawn; foam'd at the mouth, and
 swore,
 If I discover'd not which way she was gone,
 It was my instant death. By accident,
 I had a feigned letter of my master's
 Then in my pocket; which directed him 280
 To seek her on the mountains near to Milford;
 Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
 Which he enforced from me, away he posts
 With unchaste purpose and with oath to violate
 My lady's honour: what became of him
 I further know not.

Gui. Let me end the story:
 I slew him there.

Cym. Marry, the gods forfend!* *Forbid.
 I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
 Pluck a hard sentence: prithee, valiant youth,
 Deny 't again.

Gui. I have spoke it, and I did it. 290

Cym. He was a prince.

Gui. A most incivil one: the wrongs he did me
 Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me
 With language that would make me spurn the sea,
 If it could so roar to me: I cut off's head;
 And am right glad he is not standing here
 To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I am sorry for thee:
 By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and
 must
 Endure our law: thou 'rt dead.

Imo. That headless man
 I thought had been my lord.

Cym. Bind the offender, 300
 And take him from our presence.

Bel. Stay, sir king:
 This man is better than the man he slew,
 As well descended as thyself; and hath
 More of thee merited than a band of Clotens
 Had ever scar for. [*To the Guard*] Let his arms
 alone;

They were not born for bondage.

Cym. Why, old soldier,
 Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,

By tasting of our wrath? How of descent
As good as we?

Arv. In that he spake too far.

Cym. And thou shalt die for 't.

Bel. We will die all three: 310
But I will prove that two on's are as good
As I have given out him. My sons, I must,
For mine own part, unfold a dangerous speech,
Though, haply, well for you.

Arv. Your danger's ours.

Gui. And our good his.

Bel. Have at it then, by leave.
Thou hadst, great king, a subject who
Was call'd Belarius.

Cym. What of him? he is
A banish'd traitor.

Bel. He it is that hath
Assumed this age; indeed a banish'd man;
I know not how a traitor.

Cym. Take him hence: 320
The whole world shall not save him.

Bel. Not too hot:
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons;
And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I have received it.

Cym. Nursing of my sons!

Bel. I am too blunt and saucy: here's my
knee:

Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons;
Then spare not the old father. Mighty sir,
These two young gentlemen, that call me father
And think they are my sons, are none of mine;
They are the issue of your loins, my liege, 330
And blood of your begetting.

Cym. How! my issue!

Bel. So sure as you your father's. I, old
Morgan,
Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd:
Your pleasure was my mere offence, my punish-
ment

Itself, and all my treason; that I suffer'd
Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes—
For such and so they are—these twenty years

Have I train'd up: those arts they have as I
Could put into them; my breeding was, sir, as 339
Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile,
Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children
Upon my banishment: I moved her to 't,
Having received the punishment before,
For that which I did then: beaten for loyalty
Excited me to treason: their dear loss,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shaped
Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious sir,
Here are your sons again; and I must lose
Two of the sweet'st companions in the world.
The benediction of these covering heavens 350
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy
To inlay heaven with stars.

Cym. They weep'st, and speak'st.
The service that you three have done is more
Unlike than this thou tell'st. I lost my children:
If these be they, I know not how to wish
A pair of worthier sons.

Bel. Be pleased awhile.
This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius:
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus, 359
Your younger princely son; he, sir, was lapp'd
In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand
Of his queen mother, which for more probation
I can with ease produce.

Cym. Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star;
It was a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he;
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp:
It was wise nature's end in the donation,
To be his evidence now.

Cym. O, what, am I
A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother 369
Rejoiced deliverance more. Blest pray you be,
That, after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now! O Imogen,
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

Imo. No, my lord;
I have got two worlds by 't. O my gentle brothers,

Have we thus met? O, never say hereafter
But I am truest speaker: you call'd me brother,
When I was but your sister; I you brothers,
When ye were so indeed.

Cym. Did you e'er meet?

Arr. Ay, my good lord.

Gui. And at first meeting loved;
Continued so, until we thought he died. 380

Cor. By the queen's dram she swallow'd.

Cym. O rare instinct!
When shall I hear all through? This fierce
abridgement

Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in. Where? how lived
you?

And when came you to serve our Roman captive?
How parted with your brothers? how first met
them?

Why fled you from the court? and whither?
These,

And your three motives to the battle, with
I know not how much more, should be demanded;
And all the other by-dependencies, 390
From chance to chance: but nor the time nor
place

Will serve our long inter'gatories. See,
Posthumus anchors upon Imogen,
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
On him, her brothers, me, her master, hitting
Each object with a joy: the counterchange
Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground,
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.
[*To Belarius*] Thou art my brother; so we'll
hold thee ever.

Imo. You are my father too, and did relieve
me, 400
To see this gracious season.

Cym. All o'erjoy'd
Save these in bonds: let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.

Imo. My good master,
I will yet do you service.

Luc. Happy be you!

Cym. The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought,
He would have well becomed this place, and
graced
The thankings of a king.

Post. I am, sir,
The soldier that did company these three
In poor beseeeming; 'twas a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd. That I was he, 410
Speak, Iachimo: I had you down and might
Have made you finish.

Iach. [*Kneeling*] I am down again:
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, beseech
you,
Which I so often owe: but your ring first;
And here the bracelet of the truest princess
That ever swore her faith.

Post. Kneel not to me:
The power that I have on you is to spare you;
The malice towards you to forgive you: live,
And deal with others better.

Cym. Nobly doom'd! 420
We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law;
Pardon's the word to all.

Arv. You holp* us, sir, *Helped.
As you did mean indeed to be our brother;
Joy'd are we that you are.

Post. Your servant, princess. Good my lord
of Rome,
Call forth your soothsayer: as I slept, methought
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back'd,
Appear'd to me, with other spritely shows
Of mine own kindred: when I waked, I found
This label on my bosom; whose containing 430
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can
Make no collection of it: let him show
His skill in the construction.

Luc. Philarmonus!

Sooth. Here, my good lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

Sooth. [*Reads*] 'When as a lion's whelp shall,
to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be
embraced by a piece of tender air; and when

from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches,
 which, being dead many years, shall after revive,
 be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow;
 then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be
 fortunate and flourish in peace and plenty.'

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp;
 The fit and apt construction of thy name,
 Being Leo-natus, doth import so much.

[*To Cymbeline*] The piece of tender air, thy
 virtuous daughter,

Which we call 'mollis aer;' and 'mollis aer'
 We term it 'mulier:' which 'mulier' I divine
 Is this most constant wife; who, even now,
 Answering the letter of the oracle, 450
 Unknown to you, unsought, were clipp'd* about
 With this most tender air.

*Embraced.

Cym. This hath some seeming.

Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
 Personates thee: and thy lopp'd branches point
 Thy two sons forth, who, by Belarius stol'n,
 For many years thought dead, are now revived,
 To the majestic cedar join'd, whose issue
 Promises Britain peace and plenty.

Cym. Well;
 My peace we will begin. And, Caius Lucius,
 Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar, 460
 And to the Roman empire; promising
 To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
 We were dissuaded by our wicked queen;
 Whom heavens, in justice, both on her and hers,
 Have laid most heavy hand.

Sooth. The fingers of the powers above do
 tune

The harmony of this peace. The vision
 Which I made known to Lucius, ere the stroke
 Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant
 Is full accomplish'd; for the Roman eagle, 470
 From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
 Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o' the sun
 So vanish'd: which foreshow'd our princely eagle,
 The imperial Cæsar, should again unite
 His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,
 Which shines here in the west.

Gym. Laud we the gods;
And let our crooked smokes climb to their
nostrils
From our blest altars. Publish we this peace
To all our subjects. Set we forward: let
A Roman and a British ensign wave 480
Friendly together: so through Lud's-town march.
And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our peace we'll ratify; seal it with feasts.
Set on there! Never was a war did cease,
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace.
[*Exeunt*.

PERICLES.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ANTIOCHUS, king of Antioch.

PERICLES, prince of Tyre.

HELICANUS, } Two lords of Tyre.

ESCANES, }

SIMONIDES, king of Pentapolis.

CLEON, governor of Tarsus.

LYSIMACHUS, governor of Mytilene.

CERIMON, a lord of Ephesus.

THALIARD, a lord of Antioch.

PHILEMON, servant to Cerimon.

LEONINE, servant to Dionyza.

Marshal.

A Pander.

BOULT, his servant.

The Daughter of Antiochus.

DIONYZA, wife to Cleon.

THAISA, daughter to Simonides.

MARINA, daughter to Pericles and Thaisa.

LYCHORIDA, nurse to Marina.

A Bawd.

Lords, Knights, Gentlemen, Sailors, Pirates, Fishermen, and Messengers.

DIANA.

GOWER, as Chorus.

SCENE: *Dispersedly in various countries.*

PERICLES.

ACT I.

Enter GOWER.

Before the palace of Antioch.

To sing a song that old was sung,
From ashes ancient Gower is come;
Assuming man's infirmities,
To glad your ear, and please your eyes.
It hath been sung at festivals,
On ember-eves and holy-ales;
And lords and ladies in their lives
Have read it for restoratives:
The purchase is to make men glorious;
Et bonum quo antiquius, eo melius.
If you, born in these latter times,
When wit's more ripe, accept my rhymes,
And that to hear an old man sing
May to your wishes pleasure bring,
I life would wish, and that I might
Waste it for you, like taper-light.
This Antioch, then, Antiochus the Great
Built up, this city, for his chiefest seat;
The fairest in all Syria,
I tell you what mine authors say:
This king unto him took a fere,*
Who died and left a female heir,
So buxom, blithe, and full of face,
As heaven had lent her all his grace;
With whom the father liking took,
And her to incest did provoke:
Bad child; worse father! to entice his own
To evil should be done by none:
But custom what they did begin
Was with long use account no sin.

10

20

*Wife.

30

The beauty of this sinful dame
 Made many princes thither frame,
 To seek her as a bed-fellow,
 In marriage-pleasures play-fellow:
 Which to prevent he made a law,
 To keep her still, and men in awe,
 That whoso ask'd her for his wife,
 His riddle told not, lost his life:
 So for her many a wight† did die,
 As yon grim looks do testify. †Person. 40
 What now ensues to the judgement of your eye
 I give, my cause who best can justify. [*Exit.*]

SCENE I. *Antioch. A room in the palace.*

Enter ANTIOCHUS, PRINCE PERICLES, and
followers.

Ant. Young prince of Tyre, you have at large
 received

The danger of the task you undertake.

Per. I have, Antiochus, and, with a soul
 Embolden'd with the glory of her praise,
 Think death no hazard in this enterprise.

Ant. Bring in our daughter, clothed like a
 bride,
 For the embracements even of Jove himself;
 At whose conception, till Lucina reign'd,
 Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence,
 The senate-house of planets all did sit, 10
 To knit in her their best perfections.

Music. Enter the Daughter of Antiochus.

Per. See where she comes, apparell'd like the
 spring,
 Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king
 Of every virtue gives renown to men!
 Her face the book of praises, where is read
 Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence
 Sorrow were ever razed, and testy wrath
 Could never be her mild companion.
 You gods that made me man, and sway in love,
 That have inflamed desire in my breast 20
 To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree,
 Or die in the adventure, be my helps,

As I am son and servant to your will,
To compass such a boundless happiness!

Ant. Prince Pericles,—

Per. That would be son to great Antiochus.

Ant. Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,
With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd;
For death-like dragons here affright thee hard:
Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view 30
Her countless glory, which desert must gain;
And which, without desert, because thine eye
Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die.
Yon sometimes famous princes, like thyself,
Drawn by report, adventurous by desire,
Tell thee, with speechless tongues and semblance
pale,

That without covering, save yon field of stars,
Here they stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars;
And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist
For going on death's net, whom none resist. 40

Per. Antiochus, I thank thee, who hath taught
My frail mortality to know itself,
And by those fearful objects to prepare
This body, like to them, to what I must;
For death remember'd should be like a mirror,
Who tells us life's but breath, to trust it error.
I'll make my will then, and, as sick men do
Who know the world, see heaven, but, feeling woe,
Gripe not at earthly joys as erst they did;
So I bequeath a happy peace to you 50
And all good men, as every prince should do;
My riches to the earth from whence they came;
But my unspotted fire of love to you.

[*To the daughter of Antiochus.*

Thus ready for the way of life or death,
I wait the sharpest blow, Antiochus.

Ant. Scorning advice, read the conclusion,
then:

Which read and not expounded, 'tis decreed,
As these before thee thou thyself shalt bleed.

Daugh. Of all say'd yet, mayst thou prove
prosperous!

Of all say'd yet, I wish thee happiness! 60

Per. Like a bold champion, I assume the lists,

Nor ask advice of any other thought
But faithfulness and courage.

He reads the riddle.

I am no viper, yet I feed
On mother's flesh which did me breed.
I sought a husband, in which labour
I found that kindness in a father:
He's father, son, and husband mild;
I mother, wife, and yet his child.
How they may be, and yet in two, 70
As you will live, resolve it you.

Sharp physic is the last: but, O you powers
That give heaven countless eyes to view men's
acts,

Why cloud they not their sights perpetually,
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it?
Fair glass of light, I loved you, and could still,

[Takes hold of the hand of the Princess.]

Were not this glorious casket stored with ill:
But I must tell you, now my thoughts revolt;
For he's no man on whom perfections wait
That, knowing sin within, will touch the gate. 80
You are a fair viol, and your sense the strings;
Who, finger'd to make man his lawful music,
Would draw heaven down, and all the gods, to
hearken;

But being play'd upon before your time,
Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime.
Good sooth, I care not for you.

Ant. Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy life,
For that's an article within our law,
As dangerous as the rest. Your time's expired:
Either expound now, or receive your sentence. 90

Per. Great king,
Few love to hear the sins they love to act;
'Twould braid yourself too near for me to tell it.
Who has a book of all that monarchs do,
He's more secure to keep it shut than shown:
For vice repeated is like the wandering wind,
Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself;
And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,
The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear

To stop the air would hurt them. The blind mole
casts 100

Copp'd* hills towards heaven, to tell the earth is
throng'd

*Rising to a head.

By man's oppression; and the poor worm doth die
for 't.

Kings are earth's gods; in vice their law's their
will;

And if Jove stray, who dares say Jove doth ill?

It is enough you know; and it is fit,

What being more known grows worse, to smo-
ther it.

All love the womb that their first being bred,

Then give my tongue like leave to love my head.

Ant. [*Aside*] Heaven, that I had thy head! he
has found the meaning:

But I will gloze* with him.—Young prince of Tyre,

Though by the tenour of our strict edict, 111

Your exposition misinterpreting, *Flatter.

We might proceed to cancel of your days;

Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree

As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise:

Forty days longer we do respite you;

If by which time our secret be undone,

This mercy shows we'll joy in such a son:

And until then your entertain shall be

As doth befit our honour and your worth. 120

[*Exeunt all but Pericles.*]

Per. How courtesy would seem to cover sin,

When what is done, is like an hypocrite,

The which is good in nothing but in sight!

If it be true that I interpret false,

Then were it certain you were not so bad

As with foul incest to abuse your soul;

Where* now you're both a father and a son, *Whereas.

By your untimely claspings with your child,

Which pleasure fits an husband, not a father;

And she an eater of her mother's flesh, 130

By the defiling of her parent's bed;

And both like serpents are, who though they feed

On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.

Antioch, farewell! for wisdom sees, those men

Blush not in actions blacker than the night,

Will shun no course to keep them from the light.
 One sin, I know, another doth provoke;
 Murder's as near to lust as flame to smoke:
 Poison and treason are the hands of sin,
 Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame: 140
 Then, lest my life be cropp'd to keep you clear,
 By flight I'll shun the danger which I fear. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter ANTIOCHUS.

Ant. He hath found the meaning, for which we
 mean
 To have his head.
 He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,
 Nor tell the world Antiochus doth sin
 In such a loathed manner;
 And therefore instantly this prince must die;
 For by his fall my honour must keep high.
 Who attends us there?

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. Doth your highness call? 150

Ant. Thaliard,
 You are of our chamber, and our mind partakes
 Her private actions to your secrecy;
 And for your faithfulness we will advance you.
 Thaliard, behold, here's poison, and here's gold;
 We hate the prince of Tyre, and thou must kill
 him:

It fits thee not to ask the reason why,
 Because we bid it. Say, is it done?

Thal. My lord,
 'Tis done.

Ant. Enough. 160

Enter a Messenger.

Let your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.

Mess. My lord, prince Pericles is fled. [*Exit.*]

Ant. As thou
 Wilt live, fly after: and like an arrow shot
 From a well-experienced archer hits the mark
 His eyes doth level at, so thou ne'er return
 Unless thou say 'Prince Pericles is dead.'

Thal. My lord,

If I can get him within my pistol's length,
I'll make him sure enough: so, farewell to your
highness.

Ant. Thaliard, adieu! [*Exit Thal.*] Till
Pericles be dead, 170
My heart can lend no succour to my head. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *Tyre. A room in the palace.*

Enter PERICLES.

Per. [*To Lords without*] Let none disturb
us.—Why should this change of thoughts,
The sad companion, dull-eyed melancholy,
Be my so used a guest as not an hour,
In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful night,
The tomb where grief should sleep, can breed
me quiet?
Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes
shun them,
And danger, which I fear'd, is at Antioch,
Whose aim seems far too short to hit me here:
Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,
Nor yet the other's distance comfort me. 10
Then it is thus: the passions of the mind,
That have their first conception by mis-dread,
Have after-nourishment and life by care;
And what was first but fear what might be done,
Grows elder now and cares it be not done.
And so with me: the great Antiochus,
'Gainst whom I am too little to contend,
Since he's so great can make his will his act,
Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence;
Nor boots it me to say I honour him, 20
If he suspect I may dishonour him:
And what may make him blush in being known,
He'll stop the course by which it might be known;
With hostile forces he'll o'erspread the land,
And with the ostent of war will look so huge,
Amazement shall drive courage from the state;
Our men be vanquish'd ere they do resist,
And subjects punish'd that ne'er thought offence:
Which care of them, not pity of myself,
Who am no more but as the tops of trees,

Which fence the roots they grow by and defend
them,
Makes both my body pine and soul to languish, 30
And punish that before that he would punish.

Enter HELICANUS, with other Lords.

First Lord. Joy and all comfort in your sacred
breast!

Sec. Lord. And keep your mind, till you return
to us,
Peaceful and comfortable!

Hel. Peace, peace, and give experience
tongue.

They do abuse the king that flatter him:
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin;
The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark, 40
To which that blast gives heat and stronger
glowing;

Whereas reproof, obedient and in order,
Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err.
When Signior Sooth here does proclaim a peace,
He flatters you, makes war upon your life.
Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if you please;
I cannot be much lower than my knees.

Per. All leave us else; but let your cares
o'erlook

What shipping and what lading's in our haven,
And then return to us. [*Exeunt Lords.*] Heli-
canus, thou 50

Hast moved us: what seest thou in our looks?

Hel. An angry brow, dread lord.

Per. If there be such a dart in princes' frowns,
How durst thy tongue move anger to our face?

Hel. How dare the plants look up to heaven,
from whence

They have their nourishment?

Per. Thou know'st I have power
To take thy life from thee.

Hel. [*Kneeling*] I have ground the axe my-
self;

Do you but strike the blow.

Per. Rise, prithee, rise.
Sit down: thou art no flatterer: 60

I thank thee for it; and heaven forbid
That kings should let their ears hear their faults
hid!

Fit counsellor and servant for a prince,
Who by thy wisdom makest a prince thy servant,
What wouldst thou have me do?

Hel. To bear with patience
Such griefs as you yourself do lay upon yourself.

Per. Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus,
That minister'st a potion unto me
That thou wouldst tremble to receive thyself.

Attend me, then: I went to Antioch, 70
Where as thou know'st, against the face of death,
I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,
From whence an issue I might propagate,
†Are arms to princes, and bring joys to subjects.
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder;
The rest—hark in thine ear—as black as incest:
Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father
Seem'd not to strike, but smooth:* but thou
know'st this, 80

*Flatter.

'Tis time to fear when tyrants seem to kiss.
Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled, 80
Under the covering of a careful night,
Who seem'd my good protector; and, being here,
Bethought me what was past, what might succeed.
I knew him tyrannous; and tyrants' fears
Decrease not, but grow faster than the years:
And should he doubt it, as no doubt he doth,
That I should open to the listening air
How many worthy princes' bloods were shed,
To keep his bed of blackness unlaid ope, 89
To lop that doubt, he'll fill this land with arms,
And make pretence of wrong that I have done him;
When all, for mine, if I may call offence,
Must feel war's blow, who spares not innocence:
Which love to all, of which thyself art one,
Who now reprovest me for it,—

Hel. Alas, sir!

Per. Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from
my cheeks,
Musings into my mind, with thousand doubts
How I might stop this tempest ere it came;

And finding little comfort to relieve them,
I thought it princely charity to grieve them. 100

Hel. Well, my lord, since you have given me
leave to speak,

Freely will I speak. Antiochus you fear,
And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant,
Who either by public war or private treason
Will take away your life.

Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,
Till that his rage and anger be forgot,
Or till the Destinies do cut his thread of life.

Your rule direct to any; if to me, 109
Day serves not light more faithful than I'll be.

Per. I do not doubt thy faith;

But should he wrong my liberties in my absence?

Hel. We'll mingle our bloods together in the
earth,

From whence we had our being and our birth.

Per. Tyre, I now look from thee then, and to
Tarsus

Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee;
And by whose letters I'll dispose myself.

The care I had and have of subjects' good
On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear
it. 119

I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath:
Who shuns not to break one will sure crack both:
But in our orbs we'll live so round and safe,
That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince,*
Thou show'dst a subject's shine, I a true prince.

*Overcome. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Tyre. An ante-chamber in the
palace.*

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. So, this is Tyre, and this the court.
Here must I kill King Pericles; and if I do it not,
I am sure to be hanged at home: 'tis dangerous.
Well, I perceive he was a wise fellow, and had
good discretion, that, being bid to ask what he
would of the king, desired he might know none

of his secrets: now do I see he had some reason for't; for if a king bid a man be a villain, he's bound by the indenture of his oath to be one. Hush! here come the lords of Tyre.

*Enter HELICANUS and ESCANES, with other
Lords of Tyre.*

Hel. You shall not need, my fellow peers of Tyre, 11
Further to question me of your king's departure:
His seal'd commission, left in trust with me,
Doth speak sufficiently he's gone to travel.

Thal. [*Aside*] How! the king gone!

Hel. If further yet you will be satisfied,
Why, as it were unlicensed of your loves,
He would depart, I'll give some light unto you.
Being at Antioch—

Thal. [*Aside*] What from Antioch?

Hel. Royal Antiochus—on what cause I know
not— 20
Took some displeasure at him; at least he judged
so:

And doubting lest that he had err'd or sinn'd,
To show his sorrow, he'd correct himself;
So puts himself unto the shipman's toil,
With whom each minute threatens life or death.

Thal. [*Aside*] Well, I perceive
I shall not be hang'd now, although I would;
But since he's gone,† the king's seas must please:
He 'scaped the land, to perish at the sea.
I'll present myself. Peace to the lords of Tyre!

Hel. Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is wel-
come. 31

Thal. From him I come
With message unto princely Pericles;
But since my landing I have understood
Your lord has betook himself to unknown travels,
My message must return from whence it came.

Hel. We have no reason to desire it,
Commended to our master, not to us:
Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire,
As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre. 40
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Tarsus. A room in the Governor's house.*

Enter CLEON, *the governor of Tarsus, with*
DIONYZA, *and others.*

Cle. My Dionyza, shall we rest us here,
And by relating tales of others' griefs,
See if 'twill teach us to forget our own?

Dio. That were to blow at fire in hope to
quench it;
For who digs hills because they do aspire
Throws down one mountain to cast up a higher.
O my distressed lord, even such our griefs are;
Here they're but felt, and seen with mischief's
eyes,

But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher rise.

Cle. O Dionyza, 10
Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,
Or can conceal his hunger till he famish?
Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep
Our woes into the air; our eyes do weep,
Till tongues fetch breath that may proclaim them
louder;

That, if heaven slumber while their creatures
want,

They may awake their helps to comfort them.
I'll then discourse our woes, felt several years,
And wanting breath to speak help me with tears.

Dio. I'll do my best, sir. 20

Cle. This Tarsus, o'er which I have the
government,
A city on whom plenty held full hand,
For riches strew'd herself even in the streets;
Whose towers bore heads so high they kiss'd the
clouds,

And strangers ne'er beheld but wonder'd at;
Whose men and dames so jetted* and adorn'd,
Like one another's glass to trim† them by: *Strutted.
Their tables were stored full, to glad the sight,
And not so much to feed on as delight; †Dress. 30
All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great,
The name of help grew odious to repeat.

Dio. O, 'tis too true.

Cle. But see what heaven can do! By this our
change,
These mouths, who but of late, earth, sea, and
air,
Were all too little to content and please,
Although they gave their creatures in abundance,
As houses are defiled for want of use,
They are now starved for want of exercise:
Those palates who, not yet two summers younger,
Must have inventions to delight the taste, 40
Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it:
Those mothers who, to nouse* up their babes,
Thought nought too curious, are ready now *Nurse.
To eat those little darlings whom they loved.
So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife
Draw lots who first shall die to lengthen life:
Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping;
Here many sink, yet those which see them fall
Have scarce strength left to give them burial.
Is not this true? 50

Dio. Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it.

Cle. O, let those cities that of plenty's cup
And her prosperities so largely taste,
With their superfluous riots, hear these tears!
The misery of Tarsus may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Where's the lord governor?

Cle. Here.

Speak out thy sorrows which thou bring'st in
haste,

For comfort is too far for us to expect.

Lord. We have descried, upon our neighbour-
ing shore, 60

A portly sail of ships make hitherward.

Cle. I thought as much.

One sorrow never comes but brings an heir,
That may succeed as his inheritor;

And so in ours: some neighbouring nation,
Taking advantage of our misery,

Hath stuff'd these hollow vessels with their
power,*

To beat us down, the which are down already; *Forces.

And make a conquest of unhappy me,
Whereas no glory's got to overcome. 70

Lord. That's the least fear; for, by the semblance
Of their white flags display'd, they bring us peace,
And come to us as favourers, not as foes.

Cle. Thou speak'st like him's untutor'd to repeat:

Who makes the fairest show means most deceit.
But bring they what they will and what they can,
What need we fear?

The ground's the lowest, and we are half way there.

Go tell their general we attend him here,
To know for what he comes, and whence he comes,
And what he craves. 81

Lord. I go, my lord. [*Exit.*

Cle. Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist;
If wars, we are unable to resist.

Enter PERICLES with Attendants.

Per. Lord governor, for so we hear you are,
Let not our ships and number of our men
Be like a beacon fired to amaze your eyes.
We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre,
And seen the desolation of your streets:
Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears, 90
But to relieve them of their heavy load;
And these our ships, you happily* may think
Are like the Trojan horse was stuff'd within
With bloody veins, expecting overthrow, *Perhaps.
Are stored with corn to make your needy bread,
And give them life whom hunger starved half
dead.

All. The gods of Greece protect you!
And we'll pray for you.

Per. Arise, I pray you, rise:
We do not look for reverence, but for love,
And harbourage for ourself, our ships, and men.

Cle. The which when any shall not gratify, 101
Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,
Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,
The curse of heaven and men succeed their evils!

Till when,—the which I hope shall ne'er be
seen,—

Your grace is welcome to our town and us.

Per. Which welcome we'll accept; feast here
awhile,

Until our stars that frown lend us a smile.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Here have you seen a mighty king
His child, I wis, to incest bring;
A better prince and benign lord,
That will prove awful both in deed and word.
Be quiet then as men should be,
'Till he hath pass'd necessity.
I'll show you those in troubles reign,
Losing a mite, a mountain gain.
The good in conversation,*
To whom I give my benison,
Is still at Tarsus, where each man
Thinks all is writ† he speken can;
And, to remember what he does,
Build his statue to make him glorious:
But tidings to the contrary
Are brought your eyes; what need speak I?

*Conduct.

IO

†Truth.

DUMB SHOW.

*Enter at one door PERICLES talking with CLEON;
all the train with them. Enter at another door a
Gentleman, with a letter to PERICLES; PERICLES
shows the letter to CLEON; gives the Messenger a
reward, and knights him. Exit PERICLES at one
door, and CLEON at another.*

Good Helicane, that stay'd at home,
Not to eat honey like a drone
From others' labours; for though he strive
To killen bad, keep good alive;
And to fulfil his prince' desire,

20

Sends word of all that haps in Tyre :
 How Thaliard came full bent with sin
 And had intent to murder him;
 And that in Tarsus was not best
 Longer for him to make his rest.
 He, doing so, put forth to seas,
 Where when men been, there's seldom ease;
 For now the wind begins to blow;
 Thunder above and deeps below 30
 Make such unquiet, that the ship
 Should house him safe is wreck'd and split;
 And he, good prince, having all lost,
 By waves from coast to coast is tost:
 All perishen of men, of pelf,
 Ne aught escapen but himself;
 Till fortune, tired with doing bad,
 Threw him ashore, to give him glad:
 And here he comes. What shall be next,
 Pardon old Gower,—this longs the text. 40
 [Exit.]

SCENE I. *Pentapolis. An open place by the sea-side.*

Enter PERICLES, wet.

Per. Yet cease your ire, you angry stars of
 heaven!
 Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man
 Is but a substance that must yield to you;
 And I, as fits my nature, do obey you:
 Alas, the sea hath cast me on the rocks,
 Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me
 breath
 Nothing to think on but ensuing death:
 Let it suffice the greatness of your powers
 To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes; 9
 And having thrown him from your watery grave,
 Here to have death in peace is all he'll crave.

Enter three Fishermen.

First Fish. What, ho, Pilch!

Sec. Fish. Ha, come and bring away the nets!

First Fish. What, Patch-breech, I say!

Third Fish. What say you, master?

First Fish. Look how thou stirrest now! come away, or I'll fetch thee with a wanion.* *Vengeance.

Third Fish. 'Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor men that were cast away before us even now. 20

First Fish. Alas, poor souls, it grieved my heart to hear what pitiful cries they made to us to help them, when, well-a-day, we could scarce help ourselves.

Third Fish. Nay, master, said not I as much when I saw the porpus how he bounced and tumbled? they say they're half fish, half flesh: a plague on them, they ne'er come but I look to be washed. Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea. 30

First Fish. Why, as men do a-land; the great ones eat up the little ones: I can compare our rich misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale; a' plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him, and at last devours them all at a mouthful: such whales have I heard on o' the land, who never leave gaping till they've swallowed the whole parish, church, steeple, bells, and all.

Per. [*Aside*] A pretty moral. 39

Third Fish. But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.

Sec. Fish. Why, man?

Third Fish. Because he should have swallowed me too: and when I had been in his belly, I would have kept such a jangling of the bells, that he should never have left, till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish, up again. But if the good King Simonides were of my mind,—

Per. [*Aside*] Simonides! 49

Third Fish. We would purge the land of these drones, that rob the bee of her honey.

Per. [*Aside*] How from the finny subject of the sea

These fishers tell the infirmities of men;
And from their watery empire recollect
All that may men approve or men detect!
Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

Sec. Fish. Honest! good fellow, what's that?
If it be a day fits you, †search out of the calendar,
and nobody look after it.

Per. May see the sea hath cast upon your
coast. 60

Sec. Fish. What a drunken knave was the sea
to cast thee in our way!

Per. A man whom both the waters and the
wind,

In that vast tennis-court, have made the ball
For them to play upon, entreats you pity him;
He asks of you, that never used to beg.

First Fish. No, friend, cannot you beg? Here's
them in our country of Greece gets more with
begging than we can do with working.

Sec. Fish. Canst thou catch any fishes, then?

Per. I never practised it. 71

Sec. Fish. Nay, then thou wilt starve, sure;
for here's nothing to be got now-a-days, unless
thou canst fish for't.

Per. What I have been I have forgot to know;
But what I am, want teaches me to think on:
A man throng'd up with cold: my veins are chill,
And have no more of life than may suffice
To give my tongue that heat to ask your help;
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead, 80
For that I am a man, pray see me buried.

First Fish. Die quoth-a? Now gods forbid!
I have a gown here; come, put it on; keep thee
warm. Now, afore me, a handsome fellow! Come,
thou shalt go home, and we'll have flesh for
holidays, fish for fasting-days, and moreo'er pud-
dings and flap-jacks,* and thou shalt be welcome.

Per. I thank you, sir. *Pancakes.

Sec. Fish. Hark you, my friend; you said you
could not beg. 90

Per. I did but crave.

Sec. Fish. But crave! Then I'll turn craver
too, and so I shall 'scape whipping.

Per. Why, are all your beggars whipped,
then?

Sec. Fish. O, not all, my friend, not all; for
if all your beggars were whipped, I would wish

no better office than to be beadle. But, master, I'll go draw up the net.

[Exit with Third Fisherman.]

Per. [Aside] How well this honest mirth becomes their labour!

First Fish. Hark you, sir, do you know where ye are? 101

Per. Not well.

First Fish. Why, I'll tell you: this is called Pentapolis, and our king the good Simonides.

Per. The good King Simonides, do you call him?

First Fish. Ay, sir; and he deserves so to be called for his peaceable reign and good government.

Per. He is a happy king, since he gains from his subjects the name of good by his government. How far is his court distant from this shore? 111

First Fish. Marry, sir, half a day's journey: and I'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and tomorrow is her birth-day; and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the world to just and tourney for her love.

Per. Were my fortunes equal to my desires, I could wish to make one there.

First Fish. O, sir, things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for—† his wife's soul. 121

Re-enter Second and Third Fishermen, drawing up a net.

Sec. Fish. Help, master, help! here's a fish hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in the law; 'twill hardly come out. Ha! bots on't, 'tis come at last, and 'tis turned to a rusty armour.

Per. An armour, friends! I pray you, let me see it.

Thanks, fortune, yet, that, after all my crosses,
Thou givest me somewhat to repair myself;
And though it was mine own, part of my heritage,

Which my dead father did bequeath to me, 130
With this strict charge, even as he left his life,
'Keep it, my Pericles; it hath been a shield

'Twixt me and death;'—and pointed to this
brace;—*

*Armour for arm.

'For that it saved me, keep it; in like necessity—
The which the gods protect thee from!—may
defend thee.'

It kept where I kept, I so dearly loved it;
Till the rough seas, that spare not any man,
Took it in rage, though calm'd have given 't
again:

I thank thee for 't: my shipwreck now 's no ill,
Since I have here my father's gift in 's will. 140

First Fish. What mean you, sir?

Per. To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of
worth,

For it was sometime target to a king;
I know it by this mark. He loved me dearly,
And for his sake I wish the having of it;
And that you'd guide me to your sovereign's
court,

Where with it I may appear a gentleman;
And if that ever my low fortune's better,
I'll pay your bounties; till then rest your
debtor.

First Fish. Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady?

Per. I'll show the virtue I have borne in arms.

First Fish. Why, do 'e take it, and the gods
give thee good on 't!

Sec. Fish. Ay, but hark you, my friend; 'twas
we that made up this garment through the rough
seams of the waters: there are certain condole-
ments, certain vails. I hope, sir, if you thrive,
you'll remember from whence you had it.

Per. Believe 't, I will.

By your furtherance I am clothed in steel; 160
And, spite of all the rapture of the sea,
This jewel holds his building on my arm:
Unto thy value I will mount myself
Upon a courser, whose delightful steps
Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread.
Only, my friend, I yet am unprovided
Of a pair of bases.*

*Embroidered mantle worn on horseback.

[reaching from middle of body to below knees.

Sec. Fish. We'll sure provide: thou shalt

have my best gown to make thee a pair; and I'll
bring thee to the court myself. 170

Per. Then honour be but a goal to my will,
This day I'll rise, or else add ill to ill. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. A public way or platform
leading to the lists. A pavilion by the side of
it for the reception of the King, Princess, Lords,
&c.*

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, and Attendants.

Sim. Are the knights ready to begin the
triumph?

First Lord. They are, my liege;
And stay your coming to present themselves.

Sim. Return them, we are ready; and our
daughter,
In honour of whose birth these triumphs are,
Sits here, like beauty's child, whom nature gat
For men to see, and seeing wonder at.

[*Exit a Lord.*]

Thai. It pleaseth you, my royal father, to
express
My commendations great, whose merit's less.

Sim. It's fit it should be so; for princes are 10
A model, which heaven makes like to itself:
As jewels lose their glory if neglected,
So princes their renowns if not respected.
'Tis now your honour, daughter, to explain
The labour of each knight in his device.

Thai. Which, to preserve mine honour, I'll
perform.

*Enter a Knight; he passes over, and his Squire
presents his shield to the Princess.*

Sim. Who is the first that doth prefer himself?

Thai. A knight of Sparta, my renowned father;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is a black Ethiopie reaching at the sun; 20
The word, 'Lux tua vita mihi.'

Sim. He loves you well that holds his life of
you. [*The Second Knight passes over.*]
Who is the second that presents himself?

Thai. A prince of Macedon, my royal father;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is an arm'd knight that's conquer'd by a lady;
The motto thus, in Spanish, 'Piu por dulzura
que por fuerza.'

[*The Third Knight passes over.*]

Sim. And what's the third?

Thai. The third of Antioch;
And his device, a wreath of chivalry;
The word, 'Me pompæ provexit apex.'

30

[*The Fourth Knight passes over.*]

Sim. What is the fourth?

Thai. A burning torch that's turned upside
down;

The word, 'Quod me alit, me extinguit.'

Sim. Which shows that beauty hath his power
and will,

Which can as well inflame as it can kill.

[*The Fifth Knight passes over.*]

Thai. The fifth, an hand environed with
clouds,

Holding out gold that's by the touchstone tried;
The motto thus, 'Sic spectanda fides.'

[*The Sixth Knight, Pericles, passes over.*]

Sim. And what's

The sixth and last, the which the knight himself
With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd?

41

Thai. He seems to be a stranger; but his
present is

A wither'd branch, that's only green at top;

The motto, 'In hac spe vivo.'

Sim. A pretty moral;

From the dejected state wherein he is,

He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.

First Lord. He had need mean better than his
outward show

Can any way speak in his just commend;

For by his rusty outside he appears

50

To have practised more the whipstock* than the
lance.

*Handle of whip.

Sec. Lord. He well may be a stranger, for he
comes

To an honour'd triumph strangely furnished.

Third Lord. And on set purpose let his armour
rust
Until this day, to scour it in the dust.

Sim. Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan
The outward habit by the inward man.

But stay, the knights are coming: we will with-
draw

Into the gallery. [*Exeunt.*

[*Great shouts within, and all cry 'The mean
knight!'*]

SCENE III. *The same. A hall of state: a banquet
prepared.*

*Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, Attendants, and
Knights, from tilting.*

Sim. Knights,
To say you're welcome were superfluous.
To place upon the volume of your deeds,
As in a title-page, your worth in arms,
Were more than you expect; or more than's fit,
Since every worth in show commends itself.
Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast:
You are princes and my guests.

Thai. But you, my knight and guest;
To whom this wreath of victory I give, 10
And crown you king of this day's happiness.

Per. 'Tis more by fortune, lady, than by merit.

Sim. Call it by what you will, the day is yours;
And here, I hope, is none that envies it.
In framing an artist, art hath thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed;
And you are her labour'd scholar. Come, queen
o' the feast,—

For, daughter, so you are,—here take your place:
Marshal the rest, as they deserve their grace.

Knights. We are honour'd much by good Si-
monides. 20

Sim. Your presence glads our days: honour we
love;

For who hates honour hates the gods above.

Marshal. Sir, yonder is your place.

Per. Some other is more fit.

First Knight. Contend not, sir; for we are gentlemen

That neither in our hearts nor outward eyes
Envy the great nor do the low despise.

Per. You are right courteous knights.

Sim. Sit, sir, sit.

Per. By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,

These cates resist me, she but thought upon.

Thai. By Juno, that is queen of marriage, 30
All viands that I eat do seem unsavoury,

Wishing him my meat. Sure, he's a gallant gentleman.

Sim. He's but a country gentleman;
Has done no more than other knights have done;
Has broken a staff or so; so let it pass.

Thai. To me he seems like diamond to glass.

Per. Yon king's to me like to my father's picture,

Which tells me in that glory once he was;

Had princes sit, like stars, about his throne,

And he the sun, for them to reverence; 40

None that beheld him, but, like lesser lights,

Did vail* their crowns to his supremacy: *Lower.

Where now his son's like a glow-worm in the night,

The which hath fire in darkness, none in light:

Whereby I see that Time's the king of men,

He's both their parent, and he is their grave,

And gives them what he will, not what they crave.

Sim. What, are you merry, knights?

Knights. Who can be other in this royal presence?

Sim. Here, with a cup that's stored unto the brim,— 50

As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips,—

We drink this health to you.

Knights. We thank your grace.

Sim. Yet pause awhile:

Yon knight doth sit too melancholy,

As if the entertainment in our court

Had not a show might countervail his worth.

Note it not you, Thaisa?

Thai.

What is it?

To me, my father?

Sim.

O, attend, my daughter:

Princes in this should live like gods above,

Who freely give to every one that comes 60

To honour them:

And princes not doing so are like to gnats,

Which make a sound, but kill'd are wonder'd at.

Therefore to make his entrance more sweet,

Here, say we drink this standing-bowl of wine to
him.*Thai.* Alas, my father, it befits not me

Unto a stranger knight to be so bold:

He may my proffer take for an offence,

Since men take women's gifts for impudence.

Sim. How!

70

Do as I bid you, or you 'll move me else.

Thai. [*Aside*] Now, by the gods, he could not
please me better.*Sim.* And furthermore tell him, we desire to
know of him,

Of whence he is, his name and parentage.

Thai. The king my father, sir, has drunk to you.*Per.* I thank him.*Thai.* Wishing it so much blood unto your life.*Per.* I thank both him and you, and pledge him
freely.*Thai.* And further he desires to know of you,
Of whence you are, your name and parentage. 80*Per.* A gentleman of Tyre; my name, Peri-
cles;

My education been in arts and arms;

Who, looking for adventures in the world,

Was by the rough seas reft of ships and men,

And after shipwreck driven upon this shore.

Thai. He thanks your grace; names himself
Pericles,

A gentleman of Tyre,

Who only by misfortune of the seas

Bereft of ships and men, cast on this shore.

Sim. Now, by the gods, I pity his misfortune,
And will awake him from his melancholy. 91

Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,

And waste the time, which looks for other revels.
 Even in your armours, as you are address'd,
 Will very well become a soldier's dance.
 I will not have excuse, with saying this
 Loud music is too harsh for ladies' heads,
 Since they love men in arms as well as beds.

[*The Knights dance.*

So, this was well ask'd, 'twas so well perform'd.
 Come, sir; 100

Here is a lady that wants breathing* too: *Exercise.
 And I have heard, you knights of Tyre
 Are excellent in making ladies trip;
 And that their measures† are as excellent. †Dances.

Per. In those that practise them they are, my
 lord.

Sim. O, that's as much as you would be denied
 Of your fair courtesy.

[*The Knights and Ladies dance.*

Unclasp, unclasp:

Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done well,
 [*To Per.*] But you the best. Pages and lights, to
 conduct

These knights unto their several lodgings! [*To*
Per.] Yours, sir, 110

We have given order to be next our own.

Per. I am at your grace's pleasure.

Sim. Princes, it is too late to talk of love;
 And that's the mark I know you level at:
 Therefore each one betake him to his rest;
 To-morrow all for speeding do their best.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Tyre. A room in the Governor's house.*

Enter HELICANUS *and* ESCANES.

Hel. No, Escanes, know this of me,
 Antiochus from incest lived not free:
 For which, the most high gods not minding longer
 To withhold the vengeance that they had in store,
 Due to this heinous capital offence,
 Even in the height and pride of all his glory,
 When he was seated in a chariot

Soon fall to ruin,—your noble self,
That best know how to rule and how to reign,
We thus submit unto,—our sovereign.

All. Live, noble Helicane! 40

Hel. For honour's cause, forbear your sufferings:

If that you love Prince Pericles, forbear.
Take I your wish, I leap into the seas,
Where's hourly trouble for a minute's ease.
A twelvemonth longer, let me entreat you to
Forbear the absence of your king;
If in which time expired, he not return,
I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.
But if I cannot win you to this love,
Go search like nobles, like noble subjects, 50
And in your search spend your adventurous worth;
Whom if you find, and win unto return,
You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.

First Lord. To wisdom he's a fool that will
not yield;

And since Lord Helicane enjoineth us,
We with our travels will endeavour us.

Hel. Then you love us, we you, and we'll clasp
hands:

When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Pentapolis. A room in the palace.*

*Enter SIMONIDES, reading a letter, at one door:
the Knights meet him.*

First Knight. Good morrow to the good Simonides.

Sim. Knights, from my daughter this I let
you know,
That for this twelvemonth she'll not undertake
A married life.

Her reason to herself is only known,
Which yet from her by no means can I get.

Sec. Knight. May we not get access to her,
my lord?

Sim. 'Faith, by no means; she hath so strictly
tied

Her to her chamber, that 'tis impossible.
One twelve moons more she'll wear Diana's
livery; 10

This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd,
And on her virgin honour will not break it.

Third Knight. Loath to bid farewell, we take
our leaves. [*Exeunt Knights.*]

Sim. So,
They are well dispatch'd; now to my daughter's
letter:

She tells me here, she'll wed the stranger knight,
Or never more to view nor day nor light.

'Tis well, mistress; your choice agrees with mine;
I like that well: nay, how absolute she's in't,
Not minding whether I dislike or no! 20

Well, I do commend her choice;
And will no longer have it be delay'd.
Soft! here he comes: I must dissemble it.

Enter PERICLES.

Per. All fortune to the good Simonides!

Sim. To you as much, sir! I am beholding to
you

For your sweet music this last night: I do
Protest my ears were never better fed
With such delightful pleasing harmony.

Per. It is your grace's pleasure to commend;
Not my desert.

Sim. Sir, you are music's master. 30

Per. The worst of all her scholars, my good
lord.

Sim. Let me ask you one thing:
What do you think of my daughter, sir?

Per. A most virtuous princess.

Sim. And she is fair too, is she not?

Per. As a fair day in summer, wondrous fair.

Sim. Sir, my daughter thinks very well of you;
Ay, so well, that you must be her master,
And she will be your scholar: therefore look to it.

Per. I am unworthy for her schoolmaster. 40

Sim. She thinks not so; peruse this writing
else.

Per. [*Aside*] What's here?

A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre!
 'Tis the king's subtilty to have my life.
 O, seek not to entrap me, gracious lord,
 A stranger and distressed gentleman,
 That never aim'd so high to love your daughter,
 But bent all offices to honour her.

Sim. Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter, and
 thou art
 A villain. 50

Per. By the gods, I have not:
 Never did thought of mine levy offence;
 Nor never did my actions yet commence
 A deed might gain her love or your displeasure.

Sim. Traitor, thou liest.

Per. Traitor!

Sim. Ay, traitor.

Per. Even in his throat—unless it be the king—
 That calls me traitor, I return the lie.

Sim. [*Aside*] Now, by the gods, I do applaud
 his courage.

Per. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
 That never relish'd of a base descent. 60
 I came unto your court for honour's cause,
 And not to be a rebel to her state;
 And he that otherwise accounts of me,
 This sword shall prove he's honour's enemy.

Sim. No?
 Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.

Enter THAISA.

Per. Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,
 Resolve your angry father, if my tongue
 Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe
 To any syllable that made love to you. 70

Thai. Why, sir, say if you had,
 Who takes offence at that would make me glad?

Sim. Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory?
 [*Aside*] I am glad on't with all my heart.—
 I'll tame you; I'll bring you in subjection.
 Will you, not having my consent,
 Bestow your love and your affections
 Upon a stranger? [*Aside*] who, for aught I know,
 May be, nor can I think the contrary,

As great in blood as I myself.— 80
 Therefore hear you, mistress; either frame
 Your will to mine,—and you, sir, hear you,
 Either be ruled by me, or I will make you—
 Man and wife:
 Nay, come, your hands and lips must seal it too:
 And being join'd, I'll thus your hopes destroy:
 And for a further grief,—God give you joy!—
 What, are you both pleased?

Thai. Yes, if you love me, sir.

Per. Even as my life my blood that fosters it.

Sim. What, are you both agreed? 90

Both. Yes, if it please your majesty.

Sim. It pleaseth me so well, that I will see you
 wed;

And then with what haste you can get you to
 bed. [Exeunt.

ACT III.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Now sleep yslaked* hath the rout;
 No din but snores the house about, *Quenched.
 Made louder by the o'er-fed breast
 Of this most pompous marriage-feast.
 The cat, with eyne† of burning coal, †Eyes.
 Now couches fore the mouse's hole;
 And crickets sing at the oven's mouth,
 E'er the blither for their drouth.
 Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,
 Where, by the loss of maidenhead, 10
 A babe is moulded. Be attent,
 And time that is so briefly spent
 With your fine fancies quaintly eche:‡ ‡Eke out.
 What's dumb in show I'll plain with speech.

DUMB SHOW.

*Enter, PERICLES and SIMONIDES, at one door,
 with Attendants; a Messenger meets them,
 kneels, and gives PERICLES a letter: PERICLES
 shows it SIMONIDES; the Lords kneel to him.
 Then enter THAISA with child, with LYCHO-
 RIDA a nurse. The KING shows her the letter;*

she rejoices: she and PERICLES take leave of her father, and depart with LYCHORIDA and their Attendants. Then exeunt SIMONIDES and the rest.

By many a dern* and painful perch†
 Of Pericles the careful search,
 By the four opposing coigns‡
 Which the world together joins,
 Is made with all due diligence
 That horse and sail and high expense
 Can stead the quest.‡ At last from Tyre, §Search.
 Fame answering the most strange inquire,
 To the court of King Simonides
 Are letters brought, the tenour these:
 Antiochus and his daughter dead;
 The men of Tyrus on the head
 Of Helicanus would set on
 The crown of Tyre, but he will none:
 The mutiny he there hastes t' oppress;
 Says to 'em, if King Pericles
 Come not home in twice six moons,
 He, obedient to their dooms,
 Will take the crown. The sum of this,
 Brought hither to Pentapolis,
 Y-ravished the regions round,
 And every one with claps can sound,
 'Our heir-apparent is a king!
 Who dream'd, who thought of such a thing?'
 Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre:
 His queen with child makes her desire—
 Which who shall cross?—along to go:
 Omit we all their dole and woe:
 Lychorida, her nurse, she takes,
 And so to sea. Their vessel shakes
 On Neptune's billow; half the flood
 Hath their keel cut: but fortune's mood
 Varies again; the grisled north
 Disgorges such a tempest forth,
 That, as a duck for life that dives,
 So up and down the poor ship drives:
 The lady shrieks, and well-a-near
 Does fall in travail with her fear:

*Lonely.

†A measure.

‡Corners.

20

30

40

50

And what ensues in this fell storm
Shall for itself itself perform.

I nill|| relate, action may

||Shall not.

Conveniently the rest convey;

Which might not what by me is told.

In your imagination hold

This stage the ship, upon whose deck

The sea-tost Pericles appears to speak. 59

[*Exit.*

SCENE I.

Enter PERICLES, on shipboard.

Per. Thou god of this great vast, rebuke these
surges,

Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou, that
hast

Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,

Having call'd them from the deep! O, still

Thy deafening, dreadful thunders; gently quench

Thy nimble, sulphurous flashes! O, how, Lychorida,

How does my queen? Thou stormest venomously;

Wilt thou spit all thyself? The seaman's whistle

Is as a whisper in the ears of death,

Unheard. Lychorida!—Lucina, O

10

Divinest patroness, and midwife gentle

To those that cry by night, convey thy deity

Aboard our dancing boat; make swift the pangs

Of my queen's travails!

Enter Lychorida, with an Infant.

Now, Lychorida!

Lyc. Here is a thing too young for such a
place,

Who, if it had conceit,* would die, as I

*Thought.

Am like to do: take in your arms this piece

Of your dead queen.

Per. How, how, Lychorida!

Lyc. Patience, good sir; do not assist the
storm.

Here's all that is left living of your queen, 20

A little daughter: for the sake of it,
Be manly, and take comfort.

Per. O you gods!
Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,
And snatch them straight away? We here below
Recall not what we give, and therein may
Use honour with you.

Lyc. Patience, good sir,
Even for this charge.

Per. Now, mild may be thy life!
For a more blustrous birth had never babe:
Quiet and gentle thy conditions! for
Thou art the rudeliest welcome to this world 30
That ever was prince's child. Happy what
follows!

Thou hast as chiding a nativity
As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make,
To herald thee from the womb: even at the first
Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit,*
With all thou canst find here. Now, the good
gods

*Requite.

Throw their best eyes upon't!

Enter two Sailors.

First Sail. What courage, sir? God save you!

Per. Courage enough: I do not fear the flaw;*
It hath done to me the worst. Yet, for the love 40
Of this poor infant, this fresh-new sea-farer, *Blast.
I would it would be quiet.

First Sail. Slack the bolins* there! Thou wilt
not, wilt thou? Blow, and split thyself. *Bowlines.

Sec. Sail. But sea-room, an the brine and
cloudy billow kiss the moon, I care not.

First Sail. Sir, your queen must overboard: the
sea works high, the wind is loud, and will not lie
till the ship be cleared of the dead.

Per. That's your superstition. 50

First Sail. Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it hath
been still observed: and we are strong in custom.
Therefore briefly yield her; for she must overboard
straight.

Per. As you think meet. Most wretched
queen!

Lyc. Here she lies, sir.

Per. A terrible childbed hast thou had; my dear;

No light, no fire: the unfriendly elements
Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time
To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight 60
Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze;
Where, for a monument upon thy bones,
And e'er-remaining lamps, the belching whale
And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,
Lying with simple shells. O Lychorida,
Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink and paper,
My casket and my jewels; and bid Nicander
Bring me the satin coffer: lay the babe
Upon the pillow: hie thee, whiles I say
A priestly farewell to her: suddenly, woman. 70

[*Exit Lychorida.*]

Sec. Sail. Sir, we have a chest beneath the
hatches, caulked and bitumed ready.

Per. I thank thee. Mariner, say what coast is
this?

Sec. Sail. We are near Tarsus.

Per. Thither, gentle mariner,
Alter thy course for Tyre. When canst thou
reach it?

Sec. Sail. By break of day, if the wind cease.

Per. O, make for Tarsus!

There will I visit Cleon, for the babe
Cannot hold out to Tyrus: there I'll leave it 80
At careful nursing. Go thy ways, good mariner:
I'll bring the body presently. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Ephesus. A room in Cerimon's
house.*

*Enter CERIMON, with a Servant, and some Persons
who have been shipwrecked.*

Cer. Philemon, ho!

Enter PHILEMON.

Phil. Doth my lord call?

Cer. Get fire and meat for these poor men:
'T has been a turbulent and stormy night.

Serv. I have been in many; but such a night as this,
Till now, I ne'er endured.

Cer. Your master will be dead ere you return;
There's nothing can be minister'd to nature
That can recover him. [*To Philemon*] Give this
to the 'pothecary,
And tell me how it works.

[*Exeunt all but Cerimon.*]

Enter two Gentlemen.

First Gent. Good morrow. 10

Sec. Gent. Good morrow to your lordship.

Cer. Gentlemen,

Why do you stir so early?

First Gent. Sir,
Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea,
Shook as the earth did quake;
The very principals* did seem to rend,
And all-to topple: pure surprise and fear
Made me to quit the house.

Sec. Gent. That is the cause we trouble you so
early;

*Strongest rafters in roof of building.

'Tis not our husbandry.

Cer. O, you say well. 20

First Gent. But I much marvel that your lord-
ship, having

Rich tire about you, should at these early hours
Shake off the golden slumber of repose.

'Tis most strange,
Nature should be so conversant with pain,
Being thereto not compell'd.

Cer. I hold it ever,
Virtue and cunning* were endowments greater
Than nobleness and riches: careless heirs
May the two latter darken and expend; *Knowledge
But immortality attends the former, 30
Making a man a god. 'Tis known, I ever
Have studied physic, through which secret art,
By turning o'er authorities, I have,
Together with my practice, made familiar
To me and to my aid the blest infusions
That dwell in vegetives,† in metals, stones; †Herbs.

And I can speak of the disturbances
That nature works, and of her cures; which doth
give me

A more content in course of true delight
Than to be thirsty after tottering honour, 40
Or tie my treasure up in silken bags,
To please the fool and death.

Sec. Gent. Your honour has through Ephesus
pour'd forth
Your charity, and hundreds call themselves
Your creatures, who by you have been restored:
And not your knowledge, your personal pain, but
even

Your purse, still open, hath built Lord Cerimon
Such strong renown as time shall ne'er decay.

Enter two or three Servants with a chest

First Serv. So; lift there.

Cer. What is that?

First Serv. Sir, even now
Did the sea toss upon our shore this chest: 50
'Tis of some wreck.

Cer. Set 't down, let's look upon 't.

Sec. Gent. 'Tis like a coffin, sir.

Cer. Whate'er it be,
'Tis wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straight:
If the sea's stomach be o'ercharged with gold,
†'Tis a good constraint of fortune it belches upon
us.

Sec. Gent. 'Tis so, my lord.

Cer. How close 'tis caulk'd and bitumed!
Did the sea cast it up?

First Serv. I never saw so huge a billow, sir,
As toss'd it upon shore.

Cer. Wrench it open;
Soft! it smells most sweetly in my sense. 60

Sec. Gent. A delicate odour.

Cer. As ever hit my nostril. So, up with it.
O you most potent gods! what's here? a corse!

First Gent. Most strange!

Cer. Shrouded in cloth of state; balm'd and
entreasured
With full bags of spices! A passport too!

Apollo, perfect me in the characters!

[*Reads from a scroll.*]

‘Here I give to understand,
If e’er this coffin drive a-land,
I, King Pericles, have lost
This queen, worth all our mundane cost. 70
Who finds her, give her burying;
She was the daughter of a king:
Besides this treasure for a fee,
The gods requite his charity!’

If thou livest, Pericles, thou hast a heart
That even cracks for woe! This chanced to-
night.

Sec. Gent. Most likely, sir.

Cer. Nay, certainly to-night;
For look how fresh she looks! They were too
rough 79

That threw her in the sea. Make a fire within:
Fetch hither all my boxes in my closet.

[*Exit a Servant.*]

Death may usurp on nature many hours,
And yet the fire of life kindle again
The o’erpress’d spirits. †I heard of an Egyptian
That had nine hours lien dead,
Who was by good appliance recovered.

*Re-enter a Servant, with boxes, napkins,
and fire.*

Well said, well said; the fire and cloths.
The rough and woeful music that we have,
Cause it to sound, beseech you.

The viol once more: how thou stirr’st, thou
block! 90

The music there!—I pray you, give her air.
Gentlemen,

This queen will live: nature awakes; a warmth
Breathes out of her: she hath not been entranced
Above five hours: see how she gins to blow
Into life’s flower again!

First Gent. The heavens,
Through you, increase our wonder and set up
Your fame for ever.

Cer. She is alive; behold,

Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels
 Which Pericles hath lost, 100
 Begin to part their fringes of bright gold;
 The diamonds of a most praised water
 Do appear, to make the world twice rich. Live,
 And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,
 Rare as you seem to be. [*She moves.*]

Thai. O dear Diana,
 Where am I? Where's my lord? What world is
 this?

Sec. Gent. Is not this strange?

First Gent. Most rare.

Cer. Hush, my gentle neighbours!
 Lend me your hands; to the next chamber bear
 her.

Get linen: now this matter must be look'd to,
 For her relapse is mortal. Come, come; 110
 And Æsculapius guide us!

[*Exeunt, carrying her away.*]

SCENE III. *Tarsus. A room in Cleon's house.*

Enter PERICLES, CLEON, DIONYZA, and LYCHORIDA with MARINA in her arms.

Per. Most honour'd Cleon, I must needs be
 gone;
 My twelve months are expired, and Tyrus stands
 In a litigious peace. You, and your lady,
 Take from my heart all thankfulness! The gods
 Make up the rest upon you!

Cle. Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt
 you mortally,
 Yet glance full wanderingly on us.

Dion. O your sweet queen!
 That the strict fates had pleased you had brought
 her hither,

To have bless'd mine eyes with her!

Per. We cannot but obey
 The powers above us. Could I rage and roar 10
 As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end
 Must be as 'tis. My gentle babe Marina, whom,
 For she was born at sea, I have named so, here
 I charge your charity withal, leaving her

The infant of your care; beseeching you
To give her princely training, that she may be
Manner'd as she is born.

Cle. Fear not, my lord, but think
Your grace, that fed my country with your corn,
For which the people's prayers still fall upon you,
Must in your child be thought on. If neglect
Should therein make me vile, the common body,
By you relieved, would force me to my duty:
But if to that my nature need a spur,
The gods revenge it upon me and mine,
To the end of generation!

Per. I believe you;
Your honour and your goodness teach me to 't,
Without your vows. Till she be married, madam,
By bright Diana, whom we honour, all
Unscissar'd shall this hair of mine remain,
Though I show ill in 't. So I take my leave. 30
Good madam, make me blessed in your care
In bringing up my child.

Dion. I have one myself,
Who shall not be more dear to my respect
Than yours, my lord.

Per. Madam, my thanks and prayers.

Cle. We'll bring your grace e'en to the edge o'
the shore,
Then give you up to the mask'd Neptune and
The gentlest winds of heaven.

Per. I will embrace
Your offer. Come, dearest madam. O, no tears,
Lychorida, no tears:
Look to your little mistress, on whose grace 40
You may depend hereafter. Come, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Ephesus. A room in Cerimon's house.*

Enter CERIMON and THAISA.

Cer. Madam, this letter, and some certain
jewels,
Lay with you in your coffer: which are now
At your command. Know you the character?

Thai. It is my lord's.
 That I was shipp'd at sea, I well remember,
 Even on my eaning time; but whether there
 Deliver'd, by the holy gods,
 I cannot rightly say. But since King Pericles,
 My wedded lord, I ne'er shall see again,
 A vestal livery will I take me to, 10
 And never more have joy.

Cer. Madam, if this you purpose as ye speak,
 Diana's temple is not distant far,
 Where you may abide till your date expire.
 Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine
 Shall there attend you.

Thai. My recompense is thanks, that's all;
 Yet my good will is great, though the gift small.
 [Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Imagine Pericles arrived at Tyre,
 Welcomed and settled to his own desire.
 His woeful queen we leave at Ephesus,
 Unto Diana there a votaress.
 Now to Marina bend your mind,
 Whom our fast-growing scene must find
 At Tarsus, and by Cleon train'd
 In music, letters; who hath gain'd
 Of education all the grace,
 Which makes her both the heart and place 10
 Of general wonder. But, alack,
 That monster envy, oft the wrack
 Of earned praise, Marina's life
 Seeks to take off by treason's knife.
 And in this kind hath our Cleon
 One daughter, and a wench full grown,
 Even ripe for marriage-rite; this maid
 Hight* Philoten: and it is said 20
 For certain in our story, she
 Would ever with Marina be:
 Be't when she weaved the sleided† silk 20
 With fingers long, small, white as milk;

*Called.

†Raw.

Or when she would with sharp needle wound
 The cambric, which she made more sound
 By hurting it; or when to the lute
 She sung, and made the night-bird mute,
 That still records† with moan; or when †Sings.
 She would with rich and constant pen
 Vail to her mistress Dian; still
 This Philoten contends in skill 30
 With absolute‡ Marina: so ‡Accomplished.
 With the dove of Paphos might the crow
 Vie feathers white. Marina gets
 All praises, which are paid as debts,
 And not as given. This so darks
 In Philoten all graceful marks,
 That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,
 A present murderer does prepare
 For good Marina, that her daughter
 Might stand peerless by this slaughter. 40
 The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,
 Lychorida, our nurse, is dead:
 And cursed Dionyza hath
 The pregnant instrument of wrath
 Prest|| for this blow. The unborn event ||Ready
 I do commend to your content:
 Only I carry winged time
 Post on the lame feet of my rhyme;
 Which never could I so convey,
 Unless your thoughts went on my way. 50
 Dionyza does appear,
 With Leonine, a murderer. [Exit.

SCENE I. *Tarsus. An open place near the sea-shore.*

Enter DIONYZA and LEONINE.

Dion. Thy oath remember; thou hast sworn to do't:
 'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known.
 Thou canst not do a thing in the world so soon,
 To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience,
 Which is but cold, inflaming love i' thy bosom,
 Inflamm too nicely; nor let pity, which

Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be
A soldier to thy purpose.

Leon. I will do't; but yet she is a goodly
creature. 9

Dion. The fitter, then, the gods should have
her. †Here she comes weeping for her only mis-
tress' death. Thou art resolved?

Leon. I am resolved.

Enter MARINA, *with a basket of flowers.*

Mar. No, I will rob Tellus of her weed,
To strew thy green with flowers: the yellows,
blues,

The purple violets, and marigolds,
Shall as a carpet hang upon thy grave,
While summer-days do last. Ay me! poor maid,
Born in a tempest, when my mother died,
This world to me is like a lasting storm, 20
Whirring me from my friends.

Dion. How now, Marina! why do you keep
alone?

How chance my daughter is not with you? Do not
Consume your blood with sorrowing: you have
A nurse of me. Lord, how your favour's* changed
With this unprofitable woe! *Countenance.

Come, give me your flowers, ere the sea mar it.
Walk with Leonine; the air is quick there,
And it pierces and sharpens the stomach. Come,
Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her. 30

Mar. No, I pray you;
I'll not bereave you of your servant.

Dion. Come, come;
I love the king your father, and yourself,
With more than foreign heart. We every day
Expect him here: when he shall come and find
Our paragon to all reports thus blasted,
He will repent the breadth of his great voyage;
Blame both my lord and me, that we have taken
No care to your best courses. Go, I pray you,
Walk, and be cheerful once again; reserve 40
That excellent complexion, which did steal
The eyes of young and old. Care not for me;
I can go home alone.

Mar. Well, I will go;
But yet I have no desire to it.

Dion. Come, come, I know 'tis good for you.
Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least:
Remember what I have said.

Leon. I warrant you, madam.

Dion. I'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a
while:

Pray, walk softly, do not heat your blood:

What! I must have a care of you.

Mar. My thanks, sweet madam. 50

[*Exit Dionyza.*]

Is this wind westerly that blows?

Leon. South-west.

Mar. When I was born, the wind was north.

Leon. Was't so?

Mar. My father, as nurse said, did never fear,
But cried 'Good seamen!' to the sailors, galling
His kingly hands, haling ropes;
And, clasping to the mast, endured a sea
That almost burst the deck.

Leon. When was this?

Mar. When I was born:

Never was waves nor wind more violent; 60
And from the ladder-tackle washes off
A canvas-climber. 'Ha!' says one, 'wilt out?'
And with a dropping industry they skip
From stem to stern: the boatswain whistles, and
The master calls, and trebles their confusion.

Leon. Come, say your prayers.

Mar. What mean you?

Leon. If you require a little space for prayer,
I grant it: pray; but be not tedious,
For the gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn 70
To do my work with haste.

Mar. Why will you kill me?

Leon. To satisfy my lady.

Mar. Why would she have me kill'd?

Now, as I can remember, by my troth,
I never did her hurt in all my life:
I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn
To any living creature: believe me, la,
I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly:

I trod upon a worm against my will,
But I wept for it. How have I offended, 80
Wherein my death might yield her any profit,
Or my life imply her any danger?

Leon. My commission
Is not to reason of the deed, but do it.

Mar. You will not do't for all the world, I hope.
You are well favour'd, and your looks foreshow
You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately,
When you caught hurt in parting two that fought:
Good sooth, it show'd well in you: do so now:
Your lady seeks my life; come you between, 90
And save poor me, the weaker.

Leon. I am sworn,
And will dispatch. [He seizes her.

Enter Pirates.

First Pirate. Hold, villain! [Leonine runs away.

Sec. Pirate. A prize! a prize!

Third Pirate. Half-part, mates, half-part.
Come, let's have her aboard suddenly.
[Exeunt Pirates with Marina.

Re-enter LEONINE.

Leon. These roguing thieves serve the great
pirate Valdes;
And they have seized Marina. Let her go:
There's no hope she will return. I'll swear she's
dead,
And thrown into the sea. But I'll see further: 100
Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her,
Not carry her abroad. If she remain,
Whom they have ravish'd must by me be slain.
[Exit

SCENE II. *Mytilene. A room in a brothel.*

Enter PANDER, Bawd, and BOULT.

Pand. Boul't!

Boul't. Sir?

Pand. Search the market narrowly; Mytilene
is full of gallants. We lost too much money this
mart by being too wenchless.

Bawd. We were never so much out of creatures. We have but poor three, and they can do no more than they can do; and they with continual action are even as good as rotten. 9

Pand. Therefore let 's have fresh ones, what-e'er we pay for them. If there be not a conscience to be used in every trade, we shall never prosper.

Bawd. Thou sayest true: 'tis not our bringing up of poor bastards,—as, I think, I have brought up some eleven—

Boult. Ay, to eleven; and brought them down again. But shall I search the market?

Bawd. What else, man? The stuff we have, a strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully sodden.

Pand. Thou sayest true; they're too unwholesome, o' conscience. The poor Transylvanian is dead, that lay with the little baggage.

Boult. Ay, she quickly pooped him; she made him roast-meat for worms. But I'll go search the market. [Exit.

Pand. Three or four thousand chequins were as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over. 30

Bawd. Why to give over, I pray you? is it a shame to get when we are old?

Pand. O, our credit comes not in like the commodity, nor the commodity wages not with the danger: therefore, if in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate, 'twere not amiss to keep our door hatched. Besides, the sore terms we stand upon with the gods will be strong with us for giving over. 39

Bawd. Come, other sorts offend as well as we.

Pand. As well as we! ay, and better too; we offend worse. Neither is our profession any trade; it's no calling. But here comes Boult.

Re-enter BOULT, with the Pirates and Marina.

Boult. [To Marina] Come your ways. My masters, you say she's a virgin?

First Pirate. O, sir, we doubt it not.

Boult. Master, I have gone through for this piece, you see: if you like her, so; if not, I have lost my earnest.

Bawd. Boult, has she any qualities? 50

Boult. She has a good face, speaks well, and has excellent good clothes; there's no further necessity of qualities can make her be refused.

Bawd. What's her price, Boult?

Boult. I cannot be bated one doit* of a thousand pieces. *Coin.

Pand. Well, follow me, my masters, you shall have your money presently. Wife, take her in; instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be raw in her entertainment. 60

[*Exeunt Pander and Pirates.*]

Bawd. Boult, take you the marks of her, the colour of her hair, complexion, height, age, with warrant of her virginity; and cry 'He that will give most shall have her first.' Such a maiden-head were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been. Get this done as I command you.

Boult. Performance shall follow. [*Exit.*]

Mar. Alack that Leonine was so slack, so slow!

He should have struck, not spoke; or that these pirates,

Not enough barbarous, had not o'erboard thrown me 70

For to seek my mother!

Bawd. Why lament you, pretty one?

Mar. That I am pretty.

Bawd. Come, the gods have done their part in you.

Mar. I accuse them not.

Bawd. You are light into my hands, where you are like to live.

Mar. The more my fault

To scape his hands where I was like to die. 80

Bawd. Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

Mar. No.

Bawd. Yes, indeed shall you, and taste gentlemen of all fashions: you shall fare well; you shall

have the difference of all complexions. What! do you stop your ears?

Mar. Are you a woman?

Bawd. What would you have me be, an I be not a woman?

Mar. An honest woman, or not a woman. 90

Bawd. Marry, whip thee, gosling: I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, you're a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would have you.

Mar. The gods defend me!

Bawd. If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men must stir you up. Boul't's returned.

Re-enter BOULT.

Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market?

Boult. I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs; I have drawn her picture with my voice.

Bawd. And I prithee tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?

Boult. 'Faith, they listened to me as they would have hearkened to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so watered, that he went to bed to her very description. 109

Bawd. We shall have him here to-morrow with his best ruff on.

Boult. To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that cowers i' the hams?

Bawd. Who, Monsieur Veroles?

Boult. Ay, he: he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.

Bawd. Well, well; as for him, he brought his disease hither: here he does but repair it. I know he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun.

Boult. Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign.

Bawd. [*To Mar.*] Pray you, come hither awhile. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me: you must seem to do that fearfully which you commit willingly, despise profit where you have most gain. To weep that you live as ye do makes pity in your lovers: seldom but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere* profit.

*Absolute.

Mar. I understand you not.

Boult. O, take her home, mistress, take her home: these blushes of hers must be quenched with some present practice.

Bawd. Thou sayest true, i' faith, so they must; for your bride goes to that with shame which is her way to go with warrant. 139

Boult. 'Faith, some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargained for the joint,—

Bawd. Thou mayst cut a morsel off the spit.

Boult. I may so.

Bawd. Who should deny it? Come, young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boult. Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

Bawd. Boult, spend thou that in the town: report what a sojourner we have; you'll lose nothing by custom. When nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good turn; therefore say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.

Boult. I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels as my giving out her beauty stir up the lewdly-inclined. I'll bring home some to-night.

Bawd. Come your ways; follow me.

Mar. If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep,

Untied I still my virgin knot will keep. 160
Diana, aid my purpose!

Bawd. What have we to do with Diana? Pray you, will you go with us? [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Tarsus. A room in Cleon's house.*

Enter CLEON and DIONYZA.

Dion. Why, are you foolish? Can it be undone?

Cle. O Dionyza, such a piece of slaughter
The sun and moon ne'er look'd upon!

Dion. I think
You'll turn a child again.

Cle. Were I chief lord of all this spacious
world,

I'd give it to undo the deed. O lady,
Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess
To equal any single crown o' the earth
I' the justice of compare! O villain Leonine!
Whom thou hast poison'd too: 10
If thou hadst drunk to him, 't had been a kindness
Becoming well thy fact: what canst thou say
When noble Pericles shall demand his child?

Dion. That she is dead. Nurses are not the
fates,
To foster it, nor ever to preserve.
She died at night; I'll say so. Who can cross it?
Unless you play the pious innocent,
And for an honest attribute cry out
'She died by foul play.'

Cle. O, go to. Well, well,
Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods 20
Do like this worst.

Dion. Be one of those that think
The petty wrens of Tarsus will fly hence,
And open this to Pericles. I do shame
To think of what a noble strain you are,
And of how coward a spirit.

Cle. To such proceeding
Who ever but his approbation added,
Though not his prime consent, he did not flow
From honourable sources.

Dion. Be it so, then:
Yet none does know, but you, how she came dead,
Nor none can know, Leonine being gone. 30
She did distain my child, and stood between
Her and her fortunes: none would look on her,

But cast their gazes on Marina's face;
Whilst ours was blurted at and held a malkin*
Not worth the time of day. It pierced me
thorough; *Coarse wench.

*Coarse wench.

And though you call my course unnatural,
You not your child well loving, yet I find
It greets me as an enterprise of kindness
Perform'd to your sole daughter.

Cle. Heavens forgive it !

Dion. And as for Pericles, 40
What should he say? We wept after her hearse,
And yet we mourn: her monument
Is almost finish'd, and her epitaphs
In glittering golden characters express
A general praise to her, and care in us
At whose expense 'tis done.

Cle. Thou art like the harpy,
Which, to betray, dost, with thine angel's face,
Seize with thine eagle's talons.

Dion. You are like one that superstitiously
Doth swear to the gods that winter kills the flies:
But yet I know you'll do as I advise. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

*Enter GOWER, before the monument of MARINA
at Tarsus.*

Gow. Thus time we waste, and longest
leagues make short;
Sail seas in cockles, have an wish but for't;
Making, to take your imagination,
From bourn to bourn, region to region.
By you being pardon'd, we commit no crime
To use one language in each several clime
Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech
you

To learn of me, who stand i' the gaps to teach
you,

The stages of our story. Pericles
Is now again thwarting the wayward seas, 10
Attended on by many a lord and knight,
To see his daughter, all his life's delight.
Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late

Advanced in time to great and high estate,
 Is left to govern. Bear you it in mind,
 Old Helicanus goes along behind.
 Well-sailing ships and bounteous winds have
 brought
 This king to Tarsus,—think his pilot thought;
 So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow
 on,—¹⁹
 To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone.
 Like motes and shadows see them move awhile;
 Your ears unto your eyes I'll reconcile.

DUMB SHOW.

*Enter PERICLES, at one door, with all his train;
 CLEON and DIONYZA, at the other. CLEON
 shows PERICLES the tomb; whereat PERICLES
 makes lamentation, puts on sackcloth, and in
 a mighty passion departs. Then exeunt CLEON
 and DIONYZA.*

See how belief may suffer by foul show!
 This borrow'd passion stands for true old woe;
 And Pericles, in sorrow all devour'd,
 With sighs shot through, and biggest tears o'er-
 shower'd,
 Leaves Tarsus and again embarks. He swears
 Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs:
 He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears
 A tempest, which his mortal vessel tears,³⁰
 And yet he rides it out. Now please you wit
 The epitaph is for Marina writ
 By wicked Dionyza.

[Reads the inscription on Marina's monument.
 'The fairest, sweet'st, and best lies here,
 Who wither'd in her spring of year.
 She was of Tyrus the king's daughter,
 On whom foul death hath made this slaughter;
 Marina was she call'd; and at her birth,
 Thetis, being proud, swallow'd some part o' the
 earth:
 Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflow'd,⁴⁰
 Hath Thetis' birth-child on the heavens be-
 stow'd:

Wherefore she does, and swears she'll never
 stint,*
 Make raging battery upon shores of flint.' *Stop.

No visor does become black villany
 So well as soft and tender flattery.
 Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead,
 And bear his courses to be ordered
 By Lady Fortune, while our scene must play
 His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day
 In her unholy service. Patience, then, 50
 And think you now are all in Mytilene. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. *Mytilene. A street before the brothel.*

Enter, from the brothel, two Gentlemen.

First Gent. Did you ever hear the like?

Sec. Gent. No, nor never shall do in such a place as this, she being once gone.

First Gent. But to have divinity preached there! did you ever dream of such a thing?

Sec. Gent. No, no. Come, I am for no more bawdy-houses: shall 's go hear the vestals sing?

First Gent. I'll do any thing now that is virtuous; but I am out of the road of rutting forever. [*Exeunt.* 10

SCENE VI. *The same. A room in the brothel.*

Enter Pander, Bawd, and BOULT.

Pand. Well, I had rather than twice the worth of her she had ne'er come here.

Bawd. Fie, fie upon her! she's able to freeze the god Priapus, and undo a whole generation. We must either get her ravished, or be rid of her. When she should do for clients her fitment, and do me the kindness of our profession, she has me her quirks, her reasons, her master reasons, her prayers, her knees; that she would make a puritan of the devil, if he should cheapen a kiss of her.

Boult. 'Faith, I must ravish her, or she'll disfurnish us of all our cavaliers, and make our swearers priests.

Pand. Now, the pox upon her green-sickness for me!

Bawd. 'Faith, there's no way to be rid on't but by the way to the pox. Here comes the Lord Lysimachus disguised.

Boult. We should have both lord and lown, if the peevish baggage would but give way to customers. 21

Enter LYSIMACHUS.

Lys. How now! How a dozen of virginities?

Bawd. Now, the gods to bless your honour!

Boult. I am glad to see your honour in good health.

Lys. You may so; 'tis the better for you that your resorters stand upon sound legs. How now! wholesome iniquity have you that a man may deal withal, and defy the surgeon?

Bawd. We have here one, sir, if she would—but there never came her like in Mytilene. 31

Lys. If she 'ld do the deed of darkness, thou wouldst say.

Bawd. Your honour knows what 'tis to say well enough.

Lys. Well, call forth, call forth.

Boult. For flesh and blood, sir, white and red, you shall see a rose; and she were a rose indeed, if she had but—

Lys. What, prithee? 40

Boult. O, sir, I can be modest.

Lys. That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no less than it gives a good report to a number to be chaste. [*Exit Boult.*]

Bawd. Here comes that which grows to the stalk; never plucked yet, I can assure you.

Re-enter BOULT with MARINA.

Is she not a fair creature?

Lys. 'Faith, she would serve after a long voyage at sea. Well, there's for you: leave us.

Bawd. I beseech your honour, give me leave: a word, and I'll have done presently. 51

Lys. I beseech you, do.

Bawd. [*To Marina*] First, I would have you note, this is an honourable man.

Mar. I desire to find him so, that I may worthily note him.

Bawd. Next, he's the governor of this country, and a man whom I am bound to.

Mar. If he govern the country, you are bound to him indeed; but how honourable he is in that, I know not. 61

Bawd. Pray you, without any more virginal fencing, will you use him kindly? He will line your apron with gold.

Mar. What he will do graciously, I will thankfully receive.

Lys. Ha' you done?

Bawd. My lord, she's not paced yet: you must take some pains to work her to your manage. Come, we will leave his honour and her together. Go thy ways.

[*Exeunt Bawd, Pander, and Boul.*]

Lys. Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade?

Mar. What trade, sir?

Lys. Why, I cannot name 't but I shall offend.

Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade. Please you to name it.

Lys. How long have you been of this profession?

Mar. E'er since I can remember.

Lys. Did you go to 't so young? Were you a gamester* at five or at seven? 81

Mar. Earlier too, sir, if now I be one.

Lys. Why, the house you dwell in proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

Mar. Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into 't? I hear say you are of honourable parts, and are the governor of this place.

Lys. Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am? 90

Mar. Who is my principal?

Lys. Why, your herb-woman; she that sets seeds and roots of shame and iniquity. O, you have heard something of my power, and so stand

aloof for more serious wooing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place: come, come.

Mar. If you were born to honour, show it now; If put upon you, make the judgement good 100
That thought you worthy of it.

Lys. How's this? how's this? Some more; be sage.

Mar. For me,
That am a maid, though most ungentle fortune
Have placed me in this sty, where, since I came,
Diseases have been sold dearer than physic,
O, that the gods
Would set me free from this unhallow'd place,
Though they did change me to the meanest bird
That flies i' the purer air!

Lys. I did not think
Thou couldst have spoke so well; ne'er dream'd
thou couldst. 110

Had I brought hither a corrupted mind,
Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, here's gold for thee:

Persever* in that clear way thou goest, *Persevere.
And the gods strengthen thee!

Mar. The good gods preserve you!

Lys. For me, be you thoughten
That I came with no ill intent; for to me
The very doors and windows savour vilely.
Fare thee well. Thou art a piece of virtue, and
I doubt not but thy training hath been noble.
Hold, here's more gold for thee. 120

A curse upon him, die he like a thief,
That robs thee of thy goodness! If thou dost
Hear from me, it shall be for thy good.

Re-enter BOULT.

Boult. I beseech your honour, one piece for me.

Lys. Avaunt, thou damned door-keeper!
Your house, but for this virgin that doth prop it,
Would sink and overwhelm you. Away! [*Exit.*

Boult. How's this? We must take another

course with you. If your peevish chastity, which is not worth a breakfast in the cheapest country under the cope,* shall undo a whole household, let me be gelded like a spaniel. Come your ways.

*Canopy of heaven.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boult. I must have your maidenhead taken off, or the common hangman shall execute it. Come your ways. We'll have no more gentlemen driven away. Come your ways, I say.

Re-enter Bawd.

Bawd. How now! what's the matter? 140

Boult. Worse and worse, mistress; she has here spoken holy words to the Lord Lysimachus.

Bawd. O abominable!

Boult. She makes our profession as it were to stink afore the face of the gods.

Bawd. Marry, hang her up for ever!

Boult. The nobleman would have dealt with her like a nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a snowball; saying his prayers too. 149

Bawd. Boult, take her away; use her at thy pleasure: crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest malleable.

Boult. An if she were a thornier piece of ground than she is, she shall be ploughed.

Mar. Hark, hark, you gods!

Bawd. She conjures: away with her! Would she had never come within my doors! Marry, hang you! She's born to undo us. Will you not go the way of women-kind? Marry, come up, my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays! [*Exit.*

Boult. Come, mistress; come your ways with me.

Mar. Whither wilt thou have me?

Boult. To take from you the jewel you hold so dear.

Mar. Prithee, tell me one thing first.

Boult. Come now, your one thing.

Mar. What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?

Boult. Why, I could wish him to be my master, or rather, my mistress. 170

Mar. Neither of these are so bad as thou art,
 Since they do better thee in their command.
 Thou hold'st a place, for which the pained'st fiend
 Of hell would not in reputation change:
 Thou art the damned doorkeeper to every
 Coistrel* that comes inquiring for his Tib;†
 To the choleric fisting of every rogue *Paltry fellow.
 Thy ear is liable; thy food is such †Common woman.
 As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs. 179

Boult. What would you have me do? go to
 the wars, would you? where a man may serve
 seven years for the loss of a leg, and have not
 money enough in the end to buy him a wooden
 one?

Mar. Do any thing but this thou doest. Empty
 Old receptacles, or common shores, of filth;
 Serve by indenture to the common hangman:
 Any of these ways are yet better than this;
 For what thou professest, a baboon, could he
 speak,

Would own a name too dear. O, that the gods
 Would safely deliver me from this place! 191
 Here, here's gold for thee.

If that thy master would gain by me,
 Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance,
 With other virtues, which I'll keep from boast;
 And I will undertake all these to teach.
 I doubt not but this populous city will
 Yield many scholars.

Boult. But can you teach all this you speak of?

Mar. Prove that I cannot, take me home again,
 And prostitute me to the basest groom 201
 That doth frequent your house.

Boult. Well, I will see what I can do for thee:
 if I can place thee, I will.

Mar. But amongst honest women.

Boult. 'Faith, my acquaintance lies little
 amongst them. But since my master and mis-
 tress have bought you, there's no going but by
 their consent: therefore I will make them ac-
 quainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I
 shall find them tractable enough. Come, I'll do
 for thee what I can; come your ways. [Exeunt.]

ACT V.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Marina thus the brothel 'scapes, and chances
 Into an honest house, our story says.
 She sings like one immortal, and she dances
 As goddess-like to her admired lays;
 Deep clerks* she dumbs; and with her neeld† com-
 poses *Learned men. †Needle.
 Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry,
 That even her art sisters the natural roses;
 Her inkle, silk, twin with the rubied cherry:
 That pupils lacks she none of noble race,
 Who pour their bounty on her; and her gain 10
 She gives the cursed bawd. Here we her place;
 And to her father turn our thoughts again,
 Where we left him, on the sea. We there him lost;
 Whence, driven before the winds, he is arrived
 Here where his daughter dwells; and on this coast
 Suppose him now at anchor. The city strived
 God Neptune's annual feast to keep: from whence
 Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,
 His banners sable, trimm'd with rich expense;
 And to him in his barge with fervour hies. 20
 In your supposing once more put your sight
 Of heavy Pericles; think this his bark:
 Where what is done in action, more, if might,
 Shall be discover'd; please you, sit and hark.

[Exit.

SCENE I. *On board Pericles' ship, off Mytilene. A close pavilion on deck, with a curtain before it; Pericles within it, reclined on a couch. A barge lying beside the Tyrian vessel.*

Enter two Sailors, one belonging to the Tyrian vessel, the other to the barge; to them HELICANUS.

Tyr. Sail. *[To the Sailor of Mytilene]*

Where is lord Helicanus? he can resolve you.
 O, here he is.

Sir, there's a barge put off from Mytilene,
And in it is Lysimachus the governor,
Who craves to come aboard. What is your will?

Hel. That he have his. Call up some gentlemen.

Tyr. Sail. Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

Enter two or three Gentlemen.

First Gent. Doth your lordship call?

Hel. Gentlemen, there's some of worth would come aboard;

I pray ye, greet them fairly. 10

*[The Gentlemen and the two Sailors descend,
and go on board the barge.]*

*Enter, from thence, LYSIMACHUS and Lords; with
the Gentlemen and the two Sailors.*

Tyr. Sail. Sir,
This is the man that can, in aught you would,
Resolve you.

Lys. Hail, reverend sir! the gods preserve you!

Hel. And you, sir, to outlive the age I am,
And die as I would do.

Lys. You wish me well.
Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's triumphs,
Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,
I made to it, to know of whence you are.

Hel. First, what is your place? 20

Lys. I am the governor of this place you lie before.

Hel. Sir,
Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king;
A man who for this three months hath not spoken
To any one, nor taken sustenance
But to prorogue* his grief. *Lengthen.

Lys. Upon what ground is his distemperature?

Hel. 'Twould be too tedious to repeat;
But the main grief springs from the loss
Of a beloved daughter and a wife. 30

Lys. May we not see him?

Hel. You may;

But bootless is your sight: he will not speak
To any.

Lys. Yet let me obtain my wish.

Hel. Behold him. [*Pericles discovered.*] This
was a goodly person,
Till the disaster that, one mortal night,
Drove him to this.

Lys. Sir king, all hail! the gods preserve you!
Hail, royal sir! 40

Hel. It is in vain; he will not speak to you.

First Lord. Sir,
We have a maid in Mytilene, I durst wager,
Would win some words of him.

Lys. 'Tis well bethought.
She questionless with her sweet harmony
And other chosen attractions, would allure,
And make a battery through his deafen'd parts,
Which now are midway stopp'd:
She is all happy as the fairest of all,
And, with her fellow maids, is now upon 50
The leafy shelter that abuts against
The island's side.

[*Whispers a Lord, who goes off in the
barge of Lysimachus.*]

Hel. Sure, all's effectless; yet nothing we'll
omit
That bears recovery's name. But, since your
kindness

We have stretch'd thus far, let us beseech you
That for our gold we may provision have,
Wherein we are not destitute for want,
But weary for the staleness.

Lys. O, sir, a courtesy
Which if we should deny, the most just gods
For every graff would send a caterpillar, 60
And so afflict our province. Yet once more
Let me entreat to know at large the cause
Of your king's sorrow.

Hel. Sit, sir, I will recount it to you:
But, see, I am prevented.

*Re-enter, from the barge, Lord, with MARINA,
and a young Lady.*

Lys. O, here is
The lady that I sent for. Welcome, fair one!
Is't not a goodly presence?

Hel. She's a gallant lady.

Lys. She's such a one, that, were I well
assured

Came of a gentle kind and noble stock,
I'd wish no better choice, and think me rarely
wed.

Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty 70
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient:
If that thy prosperous and artificial feat
Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,
Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay
As thy desires can wish.

Mar. Sir, I will use
My utmost skill in his recovery,
Provided
That none but I and my companion maid
Be suffer'd to come near him.

Lys. Come, let us leave her;
And the gods make her prosperous! 80

[Marina sings.]

Lys. Mark'd he your music?

Mar. No, nor look'd on us.

Lys. See, she will speak to him.

Mar. Hail, sir! my lord, lend ear.

Per. Hum, ha!

Mar. I am a maid,
My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,
But have been gazed on like a comet: she
speaks,

My lord, that, may be, hath endured a grief
Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd.
Though wayward fortune did malign my state, 90
My derivation was from ancestors
Who stood equivalent with mighty kings:
But time hath rooted out my parentage,
And to the world and awkward casualties
Bound me in servitude. *[Aside]* I will desist;

But there is something glows upon my cheek,
And whispers in mine ear 'Go not till he speak.'

Per. My fortunes—parentage—good parent-
age—
To equal mine!—was it not thus? what say you?

Mar. I said, my lord, if you did know my
parentage, 100
You would not do me violence.

Per. I do think so. Pray you, turn your eyes
upon me.
You are like something that—What country-
woman?

Here of these shores?

Mar. No, nor of any shores:
Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am
No other than I appear.

Per. I am great with woe, and shall deliver
weeping.

My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a
one

My daughter might have been: my queen's square
brows;

Her stature to an inch; as wand-like straight; 110

As silver-voiced; her eyes as jewel-like

And cased as richly; in pace another Juno;

Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them
hungry,

The more she gives them speech. Where do
you live?

Mar. Where I am but a stranger: from the
deck

You may discern the place.

Per. Where were you bred?

And how achieved you these endowments,
which

You make more rich to owe?*

*Possess.

Mar. If I should tell my history, it would
seem

Like lies disdain'd in the reporting.

Per. Prithee, speak: 120
Falseness cannot come from thee; for thou
look'st

Modest as Justice, and thou seem'st a palace

For the crown'd Truth to dwell in: I will believe thee,

And make my senses credit thy relation
To points that seem impossible; for thou look'st
Like one I loved indeed. What were thy friends?
Didst thou not say, when I did push thee back—
Which was when I perceived thee—that thou
camest

From good descending?

Mar. So indeed I did.

Per. Report thy parentage. I think thou
said'st 130

Thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury,
And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal
mine,

If both were open'd.

Mar. Some such thing
I said, and said no more but what my thoughts
Did warrant me was likely.

Per. Tell thy story;
If thine consider'd prove the thousandth part
Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I
Have suffer'd like a girl: yet thou dost look
Like Patience gazing on kings' graves, and
smiling

Extremity out of act. What were thy friends? 140
How lost thou them? Thy name, my most kind
virgin?

Recount, I do beseech thee: come, sit by me.

Mar. My name is Marina.

Per. O, I am mock'd,
And thou by some incensed god sent hither
To make the world to laugh at me.

Mar. Patience, good sir,
Or here I'll cease.

Per. Nay, I'll be patient.
Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me,
To call thyself Marina.

Mar. The name
Was given me by one that had some power, 150
My father, and a king.

Per. How! a king's daughter?
And call'd Marina?

Mar. You said you would believe me;
But, not to be a troubler of your peace,
I will end here.

Per. But are you flesh and blood?
Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy?
Motion! Well; speak on. Where were you born?
And wherefore call'd Marina?

Mar. Call'd Marina
For I was born at sea.

Per. At sea! what mother?

Mar. My mother was the daughter of a king;
Who died the minute I was born, 160
As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft
Deliver'd weeping.

Per. O, stop there a little!
[*Aside*] This is the rarest dream that e'er dull
sleep

Did mock sad fools withal: this cannot be:
My daughter's buried. Well: where were you
bred?

I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,
And never interrupt you.

Mar. You scorn: believe me, 'twere best I did
give o'er.

Per. I will believe you by the syllable
Of what you shall deliver. Yet, give me leave: 170
How came you in these parts? where were you
bred?

Mar. The king my father did in Tarsus leave
me;
Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,
Did seek to murder me: and having woo'd
A villain to attempt it, who having drawn to do't,
A crew of pirates came and rescued me;
Brought me to Mytilene. But, good sir,
Whither will you have me? Why do you weep?

It may be,
You think me an impostor; no, good faith;
I am the daughter to King Pericles, 180
If good King Pericles be.

Per. Ho, Helicanus!

Hel. Calls my lord?

Per. Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,

Most wise in general: tell me, if thou canst,
What this maid is, or what is like to be,
That thus hath made me weep?

Hel. I know not; but
Here is the regent, sir, of Mytilene
Speaks nobly of her.

Lys. She would never tell
Her parentage; being demanded that, 190
She would sit still and weep.

Per. O Helicanus, strike me, honour'd sir;
Give me a gash, put me to present pain;
Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me
O'erbear the shores of my mortality,
And drown me with their sweetness. O, come
hither,

Thou that beget'st him that did thee beget;
Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tarsus,
And found at sea again! O Helicanus,
Down on thy knees, thank the holy gods as
loud 200

As thunder threatens us: this is Marina.
What was thy mother's name? tell me but that,
For truth can never be confirm'd enough,
Though doubts did ever sleep.

Mar. First, sir, I pray,
What is your title?

Per. I am Pericles of Tyre: but tell me now
My drown'd queen's name, as in the rest you
said

Thou hast been godlike perfect,
†The heir of kingdoms and another like
To Pericles thy father. 210

Mar. Is it no more to be your daughter than
To say my mother's name was Thaisa?
Thaisa was my mother, who did end
The minute I began.

Per. Now, blessing on thee! rise; thou art my
child.

Give me fresh garments. Mine own, Helicanus;
She is not dead at Tarsus, as she should have
been,

By savage Cleon: she shall tell thee all;
When thou shalt kneel, and justify in knowledge

She is thy very princess. Who is this? 220

Hel. Sir, 'tis the governor of Mytilene,
Who, hearing of your melancholy state,
Did come to see you.

Per. I embrace you.
Give me my robes. I am wild in my beholding.
O heavens bless my girl! But, hark, what music?
Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him
O'er, point by point, for yet he seems to doubt,
How sure you are my daughter. But, what,
music?

Hel. My lord, I hear none.

Per. None! 230
The music of the spheres! List, my Marina.
Lys. It is not good to cross him; give him
way.

Per. Rarest sounds! Do ye not hear?

Lys. My lord, I hear. [*Music.*]

Per. Most heavenly music!
It nips me unto listening, and thick slumber
Hangs upon mine eyes: let me rest. [*Sleeps.*]

Lys. A pillow for his head:
So, leave him all. Well, my companion friends,
If this but answer to my just belief,
I'll well remember you. 240

[*Exeunt all but Pericles.*]

DIANA *appears to* PERICLES *as in a vision.*

Dia. My temple stands in Ephesus: hie thee
thither,
And do upon mine altar sacrifice.
There, when my maiden priests are met together,
Before the people all,
Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife:
To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's, call
And give them repetition to the life.
Or perform my bidding, or thou livest in woe;
Do it, and happy; by my silver bow!
Awake, and tell thy dream. [*Disappears.* 250

Per. Celestial Dian, goddess argentine,* *Silver.
I will obey thee. Helicanus!

Re-enter HELICANUS, LYSIMACHUS, and
MARINA.

Hel. Sir?

Per. My purpose was for Tarsus, there to strike
The inhospitable Cleon; but I am
For other service first: toward Ephesus
Turn our blown*sails; eftsoons† I'll tell thee why.
[*To Lysimachus*] Shall we refresh us, sir, upon
your shore, *Swollen. †Soon.
And give you gold for such provision
As our intents will need?

Lys. Sir, 260
With all my heart; and, when you come ashore,
I have another suit.

Per. You shall prevail,
Were it to woo my daughter; for it seems
You have been noble towards her.

Lys. Sir, lend me your arm.

Per. Come, my Marina. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *Enter* GOWER, before the temple of
DIANA at Ephesus.

Gow. Now our sands are almost run;
More a little, and then dumb.
This, my last boon, give me,
For such kindness must relieve me,
That you aptly will suppose 270
What pageantry, what feats, what shows,
What minstrelsy, and pretty din,
The regent made in Mytilene
To greet the king. So he thrived,
That he is promised to be wived
To fair Marina; but in no wise
Till he had done his sacrifice,
As Dian bade: whereto being bound,
The interim, pray you, all confound.*
In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd, *Consume. 280
And wishes fall out as they're will'd.
At Ephesus, the temple see,
Our king and all his company.
That he can hither come so soon,
Is by your fancy's thankful doom. [Exit.]

SCENE III. *The temple of Diana at Ephesus; THAISA standing near the altar, as high priestess; a number of Virgins on each side; CERIMON and other Inhabitants of Ephesus attending.*

Enter PERICLES, with his train; LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA, and a Lady.

Per. Hail, Dian! to perform thy just command,
 I here confess myself the king of Tyre;
 Who, frighted from my country, did wed
 At Pentapolis the fair Thaisa.
 At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth
 A maid-child call'd Marina; who, O goddess,
 Wears yet thy silver livery. She at Tarsus
 Was nursed with Cleon; who at fourteen years
 He sought to murder: but her better stars
 Brought her to Mytilene; 'gainst whose shore
 Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us,
 Where, by her own most clear remembrance, she
 Made known herself my daughter.

Thai. Voice and favour!*
 You are, you are—O royal Pericles! [*Faints.*]

Per. What means the nun? she dies! help,
 gentlemen!

*Countenance.

Cer. Noble sir,
 If you have told Diana's altar true,
 This is your wife.

Per. Reverend appearer, no;
 I threw her overboard with these very arms.

Cer. Upon this coast, I warrant you.

Per. 'Tis most certain. 20

Cer. Look to the lady; O, she's but o'erjoy'd.
 Early in blustering morn this lady was
 Thrown upon this shore. I oped the coffin,
 Found there rich jewels; recover'd her, and placed
 her

Here in Diana's temple.

Per. May we see them?

Cer. Great sir, they shall be brought you to
 my house,

Whither I invite you. Look, Thaisa is Recovered.

Thai. O, let me look!

If he be none of mine, my sanctity
Will to my sense* bend no licentious ear, 30
But curb it, spite of seeing. O, my lord,
Are you not Pericles? Like him you spake,
Like him you are: did you not name a tempest,
A birth, and death? *Sensual passion.

Per. The voice of dead Thaisa!

Thai. That Thaisa am I, supposed dead
And drown'd.

Per. Immortal Dian!

Thai. Now I know you better.
When we with tears parted Pentapolis,
The king my father gave you such a ring.

[Shows a ring.]
Per. This, this: no more, you gods! your
present kindness 40
Makes my past miseries sports: you shall do well,
That on the touching of her lips I may
Melt and no more be seen. O, come, be buried
A second time within these arms.

Mar. My heart
Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.

[Kneels to Thaisa.]
Per. Look, who kneels here! Flesh of thy
flesh, Thaisa;
Thy burden at the sea, and call'd Marina
For she was yielded there.

Thai. Blest, and mine own!

Hel. Hail, madam, and my queen!

Thai. I know you not.

Per. You have heard me say, when I did fly
from Tyre, 50

I left behind an ancient substitute:
Can you remember what I call'd the man?
I have named him oft.

Thai. 'Twas Helicanus then.

Per. Still confirmation:
Embrace him, dear Thaisa; this is he.
Now do I long to hear how you were found;
How possibly preserved; and who to thank,

Besides the gods, for this great miracle.

Thai. Lord Cerimon, my lord; this man,
Through whom the gods have shown their power;
that can 60

From first to last resolve* you. *Satisfy.

Per. Reverend sir,
The gods can have no mortal officer
More like a god than you. Will you deliver
How this dead queen re-lives?

Cer. I will, my lord.
Beseech you, first go with me to my house,
Where shall be shown you all was found with her;
How she came placed here in the temple;
No needful thing omitted.

Per. Pure Dian, bless thee for thy vision! I
Will offer night-oblations to thee. Thaisa, 70
This prince, the fair-betrothed of your daughter,
Shall marry her at Pentapolis. And now,
This ornament
Makes me look dismal will I clip to form;
And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd,
To grace thy marriage-day, I'll beautify.

Thai. Lord Cerimon hath letters of good
credit, sir,
My father's dead.

Per. Heavens make a star of him! Yet there,
my queen,
We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves 80
Will in that kingdom spend our following days:
Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign.
Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay
To hear the rest untold: sir, lead's the way.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter GOWER.

Gow. In Antiochus and his daughter you
have heard
Of monstrous lust the due and just reward:
In Pericles, his queen and daughter, seen,
Although assail'd with fortune fierce and keen,
Virtue preserved from fell destruction's blast,
Led on by heaven, and crown'd with joy at last:
In Helicanus may you well descry 91

A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty:
In reverend Cerimon there well appears
The worth that learned charity aye wears :
For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame
Had spread their cursed deed, and honour'd
name
Of Pericles, to rage the city turn,
That him and his they in his palace burn;
The gods for murder seemed so content
To punish them; although not done, but meant.
So, on your patience evermore attending, 100
New joy wait on you ! Here our play has ending.
[Exit.]

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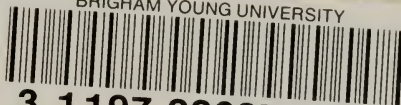
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